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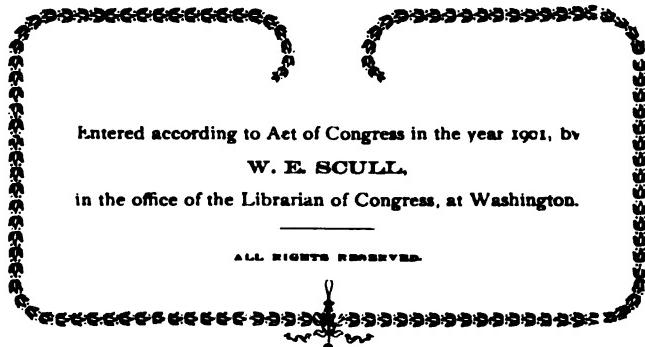
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J. H. MOORE & CO.,
CHICAGO, ILL.

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INTRODUCTION



For all the arts which give the greatest pleasure to the greatest number the art of music stands the first. This has been recognized from the earliest days when man learned to play the simple reed pipes and to chant in musical numbers his noblest thoughts. The ancients rightly recognized a god of music who presided over this art and inspired the loftiest strains. There is no doubt, if one will but study the anatomy of the vocal organs and recognize the wonderful delicacy and adaptability of the parts which go to form sound, that man has the most wonderful musical organ imaginable. Experience has shown that it is capable of the highest cultivation. In fact, we believe that its marvelous limits have not even yet been fully explored. There are many who have both by natural endowment and long training accomplished wonderful results. Their faces and biographies will be inspiration to all lovers of music. The selections they played and sang, and the music they composed will always be studied with interest and profit.

Such a collection of song, composed by the best writers of song and music, and the melodies which have been long-time favorites, have a place in every home. For wherever this book of sweet song may be received there will be a brighter home and a happier family. For old and young will enjoy the "old songs" and be delighted to practice the new ones together.

It is no small task to collect and edit a volume of music drawn from such a rich field of musical talent and protected by copyright laws and authors' rights. But perseverance and patience have overcome all difficulties and our readers are assured of one of the most valuable and interesting collections to be had at any price.

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IN OLD MADRID.

TROTÉRE.

Tempo di bolero.

Long years a -

go in old Madrid, Where softly sighs of love the light guitar, Two sparkling

eyes a lat-tice hid, Two eyes as darkly bright as love's own star ! There

on the casement ledge when day was o'er, A ti - ny hand was lightly laid ; A

face look'd out, as from the riv - er shore, There stole a ten - der ser - e -

null.

nade !..... Rang the lov - er's hap - py song, Light and low from

a tempo.

shore to shore, But ah! the riv - er flow'd a-long Be -

a tempo.

tween them ev - er - more.....

rall.

Con tenerezza.

Come, my love, the stars are shining, Time is fly - ing, Love is sighing,

a tempo.

Come, for thee a heart is pin-ing, Here alone I wait for thee!

rall. p *a tempo.*

Far, far a - way from old Mad - rid, Her lov - er

fell, long years a - go, for Spain; A con - vent veil those sweet eyes


 hid; And all the vows that love had sigh'd were vain! But still, between the dusk and

 night, 'tis said, Her white hand opes the lat - tice wide, The

 faint, sweet, ech-o of that ser - e-nade, Floats weirdly o'er the mis - ty
rall.
colla voce.

a tempo.

tide !..... Still she lists her lov'er's song Still he sings up-

a tempo.

on the shore, Though flows a stream than all more strong Between them ever -

Con teneressa.

more !.....

Come, my love, the

*rall.**a tempo.*

stars are shin-ing, Time is fly - ing, Love is sigh-ing, Come, for thee a

heart is pin - ing, Here a - lone, I wait for thee, a - lone I

v rall. a tempo.

wait, I wait for thee, my love, I wait for

thee; O come, my love, I wait for thee, I wait for

colla voce.

dim.

thee, my love, for thee!.....

R. H. 8va.....
L. H. dim. p e pp rall. ppp

LOVE ME LITTLE, LOVE ME LONG.

ANONYMOUS.

SOPRANO.

With spirit. *mf*

H. LAHER.

1 Love me lit - tle, love me long, is the bur - den of my
 2 Winter's cold or summer's heat, Autumn's tem - pests on it

ALTO. *mf*

1 Love me lit - tle, love me long, is the bur - den . . . of my
 2 Winter's cold or summer's heat, Autumn's tem - pests . . . on it

TENOR. *mf*

1 Love me lit - tle, love me long, is the bur - den of my
 2 Winter's cold or sum-mer's heat, Autumn's tem - pests on it

BASS. *mf*

song, Love that is too hot and strong, Love that is too hot and
 beat, It can nev-er know de -feat, It can nev-er know de -

song, . . . Love . . . that is too hot and strong, . . . that is too
 beat, . . . It . . . can nev-er know de -feat, . . . can nev-er

song, . . . Love that is, Love that is too hot and strong, too
 beat, . . . It can nev-er, can nev-er know de -feat, can

song, Love that is too hot and strong, . . . Love that is too hot and strong, too
 beat, It can nev-er know de -feat, It can never know de -feat, can

strong burn- eth soon, burn- eth soon to waste.
feat, . . . It nev - - - er, nev - er can re - bel.

hot and strong burneth soon, burneth soon, burn- eth soon to waste. Still,
know de-feat, It nev - - er . . . can, nev - er can re - bel. Such

hot, Love that is too hot burneth soon to waste. Still,
nev - - er know de - feat, nev - er can re - bel. Such

hot and strong, Love that is too hot and strong burn- eth soon to waste.
know de-feat, It can nev - er know de - feat, It nev - er can re - bel.

Still, I would not have thee cold; Still, still, . . . I would not
Such the love, the love that I would gain, Such, such . . . the love, I

I would not have thee cold; Still, still, still
the love that I, that I would gain, Such, such the love, I

I would . . . not have, I would not have thee cold; Still, still, . . . I would not
the love that I, the love that I would gain, Such, such . . . the love, I

Still, I would not have thee cold; Still, still, . . . I would not
Such the love that I would gain, Such, such . . . the love, I

have thee too bold,
tell, I tell thee plain,
not too backward
such the love I
not tell thee too bold,
not too backward
such the love I
have thee too bold,not too backward, not too backward or too bold, . . .
tell thee plain,such the love I tell thee plain,I tell, I tell . . .
have thee too bold,not too backward, not too backward or
tell thee plain,such the love I tell thee plain,I tell

or too bold ; Love that lasteth till 'tis old, Fad - - eth not in
tell thee plain, Thou must give or woo in vain. So . . . to thee fare-
or too bold ; Love that lasteth till 'tis old, Fad - - -
tell thee plain, Thou must give or woo in vain. . . . So
. . . . too bold ; Love that lasteth till 'tis old, Fad- eth not in
. . . . thee plain, Thou must give or woo in vain. . . . So to thee fare-

haste, Love that last - eth till 'tis old, fad - eth not in haste.
- well! Thou must give or woo in vain, so to thee fare- well!
rit. *f slower.*

- eth not in haste, fad - eth not, fad - eth not... in haste.
. . to thee fare - well, fare - - well! so to thee... fare - well!
rit. *f slower.*

haste, fad - eth not, fad - eth not in haste.
- well! so to thee, so to thee fare - well!
rit. *f slower.*

haste, fad - - eth not, fad - eth not in haste.
- well! so to thee, so to thee fare - well!
rit. *f slower.*

THE BLUE BELLS OF SCOTLAND.

SOPRANO.
Moderato.

(FOUR-PART SONG.)

A. NEITHARDT.

1 O where, and O where is your Highland lad - die
ALTO. *mf*

2 O where, and O where did your Highland lad - die
TENOR. *mf*

3 Sup - pose, and sup - pose that your Highland lad should
BASS. *mf*

Moderato.

gone? He's gone to fight the foe for Vic - - to - ria on the
dwell? He dwelt in mer - ry Scot - land, At the sign of the Blue
die? The bag-pipes should play o'er him, And I'd sit me down and

dim. *p*
throne, And it's O in my heart I... wish him safe at home!
dim. *p*
Bell,... And it's O in my heart I love my lad - die well!
dim. *p*
cry,... And it's O in my heart I... wish he may not die!
dim. *p*

ADELINA PATTI.

The race for distinction among *prime donne* has for years been a contest for second place. The first place indisputably belongs to Adelina Maria Corinda Patti, that perfectly unique genius who, simply as a vocalist, stands alone and unrivalled in the musical history of the world. Her father was a Sicilian, her mother a Spaniard, and both were musicians of marked ability. She was born at Madrid, on February 19th, 1843, and the next year the whole family came to America and settled in New York. As all the family were musical, she almost lived in opera houses and concert halls. Her half-brother, Ettore Barili, and her brother-in-law, Maurice Strakosch, taught her music, and at the age of seven she began singing in concerts, thus materially aiding in the support of the family. At eight she sang for Ole Bull in his concerts. On November 24th, 1859, she made her *début* in opera, as *Lucia*, in New York. Since that time her career has been a continuous succession of most brilliant triumphs in all parts of the world. She has become enormously rich, of course; as who would not, singing for \$4,000 a night? Her home is a splendid castle in Wales, called Craig-y-Nos. Her first husband was the Marquis de Caux, a Frenchman, who treated her badly. She was divorced from him, and afterward married Signor Nicolini, the celebrated tenor singer.



ADELINA PATTI



PAULINE LUCCA.

This famous singer was born in Vienna and literally in her cradle showed herself a natural artist. In 1856, when she was less than twelve years old, she sang in the choir of one of the great churches of the city. One Sunday the leading soprano singer was missing and her place had to be filled at a few minutes' notice. The task was assigned to the little Lucca, who unhesitatingly assumed it. She had to sing a difficult solo in one of Mozart's greatest masses, and in doing so revealed a beauty of voice and charm of style that not only startled the choir and organist but set the whole congregation to wondering what famous singer had been secured. Her principal teachers were Levy and Uschmann, who prepared her for operatic work. Her parents being in poor circumstances, she soon entered the chorus of the opera at Vienna. Such work was distasteful to her, however, and she sought a more prominent place. Her last performance in the Vienna chorus was as the leader of the bridesmaids in "Der Freischuetz," and she acquitted herself with such brilliant distinction that the whole city was desirous of retaining her there. But it was too late. She had already engaged to appear elsewhere. So, on September 4, 1859, she made her *debut* at Olmuetz, as *Elvira* in the opera of "Ernani." This performance at once gave her national fame and she was presently made Court Singer, at Berlin, for life. This enviable engagement she broke, however, in 1872, and came to America for an operatic tour of two years. Then she returned to Europe and sang in all the principal capitals except in Berlin, where she was in disfavor with the Emperor. She made her principal home at Vienna, but sang for a season each at Brussels, St. Petersburg, Moscow, and Madrid. In 1865 she was married to Baron Rahder. Her range of parts is great, but she has excelled most in those of the lighter order rather than in heavy and tragic rôles.

FAIR KATIE.

FOUR-PART SONG.

M. L. ELLIOTT.
SOPRANO.
f Allegretto.

J. W. ELLIOTT.

1 Ka - tie is a maid-en fair, Ver - y fair to view; Azure eyes and
f TENOR. cres.

2 Ka - tie is the sweet-est prize Man could hope to win; Fragrant are her
f ALTO. cres.

3 Now and then a mant-ling flush Brings sweet hope to me, Sure she'd not so
f BASS. *mf* cres.

A-zure eyes and
Fragrant are her
Sure she'd not so

f Allegretto. *p* *mf* cres.

gold - en hair, Cheeks of ro - sy hue; Dain - ty is her step and mien,
mp *p*

ver - y sighs, Born of truth with - in. Soul as pure as she is fair,
mp *p*

soft - ly blush, And yet cru - el be? Love- lit eyes and glow- ing cheek
mp *p*

dim. cres. *p legato.*

Sau - cy is her smile; Lit - tle does she guess, I ween, How her charms be -
 dim. cres. *p*

Mind and tho'ts se - rene, Dare I hope to win and wear, Of all girls the
 dim. cres. *p legato.*

Can't their truth dis - own: What care I for lips to speak While her heart's my
 dim. cres. *p*

dim. cres. *p e legato.*

cres. - e - ral - lentando. Lento.
 f *f* *fs*

- guile, Lit - tle does she guess, I ween, How her charms be - guile.

cres. - e - ral - lentando. Lento.
 f *f* *fs*

Queen? Dare I hope to win and wear, Of all girls the Queen?
 cres. - e - ral - lentando. Lento.
 f *f* *fs*

own! What care I for lips to speak While her heart's my own!

cres. - e - ral - len - tando. f Lento. fs
 f *Lento.* *fs*

I DREAMT THAT I DWELT IN MARBLE HALLS.

"BOHEMIAN GIRL."

BALFY.

1. I dreamt that I dwelt in mar - ble
2. I dreamt that sui - tors sought my

p

halls, With vassals and serfs at my side, . . . And of
hand; That knights upon bend - ed knees, . . . And with

all who as - sembled with - in those walls, That I was the
vows no maiden heart could with - stand, They pledged their

hope and the pride. . . . I had riches too great to
faith to me. . . . And I dreamt that one of that

count, could boast of a high an - ces - tral name. . . .
no - ble host, came forth my hand to claim. . . .

But I al - so dreamt, which pleased me most, That you
But I al - so dreamt, which charm'd me most, That you

loved me still the same, that you loved me, you loved me

still the same, that you loved me, you loved me still the same.

NORAH, THE PRIDE OF KILDARE.

Andante.

J. PARRY.

1. As
2. Wher-

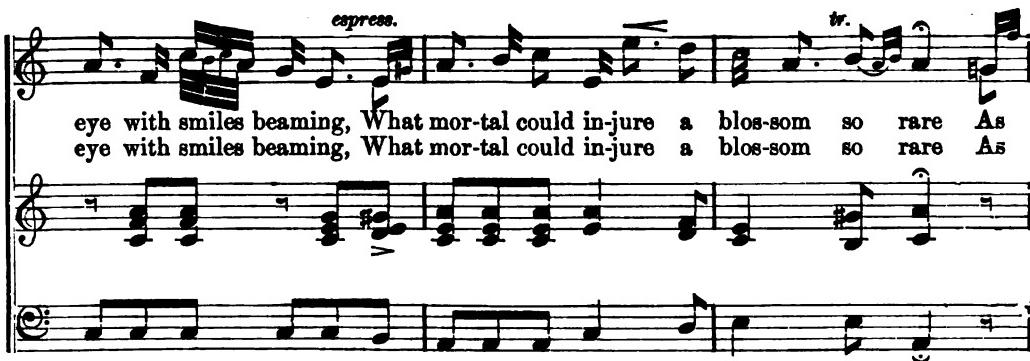
cres. pp cresc.

beauteous as Flo - ra Is charming young Norah, The joy of my heart and the
- e'er I may be, love, I'll ne'er for-get thee, love, Tho' beau-ties may smile, and

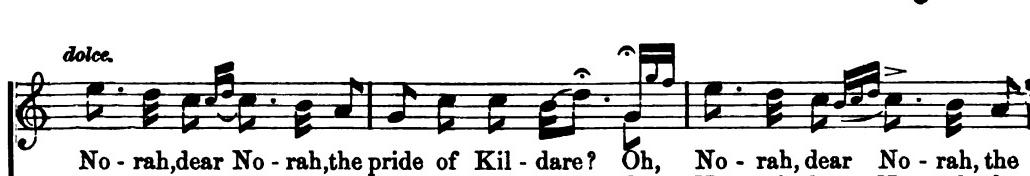
pride of Kil-dare; I ne'er will de-ceive her, For sad - ly 'twould grieve her, To
try to en-snare; Yet noth - ing shall ev - er My heart from thine sev - er, Dear



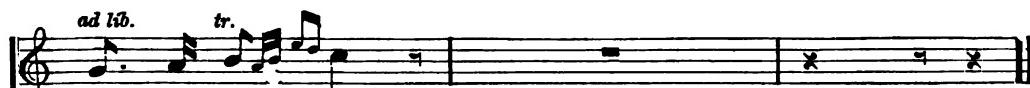
find that I sigh'd for an- oth - er less fair; Her heart with truth teeming, Her
No - rah,sweet Norah, the pride of Kil - dare. Thy heart with truth teeming, Thy



eye with smiles beaming, What mor-tal could in-jure a blos-som so rare As
eye with smiles beaming, What mor-tal could in-jure a blos-som so rare As



No - rah,dear No - rah,the pride of Kil - dare? Oh, No - rah,dear No - rah,the
No - rah,dear No - rah,the pride of Kil - dare? Oh, No - rah,dear No - rah,the



pride of Kil - dare.
pride of Kil - dare.



THEODORE THOMAS.

Theodore Thomas, one of the foremost orchestral conductors of the world, was born in Hanover, Germany, in 1835. When he was ten years old he was brought to New York by his parents, who were professional musicians. Soon after this he was brought out as a "boy violinist" by his father, who was his principal teacher. At the age of fifteen he was engaged by P. T. Barnum as a first violin player in the orchestra which accompanied Jenny Lind in her first American concerts in Castle Garden. At twenty years of age he became a conductor of orchestra for grand opera, and in this capacity served Adelina Patti and many other famous singers who visited New York. In 1861 he abandoned operatic work and devoted his attention to the formation of an orchestra for the performance of symphonies and other instrumental compositions. The result was the famous Thomas Orchestra, which for many years was justly ranked as the foremost organization of the kind in the world. With it Mr. Thomas gave concerts of the best music of classical composers at the Central Park Garden in New York and elsewhere, and thus did a work of incalculable benefit in educating the musical taste of the American public. In 1876 he was in Philadelphia at the Centennial Exposition; thence he went to Chicago, and from there, in 1878, to Cincinnati to direct the great College of Music. Two years later he returned to New York, where he resumed his orchestral work under the patronage of the New York Philharmonic Society, the Brooklyn Philharmonic Society, the New York Chorus Society, and other similar organizations of which he was the musical director. He also conducted the famous May Festivals of Music at the Seventh Regiment Armory in New York. He was largely instrumental in the introduction of Wagner's works to America and the formation in this country of what has been termed the "Wagner cult." In 1891 he again left New York to accept an engagement at Chicago.





SIR ARTHUR SULLIVAN.

Among the present-day composers of music, no name is more widely known than that of Sir Arthur Sullivan, and none deserves better the admiration that has been bestowed upon him. He was born in London on May 13, 1842, and in his childhood was a choir-singer in the chapel royal. At the age of fourteen he went to the Continent and studied for some years under the best masters. Beside teaching music at the National School and Royal Academy, he has composed a vast number of works of all kinds, sacred and secular, ballads, hymns, oratorios, symphonies, operettas, and grand opera. Among his best-known works are some songs, such as "The Lost Chord," "Onward, Christian Soldiers," etc.; incidental music for Shakespeare's "Tempest;" "The Golden Legend," a cantata; "The Light of the World," an oratorio; "Ivanhoe," a grand opera; and the famous series of comic operettas, of which he wrote the music and Mr. W. S. Gilbert the words. The first of these last-named was "Pinafore," which came out in 1878, and had such a run in all countries as no such composition had ever before enjoyed. The succeeding works were correspondingly successful. They were "The Pirates of Penzance," "Patience," "Iolanthe," "Ruddigore," "The Gondoliers," etc. In recognition of his abilities and high achievements the Queen bestowed upon him the honor of knighthood in 1883. He died in 1901.

'TIS THE LAST ROSE OF SUMMER.

SOPRANO.

FLOTOW.

1. 'Tis the last rose of summer, Left bloom-ing a - lone; All her
ALTO.

2. I'll not leave thee, thou lone one! To pine on the stem; Since the
p TENOR.

3. So soon may I fol - low, When friendships de - cay, And from
BASS.

lovely com - panions Are fa - ded and gone: No flow'r of her kindred, No
ores.

lovely are sleeping, Go, sleep thou with them: Thus kindly I scatter Thy

love's shining cir - cle The gems drop a - way ! When true hearts lie withered, And

dim. riton. p tempo. dim.
rosebud is nigh, To reflect back her blushes, Or give sigh for sigh.

leaves o'er the bed, Where thy mates of the garden Lie scentless and dead.

fond ones are flown, Oh ! who would in - hab - it This bleak world a - lone.

THE DANUBE RIVER.

AIDE.

Tempo di Waltz.

Do you recall that night in June, Up-on the Danube riv-er? We

a little slower.

listen'd to a Ländler tune, We watch'd the moonbeams quiver. I oft since then have

original time.

watch'd the moon, But never, love, oh, never, never Can I forget that

with expression.

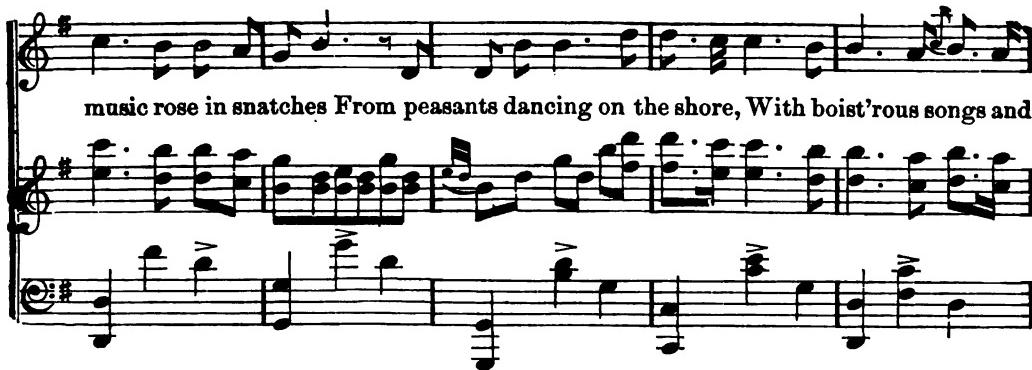
night in June, Upon the Danube river, Can I forget that

night in June, Up - on the Dan - ube riv - er, Can I forget that
ben marc.

night in June, Upon the Dan - ube river, Can I forget that

night in June, Upon the Danube river.

somewhat quicker.
Our boat kept meas - ure with its oar, The



slower, with sentiment.

The lyrics continue:

catches. I know not why that Ländler rang Thro' all my soul, but never,

much slower.

The lyrics continue:

nev - er, Can I forget the songs they sang Up - on the Danube

rall. e p.

The lyrics continue:

river, Can I forget the songs they sang Upon the . . . Danube

The musical score consists of four staves of music. The top two staves are for the voice, with the lyrics "riv - er, Can I forget the songs they sang Up - on the Dan - ube" and "ben marc." followed by "with much feeling." The bottom two staves are for the piano, showing harmonic progression and bassline. The vocal parts are in soprano clef, and the piano parts are in bass clef.

GIVE ME JESUS.

The musical score for "Give Me Jesus" includes four stanzas of lyrics:

1. O when I come to die, O when I come to die, O
2. In the morning when I rise, In the morning when I rise, In the
3. Dark midnight was my cry, Dark midnight was my cry, Dark
4. I heard the mourner say, I heard the mourner say, I

The lyrics continue on the next line:

when I come to die; Give me Je - sus, Give me Je -
 morning when I rise; Give me Je - sus, Give me Je -
 midnight was my cry; Give me Je - sus, Give me Je -
 heard the mourn - er say; Give me Je - sus, Give me Je -

The final line of the hymn is "sus, Give me Je - sus, You may have all this world, Give me Je - sus."

THE GIPSY COUNTESS.

DUET.

MRS. CRAWFORD.
Gipsey.

STEPHEN GLOVER.

1 Oh! how can a poor Gip-sy maid-en like me Ev - er hope the proud
 2 Go, flat - ter - er, go! I'll not trust to thine art; Go, leave me, and

bride of a no - ble to be? To some bright jewell'd beau-ty thy
 tri - fie no more with my heart! Go, leave me to die in my

vows will be paid, And thou wilt for - get her, the poor Gip - sy
 own na - tive shade, And be - tray not the heart of the poor Gip - sy

maid, And thou wilt for - get her, the poor Gip - sy maid. A -
 maid, And be - tray not the heart of the poor Gip - sy maid. I have

con anima.

> >

- way with that thought ; I am free ! I am free To de - vote all the
lands and proud dwellings, and all shall be thine, A cor - o - net,

dim.

love of my spir - it to thee ; Young rose of the wil - der - ness,
Zil - lah ! that brow shall en - twine ; Thou shalt never have rea - son my

dim.

cres.

blushing and sweet, All my heart, all my for - tune I lay at thy
faith to up - braid, For a Count - ess I'll make thee, my own Gip - ey

cres.

feet, All my heart, all my for - tune I lay at thy feet ! By yon
maid, For a Count - ess I'll make thee, my own Gip - ey maid ; Then

That can change like man's love!
Shall I trust to thy vow?

bright moon a - bove,
fly with me now; By the sun's constant
O yes; come a -

p

dim. *a tempo.*

That night's tears chase a - way! } Oh! never by thee will my trust be be-
Wilt thou nev - er be - tray? }

ray! } Oh! never by me shall thy trust be be-
way! }

dim. *p*

a tempo.

- tray'd, Thou wilt love me for - ev - er, thine own Gip - sy maid, Thou wilt
- tray'd, I will love thee for - ev - er, mine own Gip - sy maid, I will

Musical score for 'The Gipsy Countess'. The score consists of five staves of music in common time, key signature of one sharp. The vocal line is in soprano C-clef, and the piano accompaniment includes bass, treble, and middle C clefs. The lyrics are repeated twice: 'love me for - ev-er, thine own Gip-sy maid.' The piano part features dynamic markings such as *f*, *sf*, *p*, and *cres.*

SUN OF MY SOUL.

REV. J. KEBLE. 1827.
Reverently.

W. H. MONK.

Musical score for 'Sun of My Soul' in common time, key signature of one flat. The vocal line is in soprano C-clef, and the piano accompaniment includes bass, treble, and middle C clefs. The lyrics are numbered 1 through 4.

1 Sun of my soul, Thou Sav-iour dear, It is not night if Thou be near;
 2 When the soft dews of kind-ly sleep My wea-ry eye-lids gen-tly steep,
 3 A-bide with me from morn till eve, For with-out Thee I can-not live;
 4 If some poor wand-ring child of Thine Have spurn'd to-day the voice di-vine,

Continuation of the musical score for 'Sun of My Soul' in common time, key signature of one flat. The vocal line continues the hymn, and the piano accompaniment provides harmonic support.

Continuation of the musical score for 'Sun of My Soul' in common time, key signature of one flat. The vocal line continues the hymn, and the piano accompaniment provides harmonic support.

Oh, may no earth-born cloud a-rise To hide Thee from Thy ser-vant's eyes.
 Be my last thought, how sweet to rest For ev-er on my Sav-iour's breast.
 A-bide with me when night is nigh, For with-out Thee I dare not die.
 Now, Lord, the gra-cious work be-gin; Let him no more lie down in sin.

Continuation of the musical score for 'Sun of My Soul' in common time, key signature of one flat. The vocal line concludes the hymn, and the piano accompaniment provides harmonic support.

5 Watch by the sick; enrich the poor
 With blessings from Thy boundless store;
 Be every mourner's sleep to-night,
 Like infant slumbers, pure and light.

6 Come near and bless us when we wake,
 Ere through the world our way we take,
 Till in the ocean of Thy love
 We lose ourselves in heaven above.

MARY OF ARGYLE.

JEFFERY'S.

NELSON.

Poco allegretto e delicatezza.

Musical score for the first system of 'Mary of Argyle'. The score consists of two staves. The top staff is for the voice and the bottom staff is for the piano. The key signature is A major (no sharps or flats). The time signature is common time. The vocal line begins with a dotted half note followed by eighth notes. The piano accompaniment features eighth-note chords. The lyrics start with 'I have heard the mavis singing, His'.

Musical score for the second system of 'Mary of Argyle'. The score consists of two staves. The top staff is for the voice and the bottom staff is for the piano. The key signature changes to E major (one sharp). The time signature remains common time. The vocal line continues with eighth-note patterns. The piano accompaniment provides harmonic support with eighth-note chords. The lyrics continue with 'love-song to the morn; I have seen the dew-drop cling-ing, To the'.

Musical score for the third system of 'Mary of Argyle'. The score consists of two staves. The top staff is for the voice and the bottom staff is for the piano. The key signature changes to D major (two sharps). The time signature remains common time. The vocal line includes a melodic line with eighth and sixteenth notes. The piano accompaniment features sustained chords. The lyrics continue with 'rose just new - ly born; But a sweet-er song has cheer'd me, At the'.

Musical score for the fourth system of 'Mary of Argyle'. The score consists of two staves. The top staff is for the voice and the bottom staff is for the piano. The key signature changes to G major (one sharp). The time signature remains common time. The vocal line concludes with 'ev'-nings gen-tle close; And I've seen an eye still brighter Than the'. The piano accompaniment provides harmonic support with sustained chords.

The musical score consists of four systems of music, each with two staves: treble and bass. The key signature is G major throughout.

System 1: The vocal part begins with "dew-drop on the rose; 'Twas thy voice, my gen-tle Ma-ry," followed by "colla voce." The piano accompaniment features eighth-note chords. Dynamic markings include *rallent.*, *a tempo.*, *mf*, and *a tempo.*

System 2: The vocal part continues with "art-less winning smile," followed by "That made this world an E-den, Ben-ny." The piano accompaniment includes a bass line with sustained notes and eighth-note chords. Dynamic markings include *ad lib.* and *ad lib.*

System 3: The vocal part begins with "Ma-ry of Ar-gyle! 2. Tho' thy voice may lose its sweet-ness," followed by "And thine." The piano accompaniment features eighth-note chords. Dynamic markings include *cres.* and *p.*

System 4: The vocal part concludes with "eye its bright-ness too; Tho' thy step may lack its fleet-ness, And thy." The piano accompaniment features eighth-note chords.



hair its sun - n y hue: Still to me wilt thou be dear - er Than

all the world shall own; I have lov'd thee for thy beau-ty, But

not for that a - lone: I have watch'd thy heart, dear Ma - ry, And its
colla voce.

goodness was the wile That has made thee mine for ever, Bonny Mary of . . . Argyle.

A FAC-SIMILE OF SIGNOR CIRO PINSUTI'S HAND-WRITING IN MR. MORRISON'S NOTE-BOOK.

Dear Dr.

I have had great pleasure in making you acquaintance

Faithfully yours
Ciro Pinsuti

D. H. Morrison Esq:

Holme May 2^d: 1894

"Of all my Songs I like LADDIE the most."—Pinsuti.

LADDIE.

H. L. D'A. JAXONE. CIRO PINSUTI.

Andante Grazioso.



p *Piu mosso, con dolcezza.*

1. O! Laddie was some-bod - y's dar - ling, . . . So some - bod - y oft - en
2. O! Laddie was some-bod - y's dar - ling, . . . But some - bod - y's love grew

p

cres. *rall.*

said; . . . And his lov - ing breast was a per - fect rest For
cold, . . . The i - dol he made a vic - tim was laid At the

cres. *rall.*

p a tempo.

some - bod - y's wea - ry head;... And some - bod - y's smile was like
shrine of the god of gold;... So sun - light was chang'd in - to

p a tempo.

sun - shine, When walk-ing by some - bod - y's side, ... And
sha - dow, And he bow'd his head in the strife;... In a

cres.

rall molto.

rit.

oft as he told the sto - ry of old, So some - bod - y's lips re - plied: "O!
bro - ken heart he buried each part Of the light and love of his life. O!

rall molto.

rit.

meno mosso. con espress.

Lad - die, Lad - die, Lad - die,... I nev - er can love but
Lad - die, Lad - die, Lad - die,... Thou wert made for more than

LADDIE

animando.

thee! . . . Un - til death doth part you have won my heart, And are
this: . . . To be lov'd a day and then flung a - way, Just

animando. cres.

cres. rit. dim. a tempo.

all the world to me; . . . Un - til death doth part you have
bought and sold with a kiss; . . . To be lov'd a day and then

cres. rit. dim. a tempo.

rall. 1st time. molto rit. 2d time. molto rit.

won my heart, And are all the world to me.
flung a - way, Just bought and sold with a

rall. col canto. a tempo. col canto.

kiss. a tempo.

O!

mf dim. p

p *meno meno.*

Lad-die was somebod-y's dar-ling, As some-bod-y knows to - day, . . . But

p

poco cres. *cres.* > *p*

Love, tar-ried late for the Gold-en Gate, Has sever'd their lives for aye; . . . But

poco cres. *cres.* >

un poco.

in the green a - cre of Heav'n, Where somebod-y knows he sleeps, O'er a

p *un poco.*

cres.

grass - y grave where moon daisies wave Somebod - y kneels and weeps,

cres. >

mf

rall.

Some-bod-y kneels and weeps,

Somebod - y kneels and weeps: O!

rall. *molto rall.* *rit.*

dim. *molto rall.* *rit.*

con sentimento.

Lad - die, Lad - die, Lad - die, . . .

Come back, if 'tis but to

p *cres.*

animando.

say, . . . The an - gels a - bove have found thee a love, And

cres. *animando.* *cres.*

rit.

con passione.

borne thy bur - den a - way! . . . Come back, come

rit. *f*

p animando.

back, . . . If 'tis but to say, The an - gels a - bove have

p animando.

cres.

poco rall.

found thee a love, . . . And borne thy bur - den a-

poco rall.

rall assai.

molto rit.

- way! And borne thy bur - den a - way!

col canto.

a tempo. *p*

p rall.

pp

I PRITHEE, GIVE ME BACK MY HEART.

JACQUES BLUMENTHAL.

Moderato.

p

Ped. *

Ped. *

p Semplice.

I prithee, give me back my heart, Since

rit. *p*

f rit. *a tempo.*

I can - not have thine, For if from yours you

f *rit.* *a tempo. p ten.* *p*

Ped. *

Copyright, 1884, by HUBBARD BROS.

will not part, Why then, should'st thou have mine? Yet
 rit. a tempo. mf

now I think on't let it lie, To find it were... in
 pp mf pp rit.

vain, For thou'st a thief in ei - - ther eye,
 rit. molto. una corda.

lunga. f Lento assai. lunga.
 Would steal... it back... a - gain.
 lunga. f Lento assai. p a tempo.

The musical score consists of four staves of music for voice and piano. The vocal part is in soprano C-clef, and the piano part is in bass F-clef. The score includes lyrics in parentheses and dynamic markings such as *p*, *f*, *cres.*, *rit.*, *a tempo.*, and *mf*.

Top Staff:

- Measure 1: Rests (4 measures).
- Measure 5: *mf* (piano), *Ped.* (piano), *** (piano), *Ped.* (piano), *** (piano).
- Measure 10: *rit.* (piano).

Middle Staff:

- Measure 1: *p* (vocal), *un poco piu vivo.* (vocal).
- Measure 5: *a tempo.* (vocal).
- Measure 10: *pp* (piano), *un poco piu vivo.* (piano).

Bottom Staff:

- Measure 1: *f* (piano), *poco rit.* (piano), *a tempo.* (piano), *mf* (piano).
- Measure 5: *f* (piano), *rit.* (piano), *a tempo.* (piano), *mf* (piano).

Bottom Bass Staff:

- Measure 1: *cres.* (piano), *f* (piano), *rit.* (piano), *a tempo.* (piano), *f* (piano).
- Measure 5: *cres.* (piano), *f* (piano), *rit.* (piano), *f a tempo.* (piano).

Lyrics:

Why should two hearts in one breast lie,
And yet not lodge to - geth- er?
O Love! where is thy sym - pa - thy,
If thus our hearts thou sev - er? ... Then

fare - - well care, and fare - well woe. I will no lon - - ger
 pine, For I'll be - lieve I have . . . his heart
 As much as he . . . has
 mine. . . .

pp *rit. f* *rit.*
f *pp* *rit. f* *rit.*
rit. *f* *rit. molto.* *pp*
Ped. * *rit.* *f* *rit. molto.* *pp*
Lunga. *mf* *Lento assai.*
pp *pp* *Lento assai. pp*
ten.
p
Ped. *

THE MAID OF THE MILL.

HAMILTON AÏDE.

Andante grazioso.

STEPHEN ADAMS.

*Cantabile.*

1. Gold - en years a - go, in a mill be - side the sea, There
 2. Lead - en years have passed, grey - haired I look a-round; The



dwell a lit - tle maid - en, who plight-ed her faith to me; The
 earth has no such maidens now, such mill-wheels turn not round, But when



mill-wheel now is si - lent, that maid's eyes clos - ed be; And
e'er I think of Heav'n, and of what the an - gels be, I

all that now re-mains of her, are the words she sang to me.
see a-gain that lit - tle maid, and hear her words to me.

mf *rall.*

con dolcezza.

"Do not for - get me! Do not for - get

dolce.

me! Think some - times . . . of me still, . . .

poco più mosso.

When the morn breaks, and the

thros - tle a - wakes, . . . Re - mem - ber the

cres.

maid of the mill ! " . . .

crescendo molto.

con passione.

" Do not for - get me! Do not for -

f

piu lento.

- get me! Re - mem - ber the maid . . . The
p *colla voce.*

ad lib.

maid of the mill!"

pp *ff*

C

Tempo primo.

C

maid . . . of the mill." . . .

f = *ff* *ff*

A LITTLE MOUNTAIN LAD.

WEATHERLY.

Andantino semplice.

ROECKEL.

Over the moor-lands

dolce.

gay and glad, He pip'd the sweet day long; He was on - ly a lit- tle mountain lad; She

rall.

lov'd to hear his song. She lean'd from her window, weeping, sad, When he drove his flock a-

colla parte.

way; He was on - ly a little mountain lad; She watch'd for him each day.

pp

On - ly, on - ly a lit-tle mountain lad, . . . He was on - ly a lit - tle

p dolce. *colla parte.* *colla parte.*

mountain lad; She watch'd for him each day.

rall. *rall.*

rall. *cres.* *rall.*

Far from the gorse and babbling rills, She went away one day;

piangendo. *rall.* *cres.*

He is a-lone up-on the hills, Piping his lit-tle lay ; And she has woo-ers

rall. *cres.*

at her feet, And all is rich and rare; He drives his flocks by her window seat, But

she is not there, not there! Ah, me! Ah, me! She is not there, not

rall. pp sadly.
p dolce. colla parte.

there! He drives his flock by her window seat, But she is not there, not there!

sadly.
rall. cres. stretto.

Un poco piu mosso.
agitato.

Out on the moorlands, lone and sad, He weeps for the days that were; He is

cres. p
f
cres. colla voce. p

f marcato. *dolce.*

on-ly a lit-tle mountain lad, She is a la - dy fair; But there steals a hand into

f marcato. *dim.* *riten. dolce.*

espress. *accel.*

his so glad, She will be, will be his little bride. He is only a little mountain lad, But she

accel. *f*

con anima. *dim. e rall.* *tempo I.* *dolce.*

loves none else beside! On - ly, on - ly a lit - tle mountain

con anima. *f* *colla parte. pp* *tempo.*

cres. ed allarg. *ff con gioja.*

iad, He is only a little mountain lad, But she loves none else beside!

marcato. *f* *ff ff pesante.* *ff*

SOMEWHERE!

GEO. F. ROOT.

Andantino.

1 I am for one, and there's one for me, Some-where, some-where,
 2 I am for one, and there's one for me, Some-where, some-where,

Whisper, ye breezes, of land and sea, And tell him I love him, where'er he be; O,
 May be his face I shall nev - er see, Till, "o- ver the riv-er" we wan-der free; But

tell him I'm waiting for him a - lone, Some-where, some - where,
 there for his com-ing my heart shall wait, Some-where, some - where,

Waiting and longing my king to own, From o - ver the dis - tant sea...
 E'en to the steps of the pearl - y gate, Far o - ver the mys - tic sea...

What tho' our path-ways may farther go, Some - where, some - where,
 He will be faith-ful, and so shall I, Some - where, some - where,

cadenza ad lib.

Still, at the last we shall meet, I know, And nev - er-more parted be . . .
 Hope will grow brighter, as time flies by, For he will come home to me. . .

Yes, he is coming for me a - lone, Some- where, some - where,
 Yes, he is coming for me a - lone, Some- where, some - where,

And I am longing my king to own, From o - ver the si - lent sea. . .
 And I am longing my king to own, From o - ver the mys - tic sea. . .

SOME DAY.

CONWAY.

WELLING.

1. I know not when the day shall be, I know not where our eyes may
 2. I know not are you far or near, Or are you dead or do you

A tempo. *p*

meet, What welcome you may give to me, Or will your words be sad or
 live; I know not who the blame should bear, Or who should plead or who for-

acc. ——————

sweet; It may not be till years have passed, Till eyes are dim and tress-es
 give. But when we meet some day, some day, Eyes clear-er grown the truth may

f

gray. The world is wide, but love, at last, Our hands, our hearts, must meet some
 see, And ev'-ry cloud shall roll a - way, That darkens, love, 'twixt you and

rit.

appassionato.

day. Some day, some day, some day I shall meet you;
me. Some day, &c.

rit.

Love, I know not when or how; Love, I know not when or how;

rit.

tempo. On - ly this, on - ly this, this, that once you loved me,

tempo.

ad lib. On - ly this, I love you now, I love you now, I love you now.

*colla voce.**rit.*

JAMIE.

MOLLOY.

*ad lib.**a tempo.*

1. Ja - mie! Ja - mie! Ja - mie! Ja-mie! do you hear me
 2. Ja - mie! Ja - mie! Ja - mie! Ah! if he were nev - er,

*f**p**Ped.*

⊕

watch-ing, and my heart is wond'r-ing Why up-on the hill so late you roam. Ja-mie!
 dream-ing, and I know he's com-ing, All the same the tears will flow like rain. Ja-mie!

p

Ja-mie! Are you nev-er com-ing To the lit- tle heart that's waiting sad at home?
 Ja-mie! Ah! the fear is on me, And my heart is ach - ing with dull pain;

rit. et rall. a tempo.

Ja - mie ! Ja - mie ! Ja - mie ! Jamie, do you hear me Calling in the
 Ja - mie ! Ja - mie ! Ja - mie ! Jamie, do you hear me Calling in the

*rit. et rall. a tempo.**Ped.**⊕ Ped.**⊕*

gloaming, Calling to you, lad-die, calling Ja- mie !
 gloaming, Calling to you, lad-die, to come home.

p

Now I hear him sing - ing to the cat - tle blithe-ly, And the lit- tle sheep-bells

Ped. p ♫

tinkling glad. Jamie ! Jamie ! Ah ! the joy is on me, And my heart is go- ing,

f

just like mad ! Ja- mie ! Ja- mie ! Ja - mie ! Welcome to you,

Ped. ♫

Ped. ♫

cres.

lad-die, welcome in the gloaming, All my heart is crying welcome, Ja - mie !

Ped. ♫

Ped. ♫

Ped. str. ♫

ROBIN ADAIR.

KINGSLEY.

Andante.

1. What's this dull
2. What made th'as-
3. But now thou'rt

town to me? Ro - bin's not near; What was't I wish'd to see,
sem - bly shine, Ro - bin A - dair! What made the ball so fine?
cold to me, Ro - bin A - dair! But now thou'rt cold to me,

What wish'd to hear, Where's all the joy and mirth, Made this town a
Ro - bin was there. What, when the play was o'er, What made my
Ro - bin A - dair. Yet him I lov'd so well, Still in my

heav'n on earth? Oh! they're all fled with thee, Ro - bin A - - - dair.
heart so sore? Oh! it was part-ing with Ro - bin A - - - dair.
heart shall dwell, Oh! I can ne'er for-get Ro - bin A - - - dair.

IN THE CHIMNEY CORNER.

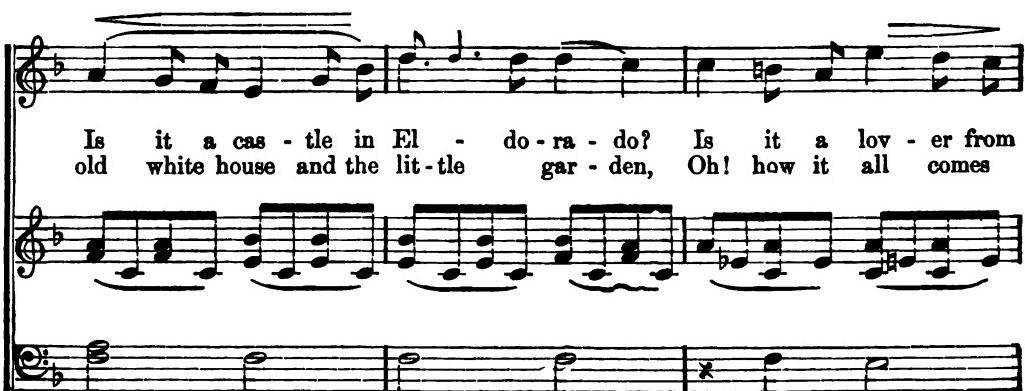
F. E. WEATHERLY.

(BALLAD.)

FREDERIC H. COWEN.

p expressive.

1. What do you see in the
2. What is it there in the



p

o'er the sea? Leave the cas - tie to oth - ers, las - sie,
 back to me, Oh, the sound of the mill! - wheel turn-ing!

p

mf expressivo.

Let the lov - er come whence he may; Love is love in the
 Oh, the scent of the li - lac tree! When I was a girl like

crea.

mf

hum - blest cot - tage, Nev - er mind what the world will say.
 you, my dar - ling, When your grand - fa - ther court - ed me.

dim.

poco rit.

dim.

poco rit.

1 2

a tempo.

p

dim.

pp

You will grow old, like me, my dar - ling; Time will whi - ten your

gold - en hair; You'll sit, at eve, in the chim - ney cor - ner,

sempre. pp

Dream - ing and watch-ing each emp - ty chair. You will not weep as you

cres.

cres.

sit and pon - der, You will re - mem - ber the tales we told; For

cres.

f *espress.*

dim.

while there is love in your heart, my dar - ling, The world will nev - er grow

f dim.

sad or old; For while there is love in your

f *espress.*

world will nev - er grow

rit.

heart, my dar - ling, The world, the world will nev - er grow

dim. *cres.* *f*

sad or old.

rall.

THERE'S ALWAYS SUNLIGHT SOMEWHERE!

GEORGE COOPER.

ADAM GEIBEL.

Andante con espress.

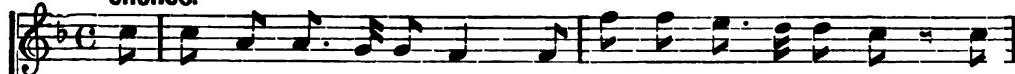
1. Far a-way a youth was
 2. By the porch a moth-er
 3. Worn and wea-ry sat a

sail-ing From the dar-ling of his heart; Fair the maid that stood beside him, 'Twas the
 lin-gered, As she bade her boy good-bye; All the world was bright before him; In her
 husband, In a home that once was bright; But the tide of fortune turning, Made the

hour when they must part. Fast her si-lent tears were falling, But he kissed them all a-
 heart a wea-ry sigh. With a pleading look she held him, And she pressed his lips once
 fu-ture dark as night. Then his lit-tle wife be-side him Placed his ba-by on his

way; And he whis-pered to her fond-ly, These the words that he did say:.....
 more; While he smooth'd her sil-ver tress-es, These the words he murmured o'er:.....
 knee, And she smiled a-way his sadness, While so fond-ly whispered she:.....

CHORUS.



"Oh, don't give in to sor-row! There's joy in store to-morrow! Ah.



though the present may be sad and drear;.....
Cheer up! the skies will brighten, And
all our troubles lighten; There's always sunlight somewhere, never fear!"



CLOCHE TTE.

MOLLOY.

Andante moderato.

p

Spinning was young Clo - chet - te; Came a fond youth to woo;

She was a sad co - quet - te, He was a lov - er true. Clo -

chet - te, Clo - chet - te, You drive me far from you, Clo - chet - te, Clo -

chet - te, Clo - chet - te, I come to say a - dieu.

rall.

ritardando, ma non troppo.

Let me, he said, Clo-chet - te, This lit - tle blos som

a tempo.*lento.*

take; Wept, then, this sad co-quet-te, As tho' her heart would break. Clo-

lento.

chet - te, Clo - chet - te, I know now you are true; Clo-

chet - te, Clo - chet - te, We'll nev - er say a - dieu.

ONLY ONCE MORE.

H. L. D'ARCY JAXONE.

FRANK L. MOIR.

mf Cantabile.

1. When oth - er
2. When oth - ers

Andante.

The vocal line continues with eighth-note patterns. The piano accompaniment features sustained chords and rhythmic patterns marked with 'mf' (mezzo-forte). Pedal points are indicated by asterisks (* Ped.) under specific bass notes.

The vocal line and piano accompaniment continue. The vocal part includes lyrics: "hands . . . are clasp'd in thine, . . . And oth - er eyes . . . shall smile on breathe . . . earth's sweetest vow, . . . And oth - er lips . . . their love shall". Pedal points are marked with asterisks (* Ped.) under specific bass notes.

The vocal line and piano accompaniment continue. The vocal part includes lyrics: "thee, . . . When oth - er hearts . . . shall seek my shrine, . . . O! think how tell, . . . O! think of one . . . who loves thee now, . . . Who loves not". Pedal points are marked with asterisks (* Ped.) under specific bass notes.

rall.

p tempo con espress.

dear . . . thou art to me.
wise - - - ly but too well.

On - ly once more, love,
On - ly once more, love,

rall.

p a tempo.

On - ly once more, O! give one pass - ing thought to me,
On - ly once more, O! weave a new love's gold - en spell,

col canto.

rall.

Just as of yore, love, On - ly once more, O! give one pass - ing
Just as of yore, love, On - ly once more, O! weave a new love's

rall.

thought to me.

a tempo.

dim.

rall.

2

gold - en spell.

3. When oth - er lights of

p

cantabile.

love shall fade, And ev - 'ry dream of love is o'er, In

smiles or tears, in sun or shade, On - ly re-turn to

agitato.

me once more, In smiles or tears, in sun or shade,

agitato.

cres.

On - ly return to me once more, On - ly return to me once more.

rall. *rall. col canto.* *rall.*

On - ly once more, love, On - ly once more, On - ly to love as

f

Ped. * *Ped.*

ne'er be - fore, In days of yore, love, for ev - er - more,

ff

ff

* *Ped.*

On - ly to love, For ev - er-more.

ad lib.

f col canto al fine.

Ped. * *Ped.* *f* *f*

LITTLE ANNIE ROONEY.

WRITTEN AND COMPOSED BY
Tempo di Valse.

MICHAEL NOLAN.



1. A winning way, a pleasant smile; Dress'd so neat, but quite in style;
2. The parlor's small but neat and clean, And set with taste so seldom seen;
3. We've been en-gaged close on a year, The hap-py time is drawing near;



Merry chaff, your time to wile, Has lit-tle An-nie Roon-ey.
 And you can bet the household queen, Is lit-tle An-nie Roon-ey.
 I'll wed the one I love so dear, lit-tle An-nie Roon ey.



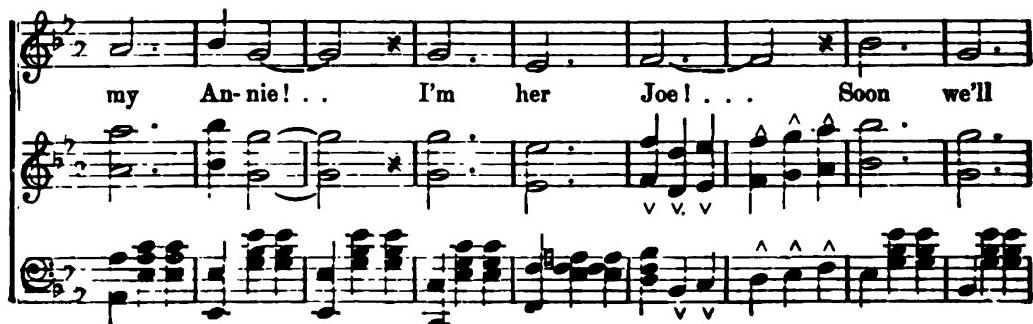


her who short - ly will be mine, Lit - tle An - nie Roon - ey.
form, and ev - 'ry - one's de - light, Is lit - tle An - nie Roon - ey.
one who knows its val - ue best, Is lit - tle An - nie Roon - ey.



Chorus.

p, 2d time, ff.



mar - ry . . . nev - er . . . to part! . . . Little An - nie

Roon - ey . . . is my sweet - heart! . . . heart! . . .

cres.

DANCE.
dolce.

OLE BULL.

Ole Borneman Bull, one of the most remarkable violin virtuosos of the world, was born on February 5th, 1810, at Bergen, in Norway. His father was a physician, but nearly all the members of the family were musical. He had several instructors in his youth who did him but little good, and he was in the main self-taught. After some little experience as a conductor in Norway he went to Cassel to see and hear Spohr, for whose compositions he had a great admiration. Spohr received him coldly and the young man left Cassel much disappointed. He returned to Norway for a few years and then, in 1831, went to Paris. There he heard Paganini and that experience was the turning point in his life. He soon made his first appearance in Paris as a concert player and was well received. Then he went to Italy and created a perfect furore. From this time to the end of his life he traveled about the world, visiting every place of importance in Europe and North America. Beginning in 1836 he gave two hundred and seventy-four concerts in Great Britain in sixteen months. He visited America first in 1843, and in 1879 for the fifth and last time. Here his success and popularity were even greater than anywhere else in the world, and he amassed a considerable fortune, most of which he spent for the benefit of his countrymen. He died at his home in Norway on February 5th, 1880, and must always be ranked as one of the greatest violinists the world has known, second probably only to Paganini.





JEAN DE RESZKE

JEAN DE RESZKE.

Foremost among the operatic singers of the day are two Polish brothers, Jean and Edouard, the former and elder a tenor, the latter and younger a baritone. They come of a noble Warsaw family, and their mother was a soprano singer of rare ability. When Jean de Reszke was a mere child his mother gave him music-lessons, and with her he delighted to assist at operatic performances night after night all through the Warsaw season. On Sunday mornings he was allowed to exercise his childish voice in the choir in the Catholic chapel. After some years he began to study singing under Signor Cotogni at the Turin Conservatoire, and went to London to hear Mario. The marvellous charm of Mario roused in Jean de Reszke a consciousness of what he himself might achieve, and under the influence of this enthusiasm he accepted an engagement to appear as *Aifonso* in "La Favorita" at the Venice Opera House. This was in 1874. As baritone the most renowned of our operatic tenors first tried the wings on which he now sails so proudly. "It was the one folly of my life," he declares—a folly nevertheless scarcely to be marvelled at when one remembers that just as in former days his baritone was universally pronounced a tenor, so now his tenor is frequently described of baritone timbre. It was through the advice of Signor Striglia that the young artist took fresh lessons and re-began his career as primo-tenore. The experiment was in every way justified, and in 1879 Jean de Reszke made his *début* in Madrid as *Roberto* in Meyerbeer's opera with amazing success. Massenet, most difficile of composers, immediately pressed him to undertake the leading part in such important operas as "Le Cid" and "Herodiade." Since that time the clever artist has appeared in every European capital, to win golden opinions and golden reward, his triumph culminating at the Grand Opera in Paris a few seasons ago when creating the rôle of *Romeo*, on which occasion no less charming a *Juliet* than Adelina Patti smiled upon him from her lattice-window, and awoke in mingled joy and fear to die at the feet of so knightly a lover.

THE BLUE ALSATIAN MOUNTAINS.

CLARIBEL.

ADAMS.

Moderato.

The musical score consists of two staves of music. The top staff is for the Claribel instrument, indicated by a treble clef and a G major key signature. The bottom staff is for the Adams instrument, indicated by a bass clef and a C major key signature. The music is in common time. The lyrics are integrated into the musical lines, appearing below the notes where they fit. The first section of lyrics is:

1. By the blue Al-sa - tian moun - tains Dwelt a maid - en young and fair,
 2. By the blue Al-sa - tian moun - tains Came a stran - ger in the Spring.,

The second section of lyrics is:

Like the care - less flow - ing foun - tains Were the rip - ples of her hair,
 And he lin - ger'd by the foun - tains Just to hear the maid-en sing,

The third section of lyrics is:

Were the rip - ples of her hair; An - gel mild her eyes so
 Just to hear the maid - en sing; Just to whis - per in the

win . . ning, An - gel bright her hap - py smile, When be - neath the
moon . light Words, the sweet - est she had known; Just to charm a -

fount - ains spin - ning You could hear her song the while. . . . A -
way the hours . . . Till her heart was all his own. . . . A -

dé, A - dé, A - dé, . . . Such songs will pass a . way, . .
dé, A - dé, A - dé, . . . Such dreams may pass a - way, . .

. . . Tho' the blue Al - sa - tian mount - ains Seem to watch and wait al -
. . . But the blue Al - sa - tian mount - ains Seem to watch and wait al -

colla voce.

way. way.

ff

3. By the

mf *p*

blue Al - sa - tian mount - ains Ma - ny Spring-times bloom'd and pass'd, . . .

. . . And the maid - en by the fount - ains Saw she'd lost her hopes at

mf

Meno.

last, . . . She lost her hopes at last. • And she with - er'd
rall. *pp*

like a flow'r . . . That is wait - ing for the rain. . . . She will
rall.

nev - er see the stran - - ger, Where the fountains fall, a - gain. . .
rall.

. . . A - dé, A - dé, A - dé, . . . The years have pass'd a.
pp

The musical score consists of four staves of music, likely for a soprano or alto voice with piano accompaniment. The lyrics are integrated into the musical lines. The first staff begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one flat, and a common time signature. The lyrics are: "way, . . . But the blue Al-sa - tian mount - ains Ev - er watch and". The second staff continues with a treble clef, one flat, and common time. The lyrics are: "wait al - way. . . . A - dē, A - dē, A - dē, . . . The". The third staff begins with a bass clef, one flat, and common time. The lyrics are: "years have pass'd a - way, . . . But the blue Al-sa - tian mount -". The fourth staff continues with a bass clef, one flat, and common time. The lyrics are: "tains Seem to watch and wait al - way." There is a dynamic marking "f" (forte) over the bass staff. The vocal line includes several grace notes marked with an "x". The piano accompaniment features sustained chords and some rhythmic patterns. The vocal part ends with a fermata over the word "way".

ANNIE LAWRIE.

SCOTCH SONG.

1. Max - wel - ton's braes are bon - nie, Where ear - ly falls the
 2. Her brow is like the snaw - drift, Her throat is like the
 3. Like dew on the gowan ly - ing Is the fa' o' her fairy

dew, And'twas there that An - nie Law - rie, Gave me her prom - ise
 swan, Her face is as the fair - est, That e'er the sun shone
 feet, And like winds in sum - mer sigh - ing, Her voice is low and

true, Gave me her prom - ise true, And ne'er for - get will
 on, That e'er the sun shone on, And dark blue is her
 sweet, Her voice is low and sweet, And she's a' the world to

I, But for bonnie An - nie Law - rie, I'd lay me down and die.
 e'e, And for bonnie An - nie Law - rie, I'd lay me down and die.
 me, And for bonnie An - nie Law - rie, I'd lay me down and die.

MELBA.

The real name of this artist was Nellie Mitchell, and she was born in Australia. Her father was a wealthy contractor, and also an accomplished violinist, and her mother was a fine singer. At four or five years old, Nellie Mitchell showed herself to be a natural musician. Her parents encouraged her to sing. But when she grew older and began to talk of singing in public, they frowned. And so this marvelously gifted girl was not allowed to have any regular musical instruction, such as would fit her for concert or operatic work, and what little instruction she did have was practically worthless. But when she was married, in 1885, to Colonel Armstrong, all that was changed. He was very proud of her, and did not object to her going on the stage. So the next year he took her to London and there she got a chance to show what she could do at a big concert in Prince's Hall. Her appearance was not a success. She had a pure, fresh, powerful voice, but it was quite untrained. She did not know how to use it. This she realized as well as her audience. So she went to Mme. Marchesi, to have her voice trained, and to M. Plaque, to learn stage deportment. The work she did would have killed an ordinary woman. But her superb physique endured the strain. In a year she had learned more than most girls would learn in five, and was ready for her *début*. She took for stage-name "Melba," after the city of Melbourne, and made her first operatic appearance in the chief theatre of Brussels, on October 16th, 1887. The rôle was *Gilda* in "Rigoletto." It may truly be said that when the curtain rose she was unknown, and when it fell she was famous. All Brussels sat up all that night to talk about her. In quick succession she appeared that season in the leading rôles of "Faust," "Traviata," "Hamlet," and "Lakme," and at the end of the season every critic in the Belgian capital ranked her above every singer in the world except Patti. Since then her career has been one of unbroken success in Paris and London.



MELBA



EMMA JUCH.

Although always regarded as an American, Miss Emma Juch was born in Vienna, Austria, in 1863. In her infancy, however, she was brought to America, and New York has been her home ever since. Mme. Murio Celli was her teacher, and her first appearance in opera was in a performance given by that lady's pupils. Such was her success on that occasion that she immediately received a flattering offer from an opera manager. After some experience in concert singing, she went to London under the management of Colonel Mapleson, and sang leading soprano rôles in grand Italian opera, taking such parts as *Violetta* in "La Traviata," *Astraflammanti* in "The Magic Flute," and *Marguerite* in "Faust." She sang there three years. Then Theodore Thomas engaged her for three seasons, to sing in Wagnerian concerts, along with Materna and Nilsson. Thus she appeared one hundred and sixty-four times. After a few years more of miscellaneous work, she organized a grand opera company of her own, with which she is now identified. She has an exquisitely pure and sympathetic soprano voice, and decided dramatic ability. Her best parts are *Marguerite* and *Mignon*, but in many others she has won the cordial commendation of the most cautious and conservative critics, and her place high on the list of singers is well assured.

THY SENTINEL AM I.

EDWARD OXFORD.

MICHAEL WATSON

8va...

Moderato.

f declamando. *ten.*

Thy sen - ti-nel am I! I guard thee night and day; Thy sen - ti-nel am

f colla voce. *ff* *f*

ten. *p* *moderato.* *cres.*

I! I guard thee night and day; Thy sen - ti-nel am I! I

mf *p* *cres.*

guard thee night and day; Nor friend nor foe may come or go, Whilst I command the

dim.

affrettando.

f poco rit.

way! Nor friend nor foe may come or go, Whilst I command the way! I

cres.

f poco rit. *a tempo.*

energico.

con passione.

rit.

a tempo.

love the watch I keep! 'Tis all in life to me; The wind and rain both

p a tempo.

rit.

con espress.

rage in vain, My thoughts are all of thee; The wind and rain both

colla voce.

rall.

rall.

a tempo.

rage in vain, My thoughts are all of thee! Thy sen - ti-nel am

rall.

rall.

f a tempo.

p con tenerezza.

I!. . . And sweet the watch I keep, And sweet the watch I keep ; Nor friend nor
f declamando.

p *p*

p dolce e senza rigore.

foe may come or go, So sleep, so sleep, my la-dy,
sf *sf cres.* *p*

pp *sensibile.* *molto rall.*

sleep ! sleep, my la-dy, sleep ! Sleep, my la-dy, sleep, my lady, sleep, . . .
pp *pp* *p* *molto rall.*

my la-dy, sleep ! . . . There is a watch-word
a tempo. *a tempo.*

colla roce. *rit.* *p*

sweet Thou givest from a - bove, "Tis e'er the same,sly Cupid's name,
 <> <>

ad lib. *energico.* *f*
 E'en simple, simple "love!" Thy sentinel am I! . . . I guard thee night and day; Look
p colla voce. *f* *ff* *f* *ff*
8va.

dim. *rall.* *f a tempo.*
 down, and throw a smile below, Nor say me, dearest, nay. Thy sen-ti-nel am
dim. *rall.* *f a tempo.*

p con tenerezza. *p* *f declamando.*
 I!. . . And sweet the watch I keep, And sweet the watch I keep ; Nor friend nor
p *p* *p*

p dolce e senza rigore.

foe may come or go, So sleep, so sleep, my la-dy,

sf *sf cresc.* *p*

pp *sensibile.* *molto rall.*

sleep! sleep, my la-dy, sleep! Sleep, my la-dy, sleep, my lady, sleep, . . .

pp *pp* *p* *molto rall.*

my la - dy, sleep! Thy sen - ti-nel am I! Thy sen - ti-nel am

colla voce. *pp* *cres.*

cres. ad lib.

II

ff a tempo. *fz* *fz* *fz* *f*

THE VAGABOND.

CHAS. LAMB KENNEY.

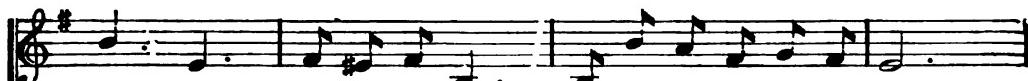
JAMES L. MOLLOY.

Vivace.

8



1 Home - less, rag-ged and tann'd, Un-der the changeful sky,
 2 Nurs'd by hun-ger and want, Taught out of Na-ture's page,



Who so free in the land, Who so con-tent-ed as I?
 Bann'd by saint- li - est cant, Scorn-ing hy- poc - ri - sy's wage.



Ne'er . . . need I quake lest for - tune proves un - kind; . . .
Sing - - - ing, I plod by way - ward fan - cy led, . . .

Ne'er . . . my heart break that vows have ceased to bind;
Trust - - - ing in God, Who the spar - rows still hath fed.

rall.

con spirito.

Not . . . e'en a dog . . . Would I call by friendship's name; . . .
No, . . . let me die . . . Ere be the world's base thrall! . . .

Lone - - - ly I jog, . . . E'en thith - er whence I came. . . .
Fate . . . I de - fy! . . . To - mor - row ne'er re - call! . . .

Home - less, rag - ged and tann'd, Un - der the changeful

rall.

sky, Who so free in the land, Who so con - tent-ed as

1st. time.

I?

2d. time.

I?

piu lento.

Once tender love Watch'd at my side, Now . . . from a -

- bove . . . Her An - gel's my guide; When heav'n a - bove

Asks . . . my last breath, An - - gel love Smile on the Vagabond's

death. When heav'n a - bove Asks . . . my last breath,

An - gel love Smile on the Vagabond's death, Smile on the Vagabond's

death. Ah!

poco accel. *cres.*

Home - less, rag- ged and tann'd, Un- der the changeful sky,

Who so free in the land, Who so con-tent-ed as I?

rall. *rall.* *ff*

Ped.

The musical score consists of four systems of music for voice and piano. The top system starts with a treble clef, two sharps, and a dotted half note. The lyrics 'An - gel love' are followed by a piano dynamic 'p' and a vocal line with eighth-note pairs. The second system begins with a bass clef, two sharps, and a dotted half note. The lyrics 'death.' are followed by a piano dynamic 'cres.' and a vocal line with eighth-note pairs. The third system starts with a treble clef, one sharp, and a quarter note. The lyrics 'Home - less,' are followed by a piano dynamic 'f' and a vocal line with sixteenth-note pairs. The fourth system starts with a bass clef, one sharp, and a quarter note. The lyrics 'Who so free in the land,' are followed by a piano dynamic 'ff' and a vocal line with eighth-note pairs. Various performance markings like 'poco accel.', 'cres.', 'rall.', and 'Ped.' are included throughout the score.

MY LOVE OF THE OLD SWEET DAYS.

Words by
ROBERT C. V. MEYERS.
Andantino.

Music by
A. H. ROSEWIG, Op. 329.



rall. *a tempo.*



twi - light falls and sha - dows rise..... To press the stars that seal the
twi - light falls when night is here,..... When dreams have made the dim-ness

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skies..... And rest un - furls her brood - ing wing, That
 clear,..... When dawn im - pearls the East with light, When

con sentimento.

mem 'ry may a - wake and sing. My thoughts reach past th
 noon with ar - dent glow is bright, All times, all days, a

colla voce.

miles that part Thy lov - ing heart from my fond heart, Un -
 sea - sons, sweet, My heart, my soul leans out to greet Thy

til there comes up - on my ear, Thy words I used of old to hear: "I
 old - time words, that are but mine, Trans - la - ted to the soul of thine "I

ff Allegretto con passione.

love thee! I love thee! The world were
 love thee! I love thee! E'en Heav'n were

void with - out thee! I love thee! I
 void with - out thee! I love thee! I

love thee My love of the old..... sweet
 love thee My love of the old..... sweet

FINE.

days.....
 days.....

“YOURS TRULY.”

(BESSIE JANE.)

Moderato.

ALICE HAWTHORNE.

1. My bon - nie Bes - sie Jane, sweet las - sie in thy teens; Thy
 2. Each bird up - on the bough, from ear - ly morn till late, Seems

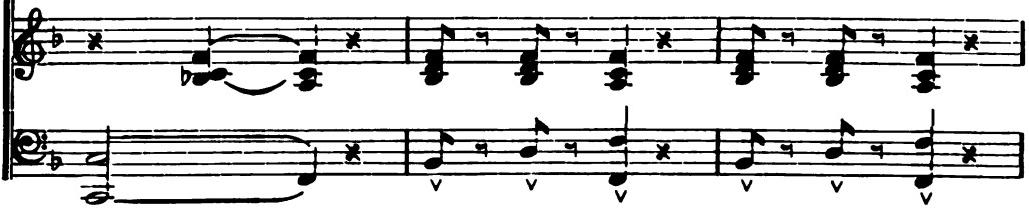
form is like a fai - ry's with the grace of a - ny queen's, Oh, thy
 ev - er gay and hap - py as it chat - ters to its mate, And the



voice to me is sweet, in the morning's early dawn, As you trip across the meadow, or me - brook that hurries on, babbles as it flows a-long, Making music sweet and welcome to thy



an - der o'er the lawn; My bon - nie Bes-sie Jane, My pret-ty Bes-sie Jane, The ear - ly morn-ing song; My bon - nie Bes-sie Jane, My pret-ty Bes-sie Jane, I'm



flow-er of the flock art thou, the belle of Bri-ar Lane; My hous-es and my lands, my wait-ing for thy lips to breathe one true and tender strain, I'm waiting thy re - ply; nor



herds up - on the plain, Shall all be thine when thou art mine, Yours tru-ly, Bes-sie Jane. may I wait in vain, For thee to say, with-out de - lay, Yours tru-ly, Bes-sie Jane.



mf CHORUS.

My Bes - sie Jane, My Bes - sie Jane, My bon-nie Bes - sie
 Sweet Bes - sie Jane, Sweet Bes - sie Jane, bon-nie Bes - sie

Jane, The flow - er of the flock art thou My pret-ty Bessie Jane.
 Jane,..... The flow - er of the flock art thou My pret-ty Bessie Jane.

OUT IN THE MOONLIGHT.

VICKERS.

DOUGHERTY. By per.

1. 'Twas out in the moon-light to - geth-er, We stood by the
 2. We stood in the moon-light to - geth-er, The sea - son was
 3. A - gain in the moon-light I wan - der, But heed not the

beau - ti - ful sea, And soft - ly we whisper'd sweet
 wan - ing once more, And some-how I sigh'd for the
 mu - sic nor glee, For sad - ly I'm long-ing and

non - sense . . . As hap - py as mortals could be. The
 non - sense . . . We'd whisper'd a short year before. We
 wait - ing . . . One form'mid the gay throng to see. My

spray from the break-ers lay gleam-ing Like gems on the
 went o'er the nov - els and mu - sic, And who the next
 love said we ne'er could be wed - ded Be - cause'twas so

moss - cov - er'd shore; Then think it not strang that we
com - ers would be; But, ah, not a word was there
nice to be free; Oh, how can I ev - er en-

rit.

prom - ised, . . . That night, that we'd part nev - er - more. . . .
spo - ken, . . . Of what had been prom - ised to me. . . .
dure it, . . . For - ev - er thus sin - gle to be. . . .

SOPRANO.

But then it was said in the moon - light, . . . When one hard - ly

ALTO.

But then it was said in the moon - light, . . . When one hard - ly

TENOR.

But then it was said in the moon - light, . . . When one hard - ly

BASS.

But then it was said in the moon - light, . . . When one hard - ly

piu lento.

The musical score consists of four systems of music, each with three staves: Treble, Bass, and a lower staff. The key signature is G major (two sharps). The tempo is marked as *piu lento*.

System 1:

- Lyrics: Once tender love Watch'd at my side, Now . . from a -
- Notes: The vocal line features eighth-note patterns. The piano accompaniment consists of sustained chords in the bass and harmonic support in the treble.

System 2:

- Lyrics: - bove . . Her An - gel's my guide; When heav'n a - bove
- Notes: The vocal line continues with eighth-note patterns. The piano accompaniment includes more complex harmonic changes with eighth-note chords.

System 3:

- Lyrics: Asks . . my last breath, An - - gel love Smile on the Vagabond's
- Notes: The vocal line shows a melodic line with eighth-note patterns. The piano accompaniment provides harmonic support with sustained chords.

System 4:

- Lyrics: death. When heav'n a - bove Asks . . my last breath,
- Notes: The vocal line concludes with a simple eighth-note pattern. The piano accompaniment ends with a sustained chord.

DEAREST MAE.

FRANCIS LYNCH.

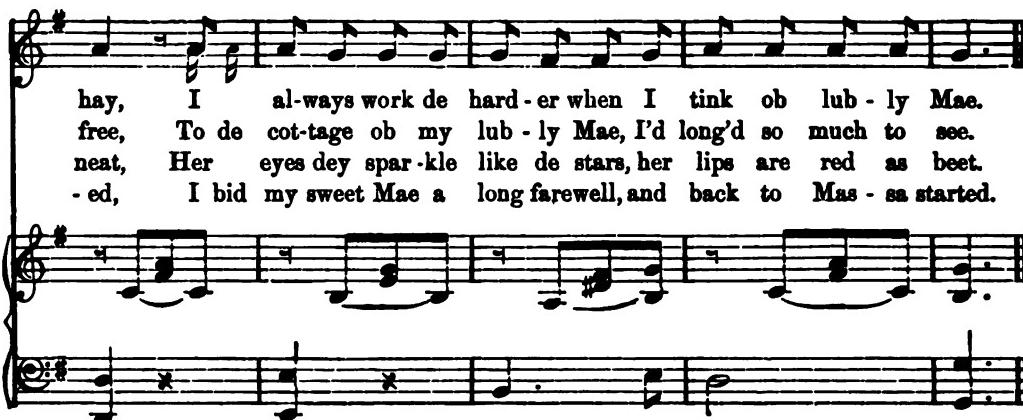
L. V. H. CROSBY.

Allegretto.

1 Now Nig - gers, list - en
2 Old Massa gib me a
3 Onde banks ob de
4 Be - nead de sha-dy,

to me, a sto - ry I'll re - late, It happen'd in de val - ley, in de
Hol-i-day, an' say he'd gib me more, I tank'd him ber-y kind - ly, an'
rib - er whar de trees dey hang so low, De coon among thar branches play, while de
old oak tree we sat for many an hour, Hap - py as de Buz-zard bird dat

ole Car - li - na State; Way down in de meadow, 'twas dare I mow'd de
shov'd my boat from shore; So down de rib - er I glides along wid my heart so light an'
mink he keeps be - low; Oh, dar is de spot, an' Mae she looks so
flies a - bout de flow'r; But oh, dear Mae, I leff her, she cried when boff we part-

*CHORUS.**SOPRANO.*

The score consists of four staves: Soprano, Alto, Tenor, and Bass. The key signature is F major (one sharp). The lyrics are identical for all parts.

Oh, dear - est Mae, You're lub - ly as de day, Your
 Oh, dear - est Mae, You're lub - ly as de day, Your
 Oh, dear - est Mae, You're lub - ly as de day, Your
 eyes are bright, Dey shine at night, When de moon am gwane a - way!

The score consists of three staves: Alto, Tenor, and Bass. The lyrics are identical for all parts.

eyes are bright, Dey shine at night, When de moon am gwane a - way!
 eyes are bright, Dey shine at night, When de moon am gwane a - way!
 eyes are bright, Dey shine at night, When de moon am gwane a - way!

“BABY MINE.”

CHARLES MACKEY.

ARCHIBALD JOHNSTON.

The musical score consists of three staves. The top staff is for the piano, showing a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp, and common time. The middle staff is for the voice, starting with a dynamic of *Moderato* and *mf*, with a soprano clef. The bottom staff is also for the piano, with a bass clef. The vocal part includes lyrics:

S. p.

1 I've a let - ter from thy sire, Ba - by mine, Ba - by
 2 Oh, I long to see his face, Ba - by mine, Ba - by
 3 I'm so glad, I can - not sleep, Ba - by mine, Ba - by

p

mine; I could read and nev - er tire, Ba - by mine, Ba - by
 mine; In his old ac - custom'd place, Ba - by mine, Ba - by
 mine; I'm so hap - py, I could weep, Ba - by mine, Ba - by

mine; He is sail - ing o'er the sea, He is com - ing home to
 mine; Like the rose of May in bloom, Like a star a - mid the
 mine; He is sail - ing o'er the sea, He is com - ing home to

me, He is com - ing back to thee! Ba - by mine! Ba - by
 gloom, Like the sun-shine in the room, Ba - by mine! Ba - by
 me, He is com - ing back to thee! Ba - by mine! Ba - by

mine; He is com-ing back to thee! Ba - by mine.
 mine; Like the sun-shine in the room, Ba - by mine.
 mine; He is com-ing back to thee! Ba - by mine.

THE FINE OLD IRISH GENTLEMAN.

BROUGHAM. By per.

The musical score consists of five staves of music in common time, treble clef, and key signature of one sharp. The lyrics are integrated into the music as follows:

Staff 1: I'll sing you a fine ould song made by a fine ould Pad-dy's pate, Of a

Staff 2: fine ould Irish gentle - man who had the devil a . . . taste of an es-tate Ex - cept a fine ould patch of pitatys that he liked ex-

Staff 3: ceed-in-ly to ate, For they were beef to him and mutton too and barrin a red her- ring or a rusty rasher of bacon now and thin almost ev'-y

Staff 4: oth er sort of mate Yet this fine ould Irish gin - tleman was one of the rare ould stock.

2nd verse.

His cabin walls were cover'd o'er with fine ould I - rish mud, Be -

cause he could'nt afford to have any paper hangings, and between you and me he } would'n't give a }

pin for them if he could, And just as proud as Julius Sazer or Alix-ander the great, This

independent ragamuffin stood with a glass of fine ould Irish whiskey in his fist which he's } decidedly of the opinion will do a }

mighty dale of good, To this fine ould I-rish gin-tle-man, All of the rale ould stock.

3rd verse.

Now this fine ould Irish gentleman wore migh-ty curious clothes, Tho' for

comfort I'll be bail that they'd bate any of your fashion- a-ble beaux, For

when the sun was very hot the gintle wind right through } beauti-ful-ly blows,
his ventilation garments most }

And he's niver troubled with any corns and I'll tell you why, because he despises the } wakeness of wearing any thing as hard as }

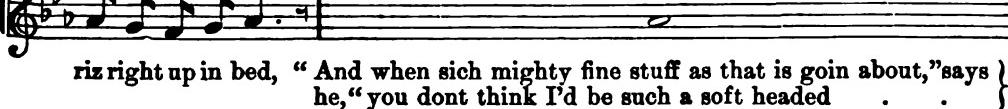
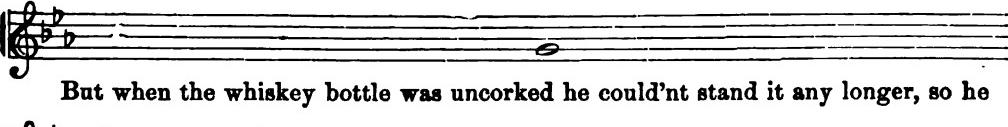
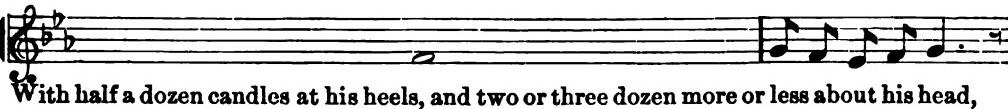
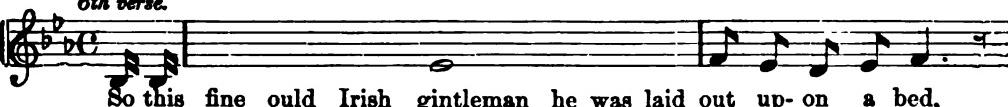
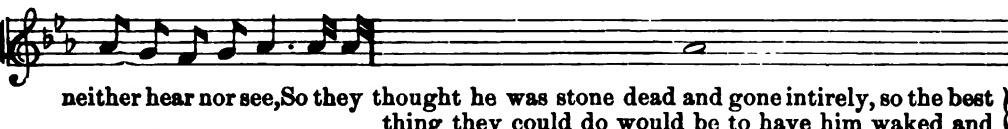
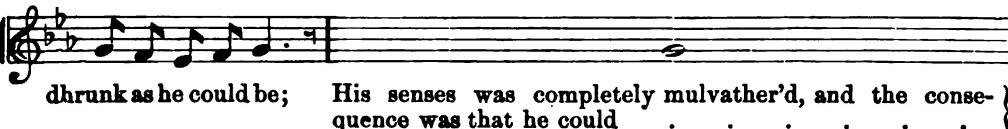
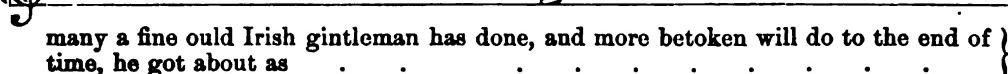
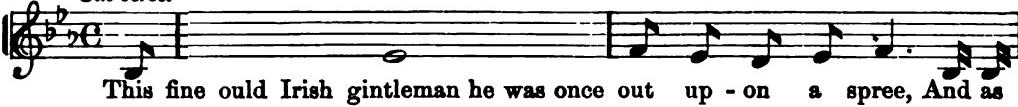
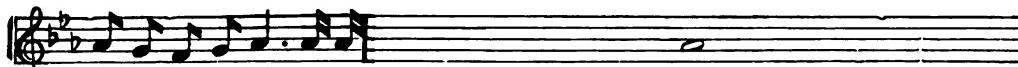
leather on his toes, Yet this fine ould Irish gin-tle-man was one of the rale ould stock.

4th verse.

Now this fine ould Irish gentleman has a migh-ty curious knack Of

flourishing a tremendous great shillaly in his hand and letting it drop down with a most un-

compromising whack. So of most superior shindies you may take your oath if you } ever happen to be called upon for it he very nearly }



WOULD YOU?

MARSHALL.
Loca.

1. Ba - by crow - ing on your knee, While you sing some lit - tle dit-ty
 2. Wife with arm a - bout your neck, Says you look just like the ba-by;
 3. Lit - tle la - bor, lit - tle strife, Lit - tle care and lit - tle cot;
 4. Health and com - fort, chil - dren fair, Wife to meet you at the door,



Pulls your hair or thumbs your "ee," Would you think it was not pret-ty?
 Wants some cash to make a "spec," And you would re-fuse her maybe?
 Would you sigh for sin - gle life? Would you mur-mur at your lot?
 Fond hearts throbbing for you there; Tell me would you ask for more?



Tell me, could you, Tell me, could you, If you owned the baby, would you?
 Could you? should you? Could you? should you? If you owned the woman, would you?
 Tell me, should you? Tell me, should you? If you owned "the cottage" would you?
 Should you? could you? Should you? could you? If you owned "the baby" would you?



HELEN'S BABIES.

"IN THEIR LITTLE BED."

*P. H. WOOD.
Moderato.**E. A. BENSON.*

1 In their lit-tle beds she laid them, Ro - sy cheeks and full of play,
 2 As these lit-tle ones lie sleeping, Hold - ing each the other's hands,

Ev' - ry one that ever saw them, Thought how beautiful were they ;
 Hel - en, tho' at work, is keeping Watch o'er both her lovely lambs,

Hel - en is the proudest mother,
Hopes of future greatness with them, And her fond heart leaps with joy,
When this world shall add its joys,

At the thousand roguish antics,
Fills her heart with fond ambition, Of her lit-tle ba - by boys.
Tho' they're only ba - by boys.

CHORUS.

In their lit-tle bed she laid them, Ro - sy cheeks and full of play,

In their lit-tle bed she laid them, Ro - sy cheeks and full of play,

Ev' - ry one that ev-er saw them, Thought how beau-ti - ful were they.

Ev' - ry one that ev-er saw them, Thought how beau-ti - ful were they.

The piano accompaniment consists of four staves, each with a treble clef. The first three staves are mostly silent (rests), while the fourth staff shows a rhythmic pattern of eighth and sixteenth notes in common time.

MRS. LOFTY AND I.

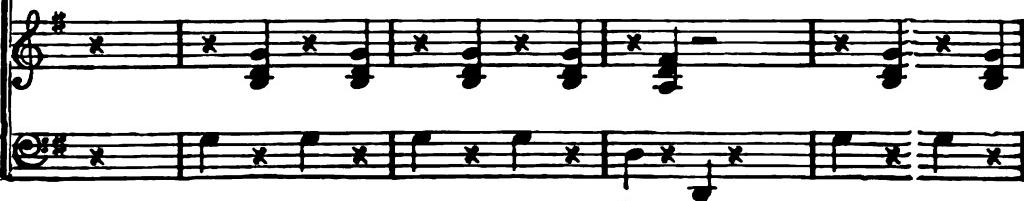
HUTCHINSON. By *ps**Moderato.*

1. Mrs. Lof - ty keeps a car-riage, So do
2. Her fine hus-band has white fin - gers, Mine has

I; She has dap - ple grays to draw it, None have I; She's no prouder with her
not; He could give his bride a pal - ace, Mine a cot; Her's comes home beneath the

coachman, Than am I With my blue-eyed laughing ba - by, Trundling by; I
starlight, Ne'er cares she: Mine comes in the pur - ple twilight,—Kisses me, And

hide his face, lest she should see the cher-rib boy, And en - vy me.
prays that He who turns life's sands, Will hold his lov'd ones in his hands.

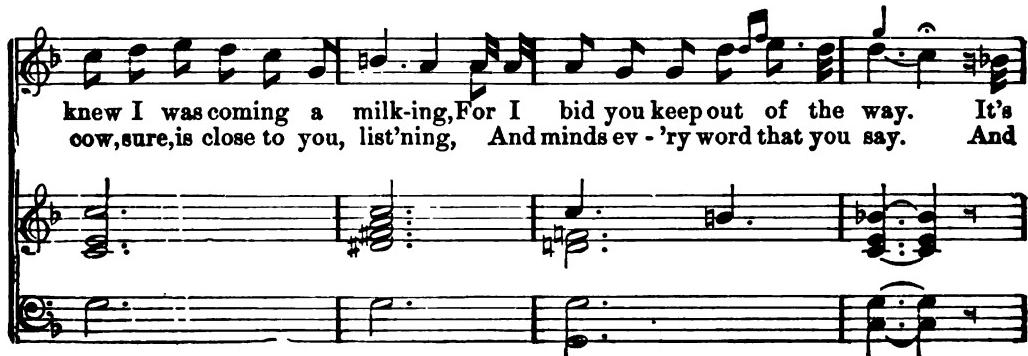
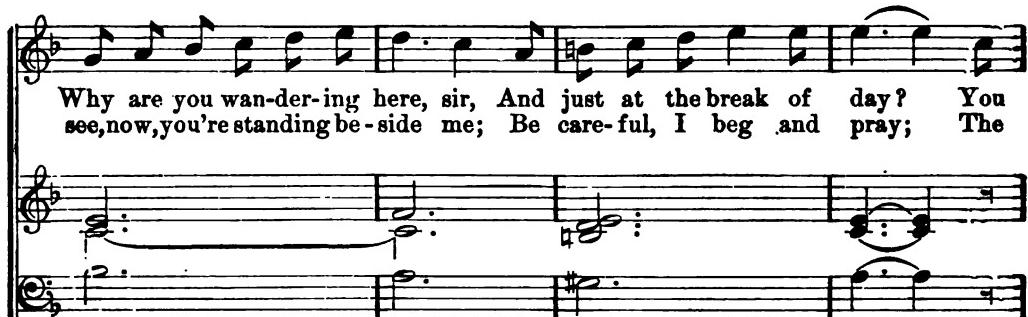
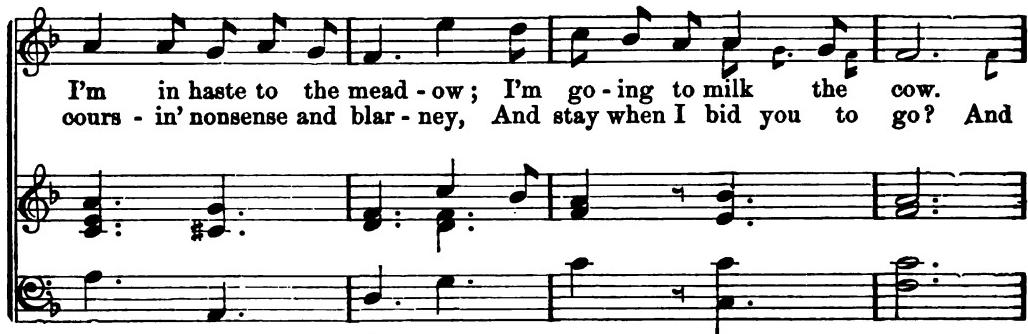


THE LITTLE MAID MILKING HER COW.

MOLLOY.

Allegretto.

1. BarNEY, I have-n't a mo-ment, So don't you hin-der me now, For
 2. How can I milk when you're near me, If you be - wil - der me so, Dis-



just your bold way of act - in'; See how you fol - low me now;
'tis her - self is re - mark - in' The way you're go - ing on now. She

Com - ing here and dis - tract - in' A lit - tle maid milk-ing her cow.
wonders you'll keep on dis - tract - in' A lit - tle maid milk-ing her cow.

Piu lento.

You sigh it's dark-ness a-bout ye, That I'm the light of your day ; You

vow you can't live without me ; Sure, that's what the oth - er boys say.

rall.

We'll take up the pail, and we'll go now, And homeward we'll wend our way. Who

known, if you're not too con-sait-ed, The mother may hear you to-day? And

may be I'll whisper you've told me, With sol-emn promise and vow, That

you'll be kind to her Col-leen, The lit-tle maid milking her cow.

MAMMA, MAMMA.

BAYLY

Allegretto.

BLEWIT.



1. Why don't the men propose, mamma? Why don't the men pro-pose? Each
 2. I'm sure I've done the best, mamma. To make a prop - er match; For
 3. I threw a-side the books and thought That Ig-norance was bliss; I
 4. And what is to be done mamma? Oh, what is to be done? I



seems just com-ing to the point, And then a-way he goes! It
 Cor - o-nets and eld - est sons, I'm ev - er on the watch; I've
 felt convinced that men prefer'd A sim - ple sort of Miss; And
 real - ly have no time to lose, For I am thir - ty - one; At



is no fault of yours, mamma, That ev'-ry bo - dy knows; You fête the fin - est
 hopes when some distingue beau, A glance upon me throws; But though he'll dance and
 so I lisp'd out naught beyond Plain "yeses," or "plain noes," And wore a sweet un-
 balls I am too oft - en left Where spinsters sit in rows; Why won't the men pro-



men in town, Yet, oh, they won't pro- pose!
smile and flirt, A - las, he won't pro- pose!
mean - ing smile; Yet, oh, they won't pro- pose!
pose, mamma? Why won't the men pro- pose!

they won't, he won't,
they won't, they won't,
they won't, they won't,

lento.

won't, they won't, they won't pro- pose,
won't, he won't, he won't pro- pose,
won't, they won't, they won't pro- pose,
won't, they won't, they won't pro- pose?

mam - ma, mam - ma,
mam - ma, mam - ma,
mam - ma, mam - ma,
mam - ma, mam - ma

ma, they won't, they won't propose!
ma, he won't, he won't propose!
ma, they won't, they won't propose!
ma, why won't the men propose?

ff

pp

ff

pp

NANCY LEE.

WEATHERLY.

ADAMS.

With Spirit.

1. Of all . . . the wives as e'er you know, Yeo
 2. The har - bor's past, the breezes blow ; Yeo
 3. The boa' - s'n pipe the watch below, Yeo



ho ! lads ! ho ! Yeo ho ! yeo ho ! There's none like Nan-cy Lee I
 ho ! lads ! ho ! Yeo ho ! yeo ho ! 'Tis long e'er we come back I
 ho ! lads ! ho ! Yeo ho ! yeo ho ! Then here's a health a-fore we



trow. Yeo ho ! lads ! ho ! yeo ho ! See, there she stands an'
 know ; Yeo ho ! lads ! ho ! yeo ho ! But true an' bright from
 go ; Yeo ho ! lads ! ho ! yeo ho ! A long, long life to



waves her hands up-on . . . the quay, An' ev'- ry day when I'm away, she'll
 morn till night my home . will be, An' all so neat an'snug an'sweet for
 my sweet wife and mates . at sea, An' keep our bones from Da-vy Jones where

watch for me, An' whis-per low, when tempests blow, for Jack at
 Jack at sea, An' Nan-cy's face to bless the place, an' wel - come
 e'er we be, An'may you meet a mate as sweet as Nan - cy

rall.

sea, Yeo ho! lads! ho! yeo ho!
 me; Yeo ho! lads! ho! yeo ho! The sai - lor's
 Lee; Yeo ho! lads! ho! yeo ho!

tempo.

wife the sai-lor's star shall be, Yeo ho! we go a - cross the

A musical score for three voices (Soprano, Alto, Bass) and piano. The vocal parts are in G major, while the piano part is in F major. The lyrics describe a sailor's wife as a star and mention a 'sea'.

A musical score for a vocal part and piano accompaniment. The vocal line consists of two staves of music. The top staff has lyrics: 'star shall be..... star shall be.....'. The bottom staff has the word 'voca.' above the notes. The piano accompaniment is shown below the vocal parts. Measure 1 & 2 starts with a treble clef, 2/4 time, and a key signature of one flat. Measure 3 begins with a bass clef, 3/4 time, and a key signature of one flat. Measure 4 begins with a treble clef, 2/4 time, and a key signature of one flat.

WILLCOTT.

Andantino.

MARSHALL. By per.

1. O what is life? 'tis like a flow'r That blos - soms and is gone;
 It flour-ish - es its lit - tle hour, With all its beau - ty on;
 2. O, what is life? 'tis like the bow That glis - tens in the sky.
 We love to see its col - ors glow; But, while we look, they die:
 3. Lord, what is life? if spent with thee, In hum - ble praise and prayer,
 How long or short our life may be, We feel no anx - ious care;

A musical score page showing a single staff of music in 3/4 time, G major, with a key signature of one sharp. The staff begins with a quarter note followed by a eighth note, then a sixteenth note, and so on, creating a continuous pattern of eighth and sixteenth notes.

A musical score for piano, featuring two staves. The top staff uses a treble clef and the bottom staff uses a bass clef. The key signature is A major (three sharps). The music consists of eighth-note patterns, with some notes tied together. Measures 11 and 12 are shown, separated by a double bar line.

Death comes, and, like a win - try day, It cuts the love-ly flow'r a-way.
Life fails as soon: to - day 'tis here; To - mor-row it may dis - ap-pear.
Though life de-part, our joys shall last When life and all its joys are past.

JOSIAH'S COURTSHIP.

MARKSTEIN. By per.

Allegro.

1. 'Twas Sunday night in Podunk valley, In
 2. A wood-en settle firm and good, Their
 3. Sall cast her eyes down, look'd quite tame,Tho'
 4. Good gracious; she gave a start from him; Her

clear cold win-try weather, Jo - si - ah Per-kins and his Sall, Sat by the fire to -
 loving forms supporting, T'was made of season'd, white pine wood, And just the thing for
 ve - ry sweet-ly blush-ing, While all the blood in Josh's frame, Seem'd to his face a
 an-ger did not smother; She said "if you do that a-gain, Now, Josh, I'll tell my

geth- er. The ap - ples by the chim - ney rug Were slow-ly get-ting
 court-ing. At one end Sal - ly stuck like pitch, While Jo - si - ah seem'd to
 gush-ing; He hitch'd a - gain and got quite near, He could not then re -
 moth-er." They soon made up, and she came back, And calm'd her ag - i -

warm-er, The ci - der in the pew - ter mug, Was bubbling in the cor-ner.
 fear her, But af - ter while he gave a hitch, And got a lit - tle near- er.
 sist her, He call'd her his own Sal - ly dear, Then bash-ful-ly he kiss'd her.
 ta-tion; When last I saw them thro' the crack, They were kissing like tarnation.

SOPRANO. >

1. Jo - si - ah, Jo - si - ah, Jo - si - ah and his Sal - ly, Jo -
 2. Jo - si - ah, Jo - si - ah, Jo - si - ah and his Sal - ly, But

TENOR. >

3. Jo - si - ah, Jo - si - ah, Jo - si - ah and his Sal - ly, He
 4. Jo - si - ah, Jo - si - ah, Jo - si - ah and his Sal - ly, When

BASS. >

pp

si - ah Per-kins and his Sall, Sat by the fire to - geth - er.
 f - ter while he gave a hitch, And got a lit - tle near - er.

call'd her his own Sal - ly dear, Then bashful-ly he kiss'd her.
 last I saw them thro' the crack, They were kissing like tar - nation.

ora.

QUEEN OF THE BICYCLE GIRLS.

Words by
W. H. GARDNER.Music by
OTTO LANGEY.

The musical score consists of four staves of music. The first staff is in common time, treble clef, and includes a dynamic marking 'f'. The second staff is in common time, bass clef. The third staff is in common time, treble clef, with a dynamic marking 'p'. The fourth staff is in common time, bass clef. The lyrics are integrated into the music, appearing below the vocal line in the third staff.

p

1. I know a charm-ing lit - tle maid, She lives next door to
 2. Her head is cool, but oh! her heart! Is warm and wom - an-

me..... And when up - on her wheel she rides A
 ly..... She does not like the man - nish girl, And

grace - ful sight is she..... She wears a sweet and
 how that pleas - es me!..... I've asked her if to -

mod - est suit; Her hair it hangs in curla..... Where-e'er I
geth - er we Might wheel the road of life She don't say

ride, she is my pride, The Queen of all the girls.
"Nay," and so some day, She'll be my lit - tle wife.

p CHORUS. *2d. time f*

She is the Queen of the Bi - cy - cle Girls! She is the Queen of the

Bi - cy - cle Girls! Cool as an i - ci - cle, When on her bi - cy - cle, She down the

bou - le - vard whirls..... My lit - tle bi - cy - cle girl,....
 Of all the maid's she's the pearl,..... Come now with me,
 And you shall see My lit - tle bi - cy - cle girl.
 girl. girl.

1st time.

2d time of first verse. *R:* *2d time of second verse.*

GRANDMOTHER'S CHAIR.

READ. By part.

Moderato.

1. My grand-moth-er she at the
 2. I thot' it hard-ly fair, still I
 3. What my brother said was true, for
 4. One night the chair fell down; when I

age of eigh-ty-three One day in May was ta-ken ill and died; And
 said I did not care, And in the ev'-ning took the chair a-way; The
 in a year or two, Strange to say, I set-tled down in mar-ried life; I
 pick'd it up I found The seat had fall-en out up-on the floor, And

af-ter she was dead, the will, of course, was read, By a lawyer as we all stood by his
 neighbors they me chaff'd, my brother at me laugh'd, And said "it will be useful, John, some
 first a girl did court, and then the ring I bought, Took her to church, and when she was my
 there, to my surprise, I saw before my eyes A lot of notes, two thousand pounds or

side; To my broth-er, it was found, she had left a hundred pounds, The
 day, When you set-tle down in life, find some girl to be your wife, You'll
 wife, The old girl and me, were as hap-py as could be, For
 more! When my broth-er heard of this, the fel-low, I con-fess, Went

same un - to my sis - ter I de - clare,
find it ve - ry hand - y I de - clare,
when my work was o - ver I de - clare,
near-ly mad with rage, and tore his hair,

But when it came to me, the
On a cold and fros - ty night, when the
I ne'er abroad would roam, but each
But I on - ly laugh'd at him, then

cres.

law - yer said, "I see, She has left to you her old arm chair."
fire is burn-ing bright, You can then sit in your old arm chair.
night would stay at home, And be seat - ed in my old arm chair.
said un - to him "Jem, Don't you wish you had the old arm chair?"

And how they titter'd, how they chaff'd, How my brother and sis - ter laugh'd,

When they heard the lawyer declare, Granny had only left to me her old arm chair !

PANEL AND PLAQUE AND TILE.

WALTZ SONG.

J. H. MAC CULLOCH.

FRANK L. ARMSTRONG.

The musical score consists of two staves of music. The top staff is for the treble clef line, and the bottom staff is for the bass clef line. The key signature is G major (one sharp). The time signature changes between common time (4/4) and waltz time (3/4). The tempo is marked as *Tempo di valse.* The music includes various note heads, rests, and dynamic markings like *f* (forte) and *ff* (double forte).

The lyrics are as follows:

1 Miss Ma - ri - on Meade was so
 2 But Ma - ri - on thought she would
 8va. 3 Fred knew not the dai - sies and

ff

full of art (Pan - el and plaque and tile) . . .
 win with art; (Pan - el and plaque and tile) . . .
 pop-pies a - part; (Pan - el and plaque and tile) . . .



and plaque and tile) But while she was paint-ing on chi - na with
and plaque and tile) She sketch'd up - on lin - en, she mod - el'd in
and plaque and tile) She pack'd all her out - fits far out of her



skill, And fir - ing with care in her port - a - ble kiln,
clay, She work'd both in leath - er and brass re - pos - se,
reach, She learn'd all the things that her moth - er could teach,



a tempo.

Her tho'ts they would wander a-gainst her sweet will ! }
 And pen-and-ink stud-ies came quite in her way ! }
 And soon, her dear Fred made his sweet little speech ! } (Pan - el and plaque

RECIT. *ritard. ad lib.*

and tile.) O, Ma - ri - on



Meade ! Take heed ! Take heed ! You will nev - er suc - ceed, I'll

*a tempo.*

wa-ger! Dip-ping for hearts with the mi - nor arts, Is to

*8va..... loco.**a tempo.*

PANEL AND PLAQUE AND TILE.

fish with a line both short and fine— Had you bet-ter not

try the ma - jor? For the mi - nor try . . . the ma-jor!

Sca. D.S.
ff

The musical score consists of three staves of music in common time, key signature of one sharp, and treble clef. The first staff contains the lyrics "fish with a line both short and fine— Had you bet-ter not". The second staff contains the lyrics "try the ma - jor? For the mi - nor try . . . the ma-jor!". The third staff concludes with "Sca. D.S." followed by a dynamic marking "ff". The music features various note heads, rests, and bar lines, with some notes having stems pointing upwards and others downwards. The vocal parts are supported by harmonic chords indicated by vertical stems and dots on the bass staff.

HAM!

WADE WHIPPLE.

he war de boss! Ham, Ham, Ham, Ham! de mule an' de hoss! Dey
bofe did dance, dey bofe did play, Ham, Ham, Ham! war de
king all de day.

D.S.

ROBIN RUFF.

RUSSELL.

If I had but a thousand a year, Gaffer Green, If I had but a thousand a . . .
 year, . . . What a man would I be, and what sights would I see, If I
 had but a thousand a year, Gaffer Green, If I had but a thousand a year. . . .

2.
The best wish you could have, take my word,
[Robin Ruff,

Would scarce find you in bread or in beer;
But be honest and true, and say what would

[you do

If you had but a thousand a year, Robin
If you had but a thousand a year? [Ruff?

3.

I'd do, I scarcely know what, Gaffer Green,
I'd go, faith I hardly know where,
I'd scatter the chink and leave others to

[think,

If I had but a thousand a year, Gaffer Green?
If I had but a thousand a year?

4.

But when you are aged and grey, Robin Ruff,
And the day of your death it draws near,
Say what with your pains would you do with
[your gains,

If you then had a thousand a year, Robin Ruff?
If you then had a thousand a year?

5.

I scarcely can tell what you mean, Gaffer
[Green,

For your questions are always so queer;
But as other folks die, I suppose so must I,—
What, and give up your thousand a year.

[Robin Ruff?

And give up your thousand a year?
6.

There's a place that is better than this,
[Robin Ruff,
And I hope in my heart you'll go there,
Where the poor man's as great though he

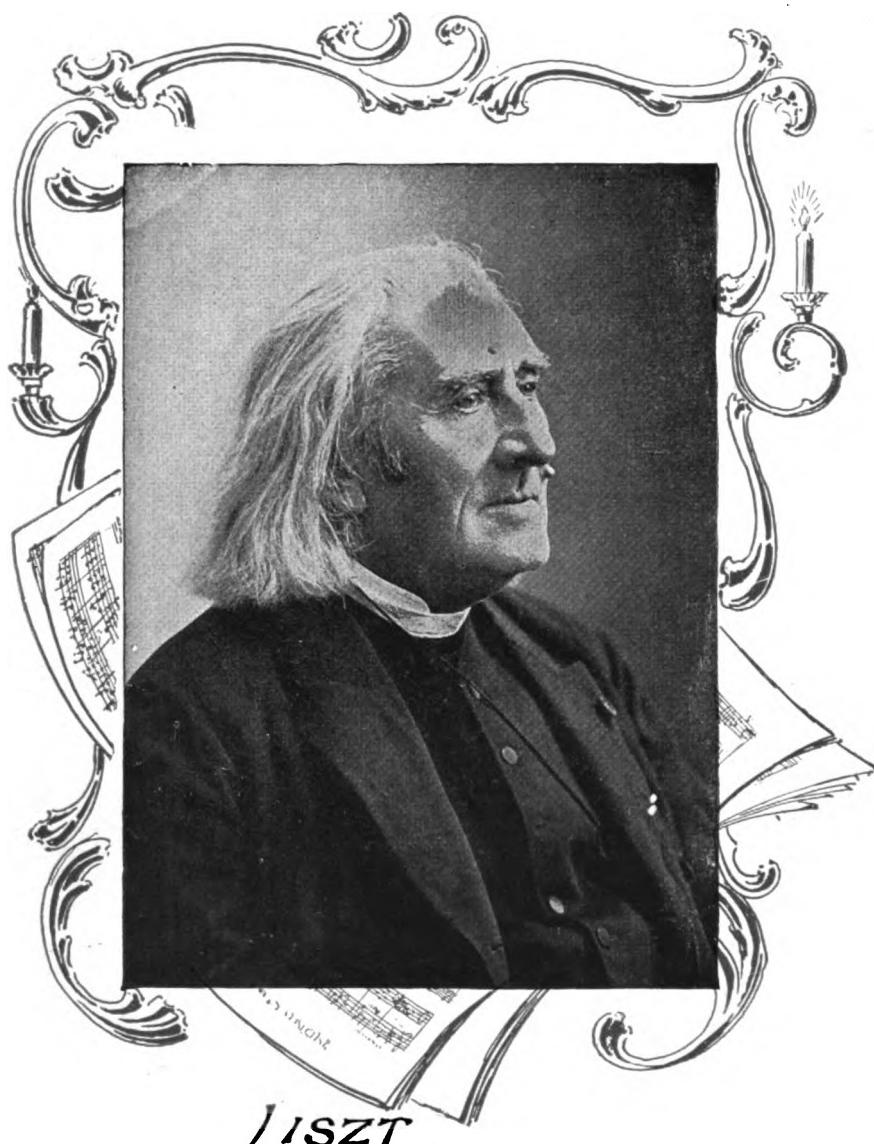
[hath no estate,

Aye, as if he'd a thousand a year, Robin
Aye, as if he'd a thousand a year? [Ruff?

IGNACE JAN PADEREWSKI.

Poland has given many great musicians to the world, but not one greater as a pianist than the subject of this sketch. He was born at Podolia, on November 6th, 1860, a member of one of Poland's noblest families—now, thanks to Russian oppression, impoverished and obscure. Until he was twenty-one years old he was only self-taught. Then he went to Berlin and studied under Hiel, the disciple of Hauptmann. It was his intention then to compose music, but when he was twenty-four he decided to devote himself chiefly to piano-playing, and he then studied for a time under Leschetizky, the husband of Mme. Essipoff. He made a favorable impression on the continent when he appeared in concerts, and on May 9th, 1890, he played in London, where his success was very great. His American *début* occurred in New York on November 17th, 1891, and here his European triumphs were renewed. Critics could scarcely find words to express their praise, and could compare him with no one less than Liszt and Rubinstein. His technical mastery over the keyboard has never been surpassed, if equalled; while in coloring and expression he is the equal of the greatest artist. In personal appearance he is tall, slender, sinewy; with a great mass of red hair hanging over his expressive countenance. His muscular development is that of an athlete; and no pianist ever had more power and endurance in fingers and wrist than he; nor more of delicacy and softness, either. He is modest and unassuming, and off the concert-stage is an altogether charming comrade and man of the world.





FRANZ LISZT.

The great pianist, Liszt, was born in 1811, near Pesth, in Hungary. His father was an excellent musician, who put the boy under instruction when he was but six years old, and who kept him steadily at work for many years. Before he was nine years old he played the most difficult music at concerts, and extemporized upon airs suggested by the audience. When ten years old he played so charmingly in a concert that the great Beethoven came forward and embraced him. When about twenty years of age he secluded himself for five years of hard study, after which he entered on his triumphal march over Europe. From 1836 to 1848 he was the idol of the continent. It is said the very sheets between which he slept were torn into shreds and treasured as mementos. In 1848 Liszt abandoned public performances and settled as musical conductor at Weimar, where he remained for twenty years, having many distinguished pupils. In 1868 he joined a religious order in Rome, and devoted himself to musical instruction. Liszt introduced many improvements in fingering and other matters, to a great extent revolutionizing piano playing. He may, indeed, be regarded as the best representative of the modern style of the art. Daunreuther, speaking of Liszt in 1878, said: "Now, at sixty-six years of age, he is a perfect wonder as a player."

SAILING.

GODFREY MARKS.



1 Y'heave ho! . . . my
2 The sail - - or's
3 The tide . . . is

lads, the wind blows free, A pleas - ant gale is
life is bold and free, His home is on the
flow - ing with the gale, Y'heave ho! my lads, set

on our lee, And soon a - cross the o - cean
roll - ing sea, And nev - er heart more true or
ev' - ry sail, The har - bor bar we soon shall

cres.

clear, Our gal - lant barque shall brave - ly steer; But
 brave, Than he who launch - es on the wave; A-
 clear, Fare - well, once more to home so dear, For



SAILING.

ad lib.

- on the wa - ters blue, Sail - ing, sail - ing, o - ver the bounding
colla voce. *p*

This section features two staves. The top staff uses a treble clef and has a tempo marking of 'ad lib.'. The lyrics '- on the wa - ters blue, Sail - ing, sail - ing, o - ver the bounding' are written below the notes. The bottom staff uses a bass clef and includes dynamics like 'p' and 'colla voce.' The music consists of eighth and sixteenth note patterns.

main, For ma - ny a storm - y wind shall blow 'ere Jack comes home a -

This section continues the melody with a treble clef staff. The lyrics 'main, For ma - ny a storm - y wind shall blow 'ere Jack comes home a -' are provided. The music includes eighth and sixteenth note patterns, with a dynamic 'p' at the beginning of the second line.

- gain; Sail - ing, sail - ing o - ver the bounding main, For

This section continues the melody with a treble clef staff. The lyrics '- gain; Sail - ing, sail - ing o - ver the bounding main, For' are provided. The music includes eighth and sixteenth note patterns, with a dynamic 'f' at the beginning of the second line.

ad lib. *D.C.*
 ma - ny a storm - y wind shall blow 'ere Jack comes home a - gain.
colla voce.

This section concludes the piece. It starts with a treble clef staff labeled 'ad lib.' and 'D.C.' (Da Capo). The lyrics 'ma - ny a storm - y wind shall blow 'ere Jack comes home a - gain.' are provided. The music ends with a bass clef staff labeled 'colla voce.' The bass staff continues the eighth and sixteenth note pattern established in the previous sections.

THE CUCKOO IN THE ORCHARD

SONG.

J. JEMMETT BROWNE.

Gaily and with appropriate humor.

MALCOLM LAWSON.

The musical score consists of two staves of music. The top staff is in G major and the bottom staff is in C major. The music is in common time. The first staff begins with a forte dynamic (f) followed by a crescendo (cres.) and ends with a diminuendo (dim.). The second staff begins with a piano dynamic (p) followed by a legato instruction. The lyrics are as follows:

1 "Spring has turn'd to sum - mer," moth-er says to
 2 Moth-er, don't be an - gry, but 'tis not a

me, . . . "Yet I hear the cuc - koo in the ap - ple
 bird . . . Cuc-koo-ing in sum - mer— Jam- ie 'twas you

tree, . . . It came first when the blos - soms blanch'd the boughs like
 heard; . . . Oh, I love him dear - ly, and he loves me

rit.

snow, And now the trees have fruit - ed, 'tis strange it does not
so! . . . That is why the cuc - koo stays and will not

rit.

go, . . . 'tis strange it does not go, . . . 'tis strange it does not
go, . . . That's why the cuc - koo stays . . . and will not will not

colla voce.

a tempo.

go! . . . Ev' - ry morn I hear, . . .
go. . . . Don't be an - gry, dear, . . .

f

Ped. *

Loud the note and clear, . . . Cuc - koo! Cuc -
If some- times you hear . . . Cuc - koo! Cuc -

f

Ped. *

tr ad lib.

- koo ! cuc - koo, cuc - koo, cuc - koo ! . . .
 - koo ! cuc - koo, cuc - koo, cuc - koo ! . . .

Mute it is all day, . . . But sings at eve a -
 Don't be an - gry pray, : : Lest you find some

ad lib.

a tempo.

- way, . . . Cuc - koo, cuc -
 day . . . I've flown a - way, I've flown a - way, a - way with cuc-

- koo ! . . .

- koo ! . . .

JOHANN STRAUSS.

This artist is the eldest son of Johann Strauss, who was known as a successful writer of dance music. He was born at Vienna in 1825, and had from infancy a passion for music. Strange to say, his father frowned upon his ambition, but his mother secretly encouraged and taught him, and at the age of six he wrote his first waltz, "First Thought." When he was nineteen years old he became an orchestral conductor. On his father's death he united his own and his father's orchestras and made a grand European concert tour. Then for ten years he directed the summer concerts in the Petro-Paulovski Park at St. Petersburg. In 1863 he was appointed director of the court balls at St. Petersburg, but soon resigned the place and was succeeded by his younger brother, Edouard. He has written between four and five hundred waltzes of world-wide popularity. Perhaps his "Beautiful Blue Danube" waltz is the best known piece of dance music in the world. He has also written a number of highly successful comic operas, such as "The Merry War," "Prince Methusalem," "Indigo," "The Forty Thieves," "The Bat," etc. These have all been performed in America many times, and are familiar to all music-lovers and amusement-seekers.





NORDICA.

Lilian Norton was the maiden name of this eminent American singer. She is an American by birth, and was chiefly instructed in music in the city of Boston. Her career as a student was the most brilliant in the history of the Boston Conservatory. Then she went to Italy to study for a time, and made her *début* there, taking the stage name of "Nordica." From the first her career was highly successful. Perhaps her best part is *Marguerite* in Gounod's "Faust," of which Gounod himself says that it surpasses any other impersonation of that character, excepting possibly Patti's. Some years ago she was married to Mr. Frederick Gower, of Rhode Island, a gentleman of wealth with a penchant for aeronautics. He soon afterward lost his life in a balloon adventure, and since that time Mrs. Gower has not often been seen on the stage. Her amiable disposition, however, leads her to sing in concerts for benevolent objects, and she now and then makes special engagements to sing in opera. Her voice is a pure, clear, and flexible soprano, of considerable compass, but not of very great power. Her style of singing is eminently natural and sympathetic, and she never fails to win the most enthusiastic applause. She now makes her home in this country, and is proud to testify that it was in her native land that her voice was first trained and her artistic capabilities first revealed and developed.

I WHISTLE AND WAIT FOR KATIE.

NOLAN.

Tempo di Valse.

BAKER.

1. Af - ter business you will find me, Ev - 'ry night as
 2. You may think it awk - ward, stand-ing In a bu - sy
 3. How her fath - er means to take it, When he hears the

sure as fate; At the cor - ner of the street here,
 street like this; But I'm sure you would not mind it,
 news, for - sooth, I wonder what he'll say to Ka - tie,

Wait - ing for my bon - nie Kate. Her pa - pa has
 Could you meet so sweet a Miss. Of course I wait
 When he learns it is the truth. I've at least this

quite for - bid-den Young men to the house to go, In con - se -
 till all is still, See there's no one pass - ing by, Be - fore I
 con - so - la - tion, That my heart is just and right, Therefore I

quence of which I whistle, Just to let my true love know.
ven - ture on the whis - tle, Known a - lone to "Kate and I."
shall..... fond - ly whis - tle, For my Ka - tie ev - 'ry night.

CHORUS.

The musical score consists of three staves. The top staff shows a melody in G major with lyrics: "I am wait-ing here to greet, Blue - eyed Kate with". The middle staff shows a continuation of the melody. The bottom staff shows a harmonic progression of chords in G major, consisting of a series of eighth-note chords.

A musical score for 'Kisses Sweet' featuring two staves. The top staff uses a treble clef and has lyrics: 'kiss - es sweet; Ev - 'ry night at the end of the street, I'. The bottom staff shows chords in G major (B7, D7, G7, C7) and bass notes.

1 2

whis - tle and wait for Ka - tie. Ka - tie.

MISTER SPEAKER, THO' 'TIS LATE.

(ROUND.)

J. BAILDON.

1

Mis - ter Speak - er, tho' 'tis late, Mis - ter Speak - er, tho' 'tis
 2 Question, ques - tion, ques - tion, ques - tion, ques - tion,
 3 Or - der, or - der, or - der, hear him ! hear him !
 late, tho' 'tis late, I must length en the de -
 hear him ! hear him ! hear ! Sir, I shall name you if you
 hear him ! hear him ! hear ! pray sup - port the chair, pray sup - port the
 bate, I must length en the de - bate, Mis - ter
 stir, if you stir, Sir, I shall name you if you stir, Sir, I shall
 chair, pray sup - port the chair, pray sup - port the chair, Ques - tion,
 Speak - er, tho' 'tis late, I must length-en the de - bate.
 c. name you, Sir, I shall name you, Sir, I shall name you if you stir.
 1. Or - der, hear him ! hear ! pray sup - port, sup - port the chair.

HAVE YOU SIR JOHN HAWKINS' HIST'RY?

(ROUND.)

J. W. CALLCOTT.

1

2

3

4

5

6

N. B.—Leave out the Bars between + + till the 3rd voice comes in, then go on.

THE LITTLE DOG UNDER THE WAGON.

(A SONG FOR THE CHILDREN.)

Words from the "BOYS."

BISHOP.



1. "Come, wife!" says good old farm - er Gray; "Put
 2. A - way they went a good round pace, And
 3. The farm - er all his pro - duce sold, And
 4. Old Spot he saved the farm - er's life, The

on your things; 'tis mar - ket-day, Let us be off, and
 joy came to the farm - er's face. "Poor Spot," said he, "did
 got his pay in yel - low gold, Then start - ed home - ward
 farm - er's gold, the farm - er's wife; And now, a he - ro

ride to town, Re - turn - ing ere the sun goes down. Spot!
 want to come, But I am glad he's left at home: He'll
 af - ter dark—Home through the lone - ly for - est. Hark! A
 grand and gay, A sil - ver col - lar he wears to - day, And

THE LITTLE DOG UNDER THE WAGON.

no; we'll leave old Spot be - hind." But Spot he barked, and
 guard the barn and guard the cat, And keep the cows out
 tramp springs from be - hind a tree; "Your gold or else your
 ev - 'ry where his mas - ter goes, A - mong his friends, a .

Spot he whined, And soon made up his dog - gish mind To
 of the lot." "I'm not so sure of that," growled Spot, The
 life!" said he. The moon shone bright, but he did not see The
 mong his foes, He fol - lows up - on his hor - ny toes, The

steal a-way un - der the wag - on, Yes, soon made up his
 lit - tle dog un - der the wag - on, "I'm not so sure of
 lit - tle dog un - der the wag - on, The moon shone bright, but
 lit - tle dog un - der the wag - on, He fol - lows up - on his

dog - gish mind To steal a - way un - der the wag - on.
 that," growled Spot, The lit - tle dog un - der the wag - on.
 he did not see The lit - tle dog un - der the wag - on.
 hor - ny toes, The lit - tle dog un - der the wag - on.

MATRIMONIAL SWEETS

FREEMAN.

He.

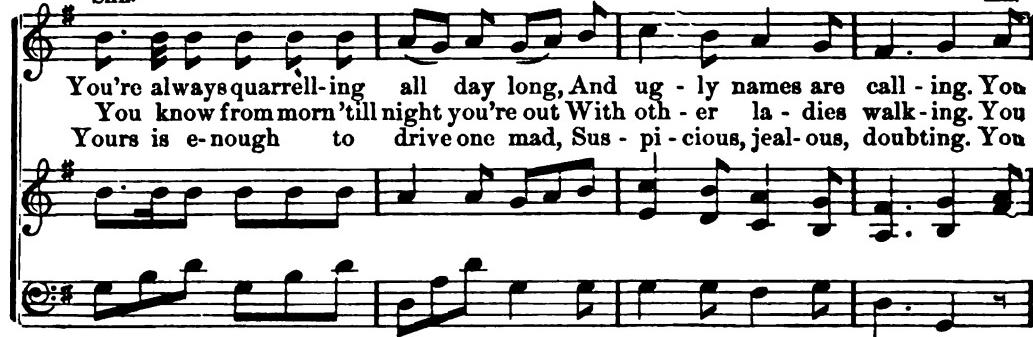


1. Do cease your clack, and hold your tongue, Your al-ways teasing, squalling, bawling,
 2. You know you're al-ways gad-ding a - bout, Danc-ing, walk-ing, chat-ting, talking,
 3. You'll own your tem-per is ver-y bad, Looks so flout - ing, al-ways pouting.



She.

He.

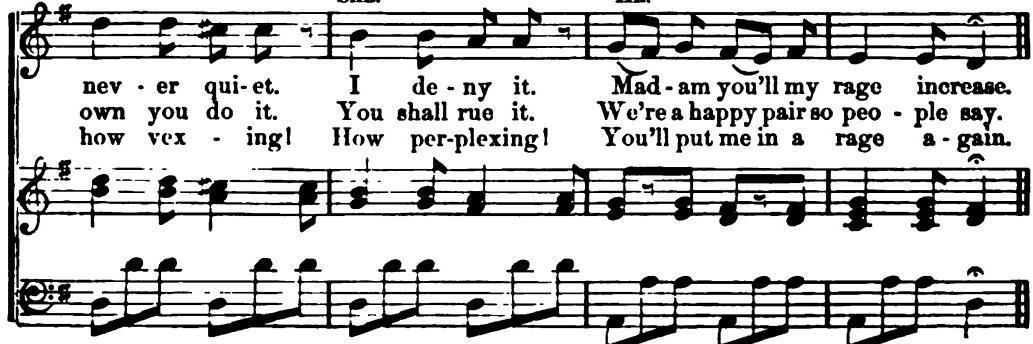


You're always quarrell-ing all day long, And ug - ly names are call - ing. You
 You know from morn'till night you're out With oth - er la - dies walk - ing. You
 Yours is e-nough to drive one mad, Sus - pi - cious, jeal-ous, doubting. You



She.

He.



nev - er qui-et. I de - ny it. Mad - am you'll my rage increase.
 own you do it. You shall rue it. We're a happy pair so peo - ple say.
 how vex - ing! How per-plexing! You'll put me in a rage a - gain.

SHE.

Oh, dear! oh, dear! 'tis the plague of my life That ev- er I be-came your wife, Oh,
HE.
Oh, dear! oh, dear! 'tis the plague of my life That ev- er you became my wife, Oh,
dear! oh, dear! 'tis the plague of my life That ever I became your wife.
dear! oh, dear! 'tis the plague of my life That ever you became my wife.

He. Madam, we had better part, Than by living constant din in.
SHE. Oh, I'll agree, with all my heart; Let's be the task beginning.

He. I hereby bid a last adieu!

SHE. And I now take a final view!

He. North!

SHE. South!

He. East!

SHE. West!

He. Take which corner you like best.

Both. { Oh, dear! oh, dear! I now for life Am rid of my tormenting wife.
Both. { Oh, dear! oh, dear! I now for life Forsake the office of a wife.

Well then, madam, as you are determined to go, good bye! Good bye, sir! You'll recollect, madam, 'tis all your own fault. I beg your pardon, sir, 'tis all your own fault. I say 'tis yours, sir. Zounds, madam, I say 'tis yours. You know I never was in a passion.

He. My dearest love dont leave me so; Without measure you're my pleasure.

SHE. You know my love I could not go, For you're my darling treasure.

He. Then for the future let's agree

SHE. And live in sweetest harmony.

He. Nor let to-morrow

SHE. Bring forth sorrow

He. To crush our sweet felicity.

Both. { Oh, dear! oh, dear! 'tis the joy of my life That ever I became your wife.
Both. { Oh, dear! oh, dear! 'tis the joy of my life That ever you became my wife.

THE SAND-MAN.

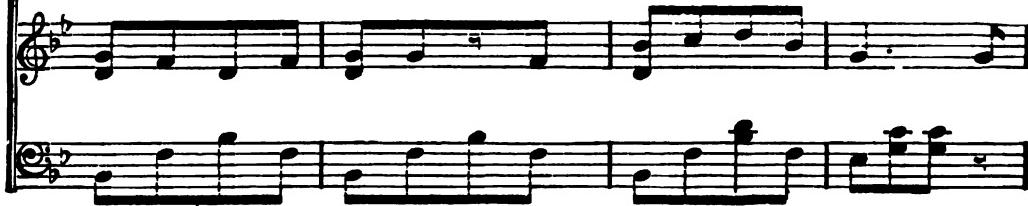
Words from *Independant*.
Allegretto.

ADAM GEIBEL.

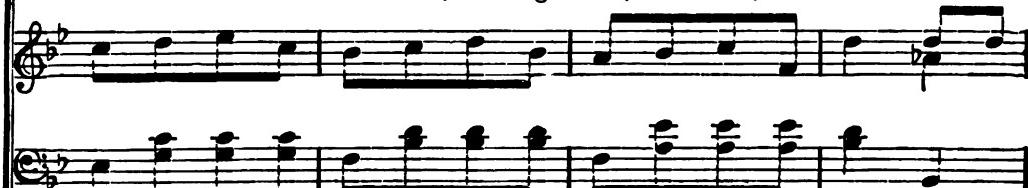
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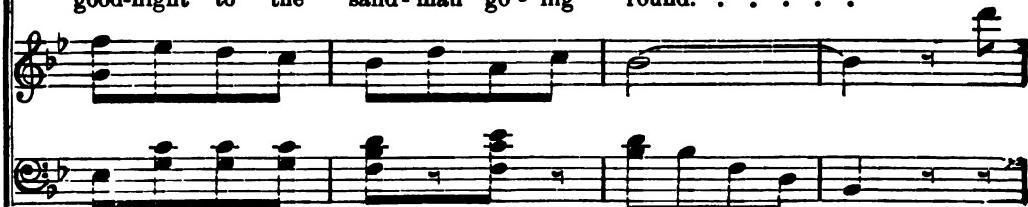
here he comes the sand-man, With his dream cap he is crowned, And
wee head nods ac-quaintance, He's known where-ev-er found; All
bo-dy grows so qui-et— Who comes with-out a sound? He



grains of sleep he scat-ters, Go-ing round, and round, and round—While the
stay-up-lates he catch-es Go-ing round, and round, and round—With a
leads once more to dream-land, Go-ing round, and round, and round And a



lit-tle ones are nod-ding, go-ing round.
pack of dreams for ev-er go-ing round.
good-night to the sand-man go-ing round.



THE FRIAR OF THE OLDEN TIME.

O'KEEFE.

Allegro Spiritoso.

RUSSELL.

1. I am a fri-ar of
2. Af - ter sup - per of heav-

or - ders grey, And down in the vallies I take my way, I pull not black-berry,
en., I dream, But that is fat pullets and clouted cream, Myself by de - nial I

haw or hip, Good store of ven'son does fill my scrip. My long bead roll, as I
mor - ti - fy, With a dainty bit of a war - den pie. I'm cloth - ed in sackcloth

mer - ri - ly chant, Where-ever I walk, no money I want, Where-ever I walk, no
for my sin, With old sack-wine I'm lined within, With old sack-wine I'm

money I want.
lined with-in.

And why I'm so plump the
A chirping cup is my

ad lib.

rea - son I'll tell, Who leads a good life is sure to live well; What
mat - in song, And the vesper bell is my bowl ding dong. What

ad lib.

bar-on or squire, or knight of the shire Lives half so well as a ho - ly friar.

half so well, half so well, half so well, as a ho - ly

The musical score consists of four staves of music, likely for a voice and piano. The top staff shows a vocal line with lyrics: "friar, As a". The second staff continues the vocal line with "ho" and provides harmonic support with a piano-like accompaniment. The third staff begins with "ly friar, As a ho" and continues the pattern. The fourth staff concludes with "ly. friar, As a ho - - ly friar." A small "ad lib." is written above the final measure. The music is in common time, with various note values including eighth and sixteenth notes, and rests. The vocal parts are in treble clef, while the piano parts are in bass and middle C clefs.

NO SIR!

SPANISH BALLAD.

WAKEFIELD.

Allegretto con spirito.

1. Tell me
3. If when

one thing, tell me tru - ly, Tell me why you scorn me so? Tell me
walking in the gar - den, Pluck-ing flow'rs all wet with dew, Tell me,

why, when ask'd a question, You will al-ways an-swer no?
will you be of - fen-deed, If I walk and talk with you?

piu mosso.

No sir! no sir! no sir! no sir! no sir!

No sir! no sir! no sir! no sir! no sir!

May be sung as a Duet; Gentleman singing first, second and third verses, omitting "No Sir!" after first and second verses.

NO SIR!

No sir! no sir! no sir! no!

No sir! no sir! no sir! no!

2. My father
4. If when

was a Span-ish merchant, And be - fore he went to sea, He told me
walking in the garden I should ask you to be mine, And should

to be sure and an-swer No! to all you said to me.
tell you that I love you, Would you then my heart de - cline?

doloroso.

A musical score for two voices, featuring three staves of music. The top staff uses a treble clef, the middle staff an alto clef, and the bottom staff a bass clef. The music consists of measures of eighth and sixteenth notes, with lyrics "No sir!" and "no sir!" repeated. The score includes dynamic markings like "doloroso." and slurs. The page number 185 is in the top right corner.

NO SIR!
No sir! no sir! no sir! no sir! no sir!

No sir!
No sir! no sir! no sir! no sir! no!

TIT FOR TAT.

(SONG.)

NEMO.

Moderato.

HENRY PONTE.

Musical score for Nemo's part in 'Tit for Tat'. The score consists of three staves. The top staff is in G major, the middle staff is in C major, and the bottom staff is in C major. The music is in common time. The first measure shows a sustained note followed by a descending scale-like pattern. The second measure starts with a forte dynamic (mf) and leads into a crescendo. The third measure includes a ritardando (rit.) and returns to tempo (a tempo). The fourth measure features a piano dynamic (p). The lyrics 'If you' are written below the notes.

Gracioso.

Musical score for Henry Pontet's part in 'Tit for Tat'. The score consists of three staves. The top staff is in G major, the middle staff is in C major, and the bottom staff is in C major. The music is in common time. The lyrics 'cross the hill, by my father's mill, And walk along the fields a-bout a mile,' are written below the notes. The score includes a Pedal point (Ped.) indicated by a vertical line and an asterisk (*).

Continuation of the musical score for Henry Pontet's part. The score consists of three staves. The top staff is in G major, the middle staff is in C major, and the bottom staff is in C major. The music is in common time. The lyrics 'willow copee, where the pathway stops, You'll find a very high and awkward stile; It has' are written below the notes. The score includes a Pedal point (Ped.) indicated by a vertical line and an asterisk (*).

four high steps so wide - ly set, To cross it by my-self I am a-fraid; I

Ped. *

nev - er dare that way re - pair, Un-less at hand I've strong and friendly aid, 'Twas

Ped. * Ped. *

there, one day, in the month of May, I met a loving lad, And in my sweetest tones, I

rall.

asked him would he mind, would he be so very kind, As to help me o'er those four most awkward

rall.

rit.

stones? He helped me "one," he helped me "two," and then to my surprise, he paused and

colla voce. *colla voce.*

Amoroso. *Amoroso.* rit.

said: "Rose, I love you!" I only laughed; "Rose, do you love me?" I said, "not I." Then

colla voce. *colla voce.*

p a tempo. grazioso.

stay where you are, sweetheart," said he, And turned a-way with-out a-noth-er word! I

Ped. *

could not get up or down in my fright, What was I to do in such a sad and sorry plight?

ad lib.

What was I to do in such a sad and sorry plight? *a tempo.*

colla voce.

"Come back! come back!" I wild - ly cried, "Come back! come back! I

rall. con express. *rall.*

want to go to town, you'll gain my sweetest smile,
If you help me o'er the stile, And p'raps I'll tell you more when I am

rall.

Vivace.

down." He helped me "*three*" he helped me "*four*" Then with a laugh I bounded lightly

Ped.

ad lib.

o'er,—“Rose, what say you!” I only laughed; “Rose, you prom-ised!” I said, “not I.” I

** colla voce.**p a tempo. gracioso.*

told him to stay where he was just then, And tripped a-way with-out an-oth-er word! He

did not get up,—he did not go down,—But sat upon the stile, looking at me with a frown, And

ad lib.

if you cross the hill, and walk about a mile, I think you'll find him sitting on that self-same stile!

colla voce.

THE CORK LEG.

Allegretto.

1 I'll tell you a tale now with-out a - ny flam, In Holland there dwelt Myn-

-heer Von Clam, Who ev' - ry morn-ing said: "I am the • rich-est merchant in

Rot - ter-dam." Ri tu, di nu, di nu, di nu, Ri tu, di ni nu, ri

tu, di nu, ri na!

- 2 One day, when he had stuff'd him as full as an egg,
A poor relation came to beg,
But he kick'd him out without broaching a keg,
And in kicking him out he broke his leg.
Rit tu, di nu, etc.
- 3 A surgeon, the first in his vocation,
Came and made a long oration,
He wanted a limb for anatomization,
So he finished his jaw by amputation.
Rit tu, di nu, etc.
- 4 "Mr. Doctor," says he, when he'd done his work,
"By your sharp knife I lose one fork ;
But on two crutches I never will stalk,
For I'll have a beautiful leg of cork."
Rit tu, di nu, etc.
- 5 An Artist in Rotterdam, 'twould seem,
Had made cork legs his study and theme ;
Each joint was as strong as an iron beam,
And the springs were a compound of clock-work and steam.
Rit tu, di nu, etc.
- 6 The leg was made, and fitted right,
Inspection the Artist did invite ;
Its fine shape gave Mynheer delight,
As he fixed it on and screwed it tight.
Rit tu, di nu, etc.
- 7 He walked through squares, passed each shop,
Of speed he went to the utmost top ;
Each step he took with a bound and a hop,
And he found his leg he could not stop !
Rit tu, di nu, etc.
- 8 Horror and fright were in his face,
The neighbors thought he was running a race ;
He clung to a lamp post to stop his pace,
But the leg wouldn't stay, but kept on the chase.
Rit tu, di nu, etc.
- 9 Then he called to some men with all his might :
"Oh, stop this leg, or I'm murdered quite!"
But though they heard him aid invite,
In less than a minuete he was out of sight.
Rit tu, di nu, etc.
- 10 He ran o'er hill and dale and plain,
To ease his weary bones he'd fain,
Did throw himself down, but all in vain,
The leg got up and was off again.
Rit tu, di nu, etc.
- 11 He walked of days and nights a score,
Of Europe he had made the tour,
He died—but though he was no more,
The leg walked on the same as before!
Rit tu, di nu, etc.

MARSEILLES HYMN.

QUARTETTE.

f SOPRANO.



1. Ye sons of freedom wake to glory, Hark! hark! what myriads bid you rise, Your children,

f ALTO.



f TENOR.

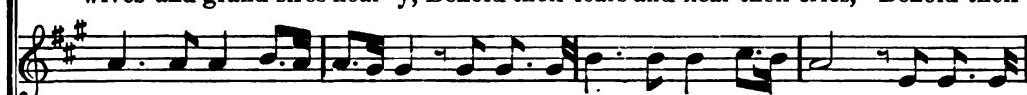


2. Oh, liberty! can man resign thee, Once having felt thy glorious flame? Can tyrants'

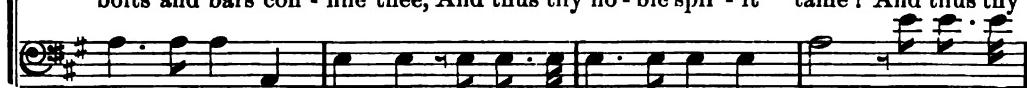
f BASS.



wives and grand-sires hoar-y, Behold their tears and hear their cries, Behold their



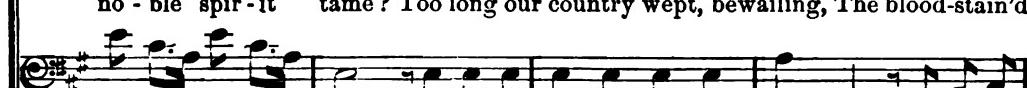
bolts and bars con - fine thee, And thus thy no - ble spir - it tame? And thus thy



tears and hear their cries, Shall lawless tyrants, mischief breeding, With hireling



no - ble spir - it tame? Too long our country wept, bewailing, The blood-stain'd



host, a ruf - fian band, Affright and des - o - late the land, While

sword our conquerors wield, But freedom is our sword and shield, And

peace and lib - er - ty lie bleeding. To arms, to arms, ye brave! The

all their arts are un - a - vail - ing. To arms, to arms, ye brave! The

pa - - triot sword unsheathe! March on, march on,

pa - - triot sword unsheathe! March on, march on,

all hearts resolved On lib - er - ty or death! March on, march

all hearts resolved On lib - er - ty or death! March on, march

on, all hearts resolved, On lib - - er - ty or

on, all hearts resolved, On lib - - er - ty or

death!

death!

WATCH ON THE RHINE.

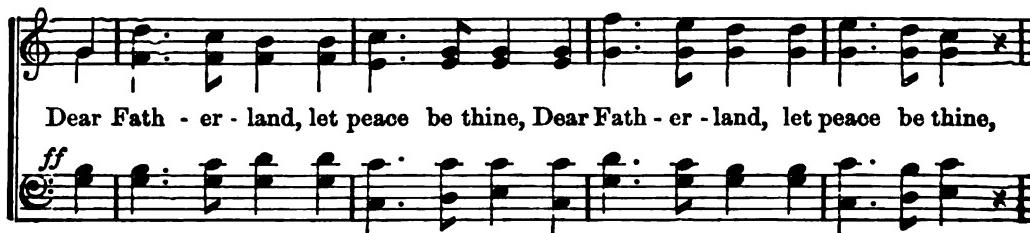
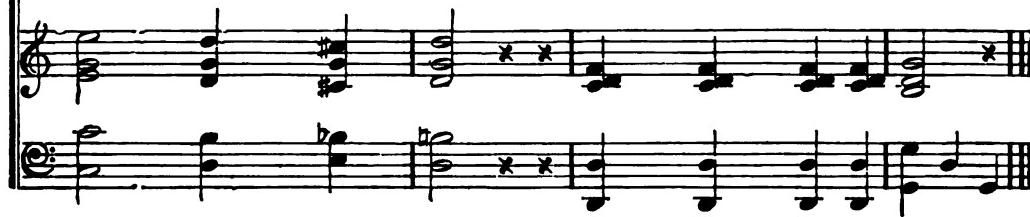
WILHELM.



1. There swells a cry as thunders crash, As clash of swords and breakers dash; To
2. Two mil - lions swiftly came the cry, And lightnings flash'd from ev-'ry eye; Our
3. And though my heart should beat no more, No foreign foe will hold thy shore; Rich



Rhine, to Rhine, to the German Rhine, Who will protect thee riv - er mine?
 youth so good and brave will stand, And guard thee Ho - ly bor - der Land.
 as in wa - ter is thy flood, Is Ger - ma - ny in he - ro blood.



Brave hearts and true defend the Rhine, Brave hearts and true de-fend the Rhine.



Play first five measures for introduction and interlude.



ETHEL BARRYMORE AND HER SWEET-TONED HARP



THE BEAUTIFUL SPANISH SINGER AND HER MANDOLIN

LET ERIN REMEMBER THE DAYS OF OLD.

THOMAS MOORE.

1. Let E - rin-re-mem-ber the days of old, Ere her faithless sons betray'd her; When
 2. On Lough Neagh's bank, as the fisherman strays, When the clear cold eve's declining, He

Ma - la-chi wore the collar of gold, Which he won from her proud in - va - der; sees the round tow'r's of oth - er days In the wave be - neath him shin - ing;

When her kings, with standard of green unfurl'd, Led the Red-Branch hosts to danger; Thus shall mem' ry oft en, in dreams sublime, Catch a glimpse of the days that are over;

Ere the em'rald gem of the west- ern world Was set in the crown of a stran - ger. Thus sighing, look thro' the waves of time For the long-faded glories they cov - er.

BONNIE DUNDEE.

SCOTT.

RIMBAULT.

1. To the
2. There are
3. Dun-
4. A-

Lords of convention 'twas Claverhouse spoke, Ere the King's crown go down there are hills beyond Pentland and streams beyond Forth, If the're Lords in the Southland the're

dee he is mount-ed, he rides up the street; The bells are rung back-ward, the wa

to the hills, to the woods, to the rocks; Erc I own a u - surp - er I'll

crowns ~~broke~~ broke, So each ca-va - lier who loves hon-or and me, Let him chiefs in the North; There are wild dun-nie wassals, three thousand times threc, Will cry drums they are beat; But the Provost, douce man, said just e'en let him be, The couch with the fox; And tremble, false Whigs, tho' triumphant ye be, You have

follow the bonnet of Bonnie Dundee. Come fill up my cup, come fill up my can, Come Hey for the Bonnets of Bonnie Dundee. Come fill up, &c. town is weel quit of that deil of Dundee. Come fill up, &c. not seen the last of my bonnet and me. Come fill up, &c.

sad-dle my hors-es and call up my men, Come o - pen the West Port and
4. Fling all your gates o - pen, and

cres.

let me gae free, And its room for the Bon-nets of Bonnie Dundee.
let me gac free, For 'tis up with the Bon-nets of Bonnie Dundee.

AMERICA.

1. My country, 'tis of thee, Sweet land of liber - ty, Of thee I sing; Land where my
2. My native country, thee, Land of the noble, free, Thy name I love; I love thy
3. Let music swell the breeze, And ring from all the trees, Sweet freedom's song; Let mortal
4. Our fathers' God, to thee, Author of lib - er - ty, To thee we sing; Long may our

fathers died, Land of the pilgrim's pride, From ev'ry mountain's side Let freedom ring
rocks and rills, Thy woods and templ'd hills; My heart with rapture thrills Like that above.
tongues awake; Let all that breathe partake; Let rocks their silence break, The sound prolong.
land be bright With freedom's holy light; Protect us by thy might, Great God, our King!

THE TWO GRENADIERS.

DIE BEIDEN GRENADIERE.

R. SCHUMANN.

*Moderato.**mf*

To France were returning two gren-a-
Nach Frank-reich zo-gen zwei Gren-a-

- diers,
- dier,

In Rus - sia they had been tak - en, And
die wa - ren in Russ - land ge - fan - gen, und

when they came to the German frontier
als sie ka-men in's deutsche Quartier,

Their cour - age was sad - ly
sie lies - sen die Kö - pfe

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No. 2.—35.

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p

shak - en; 'Twas there that they both heard the sor - row- ful tale, That
han - gen, da hör - ten sie bei - de die trau - ri - ge Mähr', dass

France's proud realm had been shak - en; De -feat - ed and scat - ter'd the
Frank- reich ver - lo - ren gë - gan - gen, be - siegt und ge - schla - gen das

va - li - ant host, And the Emp' - ror, the Emp' - ror been tak - en.
tap - fe - re Heer, und der Kai - ser, der Kai - ser ge - fan - gen!

rit.

rit.

p

How bit - ter - ly wept then the grena-
Da wein - ten zu - sammen die Gren - a

f

- diers At hear - ing the ter - ri - ble sto - ry, And one then
 - dier, wohl ob der kläg - lich - en Kun - de; der Ei - ne

said: "A - las!" once more My wounds are bleed - ing and
 sprach: "Wie weh wird mir, wie brennt meine al - te

go - ry" The oth - er said: "My sun is set, With
 Wun - de" Der And're sprach: "Das Lied ist aus, auch

thee I would die glad - ly, But I've a wife and
 ish möcht mit dir ster - ben, doch hab' ich Weib und

mf

child at home, With-out me they fare bad-ly." What mat-ters
Kind zu Haus, die oh-ne mich ver-der-ben." Was schert mich

wife? what matters my child? A hea-vi-er care has a-
Weib? was schert mich *Kind?* ich tra-ge weit bess'res Ver-

- ris-en; Let them beg or pray when they hun-gry are, My
- lan-gen, lass sie bet-teln gehn wenn sie hung-ri g sind, mein

Em-p-er-or sighs in a pris-on! O grant me, brother, but one
Kai-ser, mein Kai-ser ge-fan-gen! Ge-währ' mir, Bruder, ei-ne

p agitato.

p

prayer, If my hours I now must num - ber, Take
 Bitt', wenn ich jetzt ster - ben wer - de, so

with thee my corpse to my na - tive land, In France let me peace- ful-ly
 nimm mei-ne Lei - che nach Frankreich mit, be - grab' mich in Frank - reichs

p

piu mosso.

slum - ber; My cross of hon'r, with rib- bon red,
 Er - de; das Eh - renkreuz am ro - then Band,

Then on my bo - som place thou, Give
 sollst du aufs Herz mir le - gen, die

The musical score consists of six staves of music. The top staff is in treble clef, the second and third staves are in bass clef, and the bottom three staves are also in bass clef. The music is in common time. The lyrics are written below the notes, alternating between English and German text. The first section ends with a repeat sign and a key change. The second section begins with a dynamic marking 'p' (piano) and a tempo marking 'piu mosso.' (more moderately). The third section returns to common time. The lyrics describe a soldier's final wishes, including his desire to be buried in France if he dies in battle, and his request for a simple grave with a red ribbon on the cross.

me my mus - ket in my hand, My sword a-round me
Flin - te gieb mir in die Hand, und gür' mir um den

brace thou; Thus will I lis - ten and lie so still, And
De - gen. & so will ich lie - gen und hor - chen still, wie

watch like a guard o'er the for - ces, Un - til the roar - ing of
ei - ne Schild-wach' im Gra - be, bis einst ich hö - re Ka -

can - non I hear, And trampling of neigh - ing hor - ses; Then
 - no - nen ge - brüll, und wie - hern-der Ros - se Ge - tra - be; dann

o - ver my grave will my Em - pe - rop ride, While swords gleam bright-ly and
rei - let mein Kai - ser wohl ü - ber mein Grab, viel Schwer - ter klir - ren und

rat - tle, While swords gleam bright-ly and rat - tle, Then
blit - zen, viel Schwer - ter klir - ren und blit - zen, dann

arm'd to the teeth will I rise from the grave, For my Emp' - ror, my Emp' - ror to
steig' ich ge-waff - net her - vor aus dem Grab, den Kai - ser, den Kai - ser zu

bat - tle.
schül - zen!

Adagio.

THE GOLDEN AGE IS COMING.

L. MARSHALL.

Brillante.

f *p*

Rosa.....

ff *cresc.*

1. Bards in praise of
2. By the loft - y,
3. Rouse, then, broth - ers,

fz *mf*

gold - en a - ges, Long have sung in
aims we cher-ish, By the hope that
and be do - ing, Ev' - ry ef - - fort

A musical score for a three-part setting (Soprano, Alto, and Bass) in common time, G major. The vocal parts are written on treble, alto, and bass staves respectively. The piano accompaniment is written below the bass staff. The lyrics are integrated into the music, appearing below the corresponding vocal lines. The score consists of six systems of music, each ending with a repeat sign and a double bar line, indicating a section repeat.

loft - - y rhyme But, ex - - cept in
nev - er dies, Er - - ror's le - - gions
brings it on; And the hum - blest

their own pag - es, Nev - er was there
soon shall per - ish, Lib - er - ty and
truth pur - su - ing, From its path - way

such a time, Nev - er was there
truth a - rise ! Lib - er - ty and
lifts a stone, From its path - way

such a time !
truth a - rise !
lifts a stone.

The golden age is coming,
Sea.....

The gold-en age is coming,
Sea..... loco.

Love then and la - bor, do not fret, The gold - en age is
Sea.....

com-ing yet, coming yet, The gold - en age is com - ing yet!
Sea.....

No. 2.—32.

Detailed description: The musical score consists of four staves of music in common time, key signature of one sharp. The first staff features a soprano vocal line with a melodic line above it. The second staff contains a bassoon part with dynamic markings 'tr' (trill) and 'p' (piano). The third staff shows a piano accompaniment with dynamic 'f' (forte) and 'p' (piano). The fourth staff continues the piano part. The lyrics are integrated into the vocal parts, with 'Sea' appearing as a placeholder for instrumental entries. Performance instructions like 'loco.' and dynamics such as 'tr', 'f', and 'p' are included throughout the score.

EV'RY BULLET HAS ITS BILLET.

H. R. BISHOP.



1. I'm a tough true-heart-ed sail-or, Care-less, and all that, d'ye see;
 3. We who brave the bri-ny o-cean Nev-er flinch 'cause dan-ger's nigh;



Nev-er at the times a rail-er, What is time or tide to me?
 Griev-ing, boys, is all a no-tion, We bid fear and dan-ger fly;



All must die when fate shall will it, Prov - i - dence or-
 Send the cheer round, mind don't spoil it; Cheer! nor heed the

f p

- dains it so; } com - ing foe; } Ev' - ry bul - let has its bil - let;

f ff pp

f Cheerfully.

Man the boat, boys, Yo, heave ho! Yo, heave ho! Yo, heave ho!

f p

Man the boat, boys, Yo, heave ho!

f sf

THE MONARCH OF THE WOODS.

CHERRY.

Bold.

f

> > > > *fz*

1. Behold the monarch of the woods! The mighty old oak tree; He
 2. How oft the monarch of the woods, Up - on a summer's day, Has

ff *f* > > > > *fz*

braves the rag-ing of the storm, On land or roll-ing sea; He
 seen the mer-ry chil-dren sport, And 'neath its shad-ow play; From

mf

f

waves his branches deck'd with green, In sum-mer's gol - den glow, And
 youth to manhood they spring up, And old age comes at last, Then

> *rall.* > *slow.* > *slow.* > *f*

I - vy clothes his leaf - less form Thro' win - ter's frost and snow: King
 green grass waves up - on their graves, And all life's dreams are past! Yet

colla voce. *slow.* *slow.* *a tempo.*

f

a tempo con spirito.

Time, the con-quер-or of all, He bold - ly does de - fy, For
 strong-er grows the mighty tree, In hale and hear - ty prime, And

green and hearty will he stand When a - ges have gone by.
 stands the monarch of the woods, De - fy - ing age and time.

Repeat Chorus for ad lib.

Green and hearty, green and hearty, hear-ty will he stand, When a-ges have gone
 Stands the monarch of the woods, the monarch of the woods, De - fy-ing age and

by, When a - ges have gone by.
 time, De-fy - ing age and time.

*colla voce.**rall. ff.**a tempo.*

A WARRIOR BOLD.

THOMAS.

Con Spirito.

ADAMS.

1. In days of old when
2. So this brave knight, in

Knights were bold, And barons held their sway, A war- rior bold with spurs of gold, Sang armour bright, Went gaily to the fray, He fought the fight, but ere the night, His

mer - ri- ly his lay, Sang mer - ri- ly his lay. My love is young and soul had pass'd a-way, His soul had pass'd a - way. The plighted ring he

fair, My love hath gol-den hair, And eyes so blue, and heart so true, That wore, Was crush'd and wet with gore, Yet ere he died, he bravely cried, I've

crea . . . con - do.

none with her compare. So what care I, tho' death be nigh, I'll live for love or
kept the vow I swore. So what care I, tho' death be nigh, I've fought for love and

die. So what care I, tho' death be nigh, I'll live for love or die.
die. So what care I, tho'

1st time.

death be nigh, I've fought for love, I've fought for love, . . . I've fought for love, for
piu lento.

ad lib.

molto.

rallentando e dim.

love, for love I die.
a tempo.

colla voce.

CANADIAN BOAT SONG.

FOR THREE VOICES.

THOMAS MOORE.

Andante. *sf* *dim.*

In rowing time.

1st VOICE.

1 Faintly as tolls the ev'ning chime, Our voices keep tune and our oars keep time, Our

2d VOICE.

2 Why should we yet our sail un-furl? There is not a breath the blue wave to curl, There

3d VOICE.

3 Ot - ta - wa tide! this trembling moon Shall see us float o - ver thy sur - ges soon, Shall

voic-es keep tune and our oars keep time. Soon as the woods on shore look dim, We'll

is not a breath the blue wave to curl. But when the wind blows off the shore, Oh,

see us float o - ver thy sur - ges soon. Saint of this green isle, hear our pray'r,

cres. *dim.* *p*

cres - - cen - - do. dim. tr. f sf f

sing at St. Ann's our parting hymn! Row, brothers, row, the stream runs fast, The

cres - - cen - - do. dim. tr. f sf f

sweetly we'll rest our wea- ry oar. Blow, breezes, blow, the stream runs fast, The

cres - - cen - - do. dim. f sf f

Grant us cool heav'ns and fav'ring air. Blow, breezes, blow, the stream runs fast, The

cres - - cen - - do. dim. f sf f

f dim. f sf f dim.

rapids are near and the day-light's past, The rapids are near and the day-light's past.

f f sf dim.

rapids are near and the day-light's past, The rapids are near and the day-light's past.

f f sf dim.

rapids are near and the day-light's past, The rapids are near and the day-light's past.

f dim. f sf dim.

f sf sf pp

ARM, ARM, YE BRAVE.

FROM "JUDAS MACCABÆUS."

HANDEL

Allegro.

Arm, arm, ye brave! Arm, arm, ye brave!

Oboe.

f

mf

no - ble cause, a no - ble cause, The cause of Heav'n your zeal demands,

mf *mp*

no - ble cause, The cause of Heav'n your zeal de-mands, a no - ble cause, The

Oboe.

cause of Heav'n your zeal demands. Arm, arm, ye brave!

Arm, arm, ye brave! a no - ble cause.

Oboe. *mf* *mp* *f*

Arm, arm, Arm, arm, ye brave! Arm, arm, Arm, arm, ye brave! a no - ble cause, The Oboe.

cause of Heav'n your zeal demands, a no - ble cause, Arm, arm, ye brave! a

no - ble cause, The cause of Heav'n your zeal demands, your zeal, The

cause of Heav'n your zeal demands.

In defence of your nation, re - li-gion, and laws, Th'al-

migh - ty Je - ho - vah will strength-en your hands, In de-

Oboe.

fence of your nation, re - li-gion, and laws, Th'al-mighty Je - ho-vah will

strength - - - - - en, Th' almighty Je-

hovah will strengthen your hands. Arm, arm, Arm, arm, ye brave! a

no - ble cause, The cause of Heav'n demands your zeal, a no - ble cause:

Oboe.

Arm, arm, ye brave! Arm, arm, ye brave! The cause of Heav'n your zeal de-mands.

GEMS OF SCOTLAND.

DUNN.

1. Bon . nie Char - lie's now a - wa; Safe - ly ower the friend - ly main;
 3. En - glish bribes were a' in vain,Tho'puir and puir - er we maun be;

Mon-y a heart will break in twa, Should he ne'er come back a-gain.
 Sil - ler can - na buy the heart That beatsaye for thine and thee.

Chorus.

a piaccere. *a tempo. cres.*

Will ye no come back a-gain? Will ye no come back a - gain? Bet-ter lo'ed ye .

cres. *p* *mf*

can-na be, Will ye no come back a-gain?

p *mf* *cres.* *f*

* "Jesus Lover of my Soul" may be used.

1. Ye trusted in your Hieland men,
They trusted you dear Charlie!
They kent your hiding in the glen,
Death or exile braving.
4. We watch'd thee in the gloaming hour,
We watch'd thee in the morning grey,
• A fact highly honorable to Highlanders.

- * Tho' thirty thousand pounds they gie,
Oh, there is nane that wad betray!
5. Sweet's the Laverock's note and lang.
Lilting wildly up the glen;
But aye to me he sings ae sang,
Will ye no come back again?

THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER

KEY.

Solo or Quartette.

1. Oh, say, can you see, by the dawn's ear - ly light, What so
2. On the shore dim - ly seen thro' the mists of the deep, Where the
3. Now where is that band who so vaunt-ing - ly swore, That the
4. Oh, thus be it ever when free - men shall stand Be-



proud - ly we hailed at the twilight's last gleaming, Whose broad stripes and bright
foe's haughty host in dread si - lence re - pos - es, What is that which the
hav - oc of war and the bat - tle's con - fu - sion, A home and a
tween their loved home and the war's des - o - la - tion, Blest with vict'ry and





stars, thro' the per - i - lous fight, O'er the ram - parts we watched, were so
breeze o'er the tow - er - ing steep, As it fit - ful - ly blows, half con
coun - try should leave us no more? Their blood has wash'd out their foul
peace, may our heaven res - cued land Praise the Pow'r that hath made and pre-



gal - lant - ly streaming? And the rock-ets' red glare, the bombs bursting in
ceals, half dis - clos - es? Now it catch - es the gleam of the morn - ing's first
footsteps' pol - lu - tion. No ref - uge could save the hire - ling and
served us a na - tion! Then con-quer we must, when our cause it is



air, Gave proof through the night that our flag was still there.
beam, In full glo - ry re - flect - ed, now shines on the stream:
slave From the ter - ror of flight or the gloom of the grave:
just, And this be our mot - to: "In God is our trust!"



Chorus. ff

Oh, say does that star - span - gled ban - ner yet
Tis the star - span - gled ban - ner: oh, long may it
But the star - span - gled ban - ner in tri - umph doth
And the star - span - gled ban - ner in tri - umph shall



cres.

wave O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.



THE HARP THAT ONCE THRO' TARA'S HALLS.

MOORE

1. The Harp that once thro' Ta - ra's halls The
 2. No more to chief and la - dies bright The

Andante.

soul of mu - sic shed, Now hangs as mute on Ta - ra's walls As if that soul were
 Harp of Ta - ra swells. The chord a-lone that breaks at night Its tale of ru - in

fled; So sleeps the pride of form - er days, So glo - ry's thrill is o'er, And
 tells; Thus free-dom now so sel-dom wakes, The on - ly throb she gives Is

hearts that once beat high for praise, Now feel that pulse no more!
 when some heart,in - dig-nant, breaks, To show that still she lives.

OH, REST IN THE LORD.

FROM "ELIJAH."
Andantino.

(ARIA.)

MENDELSSOHN

Andantino.

Oh, rest in the Lord, wait patient-ly for Him, and He shall
 give thee thy heart's de - sires: Oh, rest in the Lord, wait patient-ly for
 Him, and He shall give thee thy heart's de - sires, and He shall give thee thy heart's de -
 sires. Commit thy way un-to Him, and trust in Him; commit thy way un-

to Him, and trust in Him, and fret not thy-self because of e - vil
do - ers. Oh, rest in the Lord, wait pa-tient-ly for Him, wait pa-tient-ly for
Him; Oh, rest in the Lord, wait patient-ly for Him, and He shall
give thee thy heart's de - sires, and He shall give thee thy heart's de -

sires, and He shall give thee thy heart's de-sires. Oh rest in the Lord, Oh, rest in the
 Lord, and wait, . . . wait pa-tiently for Him.

cres. pp Ped.

MCKEEVER.

THE OLD, OLD STORY.

SWENEY. By per.

1. Hundreds of years have van-ish'd, Heroes have lived and died; But most have been for-
2. Age af-terage is roll - ing, Of eighteen hundred years, And yet the dear old
3. Sing it when I am dy - ing; Oh, may the last word be The blessed name of
D.C. Tell me the old, old sto - ry, Of Him who loved me so; Who died that He might

Fine

got - ten, Ex - cept the Cru - ci - fied. I love, in the dear twi - light, Be-
sto - ry Still fresh and new ap-pears. We love it in our childhood, And
Je - sus, Je - sus who died for me! We'll sing it then in heav - en, In
save me, Hundreds of years a - go.

D.C.

side my mother's knee, To sit and hear her sto - ries Of Him who died for me.
in our youthful prime; We love it in our manhood, And in our life's de - cline.
our e - ter - nal rest. For-ev - er and for - ev - er, With spirits of the blest.

BUT THE LORD IS MINDFUL OF HIS OWN.

FROM "ST. PAUL."

MENDELSSOHN.

Andantino.

But the Lord is mindful of His own, He re - mem-bers His chil -

dren; But the Lord is mindful of His own, the Lord remembers His

chil - dren, re - mem - - bers His chil - dren.

Bow down be-fore Him, ye migh - ty,

NOTE.—Play first five measures for Introduction.

cres.

for the Lord is near us! Bow down before Him, ye mighty,

vres.

cres. f

for the Lord is near us! Yea, the Lord is mindful of His

cres. dim. p

own; He re-members His chil - dren; Bow down before Him, ye

cres.

mighty, for the Lord is near us!

f dim.

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ANGELS EVER BRIGHT AND FAIR.

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HANDEL.

Larghetto.

An-gels, ev - er bright and fair,
An-gels, ev - er bright and

fair, Take, O take me,
Take, O take me to your care,

Take me, take, O take me,— An - gels, ev - er bright and fair, Take, O

take me to your care; Take, O take me to your care!

rall. *mf tempo.*

Speed to your own courts my flight, Clad in robes of virgin

p *cres.*

white Clad in robes of virgin white Clad in robes of virgin white Take me Angels ever bright and

p *mf*

fair, Take, O take me, Take, O take me to your care,

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Take me, take, O take me,— An - gels, ev - er bright and fair, Take O

roll.

colla voce. mf tempo.

take me to your care; Take, O, take me to your care!

DEAR JESUS, LET ME LEAN ON THEE.

KIEFFER.

1. So dark the way, I can-not see. O, some time, smiling Face Divine
Look down and make my . . . night to shine.
2. My bur-den bows me to the knee. O Lord, 'tis more than I can bear,
Did'st Thou not come my . . . lot to share?
3. One smile, and all my fears would flee, One whisper, and the storm would cease,
And I should feel the . . . perfect peace,

So dark the way I can not see,
Dear Jesus, let me . . . lean on Thee, Dear Je-sus, let me lean on Thee.
My burden bows me to the knee
Dear Jesus, let me . . . lean on Thee, Dear Je-sus, let me lean on Thee.
One smile, and all my fears would flee, Dear Jesus, let me . . . lean on Thee, Dear Je-sus, let me lean on Thee.

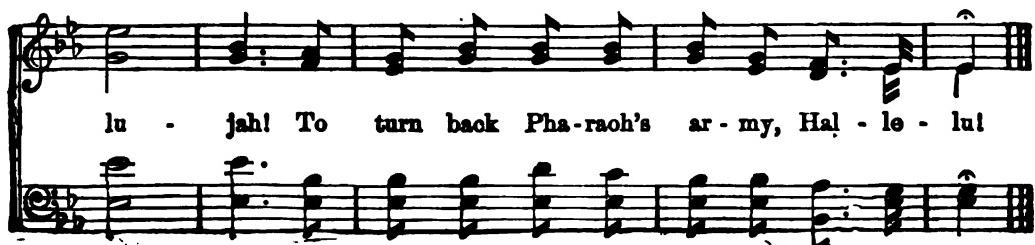
TURN BACK PHARAOH'S ARMY.

Solo. Moderato.

1. Gwine to write to Mas - sa Je - sus, To send some val - iant sol - dier,
2. If you want your souls con - ver - ted, You'd bet - ter be a pray - ing,
3. You say you are a sol - dier, Fight-ing for your Sa - viour,
4. When the chil - dren were in bondage, They cried un - to the Lord,
5. When Mo - ses smote the wa - ter, The chil - dren all passed o - ver,
6. When Pharaoh crossed the wa - ter, The wa - ters came to - geth - er,

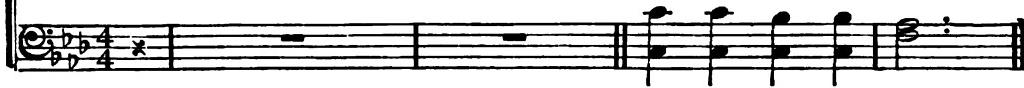
Faster.

1. To turn back Pharaoh's ar - my, Hal - le - lu! To turn back Pha-raoh's
2. To turn back Pharaoh's ar - my, Hal - le - lu! To turn back Pha-raoh's
3. To turn back Pharaoh's ar - my, Hal - le - lu! To turn back Pha-raoh's
4. He turned back Pharaoh's ar - my, Hal - le - lu! He turned back Pha-raoh's
5. And turned back Pharaoh's ar - my, Hal - le - lu! And turned back Pha-raoh's
6. And drowned ole Pharaoh's ar - my, Hal - le - lu! And drowned ole Pha-raoh's



GO DOWN, MOSES.

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Oppress'd so hard they could not stand, Let my peo - ple go.
 And left the proud op - pres - sive land, Let my peo - ple go.
 Stretch out your rod and come a - cross, Let my peo - ple go.

Go down, Mo - ses, Way down in E - gypt land,
 Go down, Mo - ses, Way down in E - gypt land,
 Go down, Mo - ses, Way down in E - gypt land,

Tell ole Pha - - raoh, Let my peo - ple go
 Tell ole Pha - - raoh, Let my peo - ple go.
 Tell ole Pha - - rach, Let my peo - ple go.

4.
 As Israel stood by the water side,
 Let my people go,
 At the command of God it did divide,
 Let my people go.
 Go down, Moses, &c.

5.
 Pharaoh said he would go across,
 Let my people go,
 But Pharaoh and his host were lost,
 Let my people go.
 Go down, Moses, &c.

6.
 O bretheren, bretheren, you had better be
 Let my people go, [engaged]
 For the devil he's out on a big rampage,
 Let my people go.
 Go down, Moses, &c.

7.
 O take your shoes from off yer feet,
 Let my people go,
 And walk into the golden street,
 Let my people go.
 Go down, Moses, &c.

HEAR THE ANGELS.

O'KANE. By per.



1. Ho - ly an-gels in their flight, Trav-el o - ver earth and sky, Acts of
 2. Tho' their forms we can not see, They at-tend and guard our way, Till we
 3. Had we but an an-ge'l's wing, And an an-ge'l's heart of flame, Oh, how

*Interlude, to be played very softly*

kindness their delight, Winged with mer-cy as they fly. Ju - bi - la - te, ju - bi -
 join their com-pa - ny, In the fields of heavenly day. Ju - bi - la - te, etc.
 sweet-ly would we sing, Thro' the world the Saviour's name. Ju - bi - la - te, etc.

*on the organ, or sung by a quartet in an adjoining room.*

la - te, ju - bi - la - te, A - men. Coming,
 Don't you hear the an-gels



Com - ing,
 Ov - er hill and plain, Hear the an - gels com-ing With sweet



mu - sic in their train? Com - ing
 Yes, we hear the an - gels



Com-ing
 From their heavenly home, Hear the an - gels sing-ing as they come.



A LITTLE TALK WITH JESUS.

FISCHER. By per.

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1. A lit - tle talk with Je - sus, how it soothes the rug - ged road!
How it seems to help me on - ward, when I faint be -neath my load!

When my heart is crush'd with sor - row, and my eyes with tears are dim,

There is nought can yield me com - fort like a lit - tle talk with him.

2. I tell him I am weary, and I fain would be at rest;
That I am daily, hourly longing to repose upon his breast;
And he answers me so sweetly, in the tenderest tones of love,
"I am coming soon to take thee to my happy home above."

3. The way is long and weary to yonder far-off clime,
But a little talk with Jesus doth while away the time.
The more I come to know him, and all his grace explore,
It sets me ever longing to know him more and more.

4. So I'll wait a little longer, 'till his appointed time,
And along the upward pathway my pilgrim feet shall climb.
There, in my Father's dwelling, where many mansions be,
I shall sweetly talk with Jesus, and he will talk with me.

THE LORD'S PRAYER.

MARSHALL. By per.

1. Our Father, who art in heaven, hallowed be thy name;
2. Give us this day our dai - ly bread;
3. And lead us not into temptation, but de- liver us from evil;

Thy kingdom come; thy will be done on earth, as it is in heaven.
And forgive us our debts, as we for-give our debtors.
For thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for- ever and ever, A - men.

ADMIRATION.

FROM HAYDN.



1. Guide me, O thou great Je-ho-vah, Pil-grim thro' this bar-ren land;
Bread of hea-ven, Feed me till I want no more.
2. O - pen now the crys-tal fountain, Whence the healing streams do flow.
Strong De-liv-erer, Be thou still my strength and shield.



I am weak, but thou art mighty; Hold me with thy pow'rful hand:
Let the fie-ry, clou-dy pil-lar Lead me all my journey through:

FREDERICK.

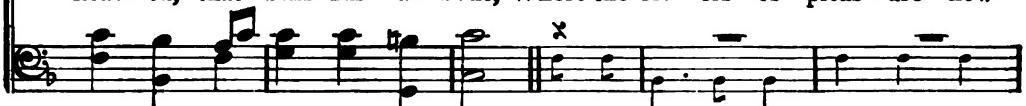
KINGSLEY. By per.



1. I would not live al-way: I ask not to stay Where storm af-ter
2. I would not live al-way, thus fet-tered by sin, Temp-ta-tion with-
3. Who, who would live al-way, a-way from his God! A-way from yon



storm ris-es dark o'er the way; The few lu-rid morn-ings that
out and cor-rup-tion with-in: E'en the rapture of par-don
heav-en, that bliss-ful a-bode, Where the riv-ers of pleas-ure flow



dawn on us here Are e-nough for life's woes, full e-nough for its cheer.
is mingled with fears, And the cup of thanks-giv-ing with pen-i-tent tears.
o'er the bright plains, And the noon-tide of glo-ry e-ter-nal-ly reigns.

HARK! THE ANGELS' SONG IS SINGING.

DR. LESLIE.

SOPRANO.

ALTO.

1. Hark! the An - gels' song is sing - ing, Soft it falls up - on the ear,
2. Lord, while these thy hosts are bless - ing, Prais - ing and a - dor - ing Thee,

TENOR.

BASS.

Joy with - in those hearts is springing, O'er re - pent - ant sin - ners here.
Hum - bly we our sins con - fess - ing, Con - trite pen - i - tents would be.

Ju - bi - la - te! ju - bi - la - te! ju - bi - la - te! A - men.
Ju - bi - la - te! ju - bi - la - te! ju - bi - la - te! A - men.

pp *p* *cres.*

Hush! the gates of Heav'n are bring-ing Sweet - est sounds that earth can hear.
Then the glo - ry nev - er ceas - ing, All thy pardoning mer - cy see.

f *rall.* *pp*

Hal - le - lu - jah! hal - le - lu - jah! hal - le - lu - jah! A - men. A - men.
Hal - le - lu - jah! hal - le - lu - jah! hal - le - lu - jah! A - men. A - men.

EMMA THURSBY.

Perhaps no singer produced by this country has a better place in the American heart than has Miss Emma C. Thursby. She is a native of Brooklyn, N. Y., and a pupil of Mme. Rudersdorff and Sig. Errani. Her voice is a pure, sweet soprano. Its tones are "now richly colored with warm feeling, now bright, and very bird-like." Her compass is from G *in alt.* to A below the staff. For Sunday services in the Tabernacle Church of New York, she received a salary of \$3,000. Strakosch agreed to give her \$100,000 for three years' singing in concert and oratorio, with her expenses, two months' vacation each year, and the privilege of giving parlor concerts. Miss Thursby was devotedly attached to Mme. Rudersdorff, to whom she considers herself greatly indebted for her success. Her former teacher, in return, declared Miss Thursby to be "just a little darling." She is of petite figure, with a very expressive face, and a most charming and modest bearing. She has always absolutely refused to appear upon the stage in opera. During his visit to this country the Emperor of Brazil, Dom Pedro, offered her the most flattering inducements to visit his dominions, but she declined, preferring to pursue her studies, and follow her own plans of travel and study.



Emma Thursby



Lillian Russell

LILLIAN RUSSELL.

Foremost among the popular favorites of the comic opera stage in America is Miss Lillian Russell. She is an American by birth and education, and her mother, Mrs. Leonard, has been eminent as a speaker and writer on various social subjects. Lillian early manifested decided musical talent, and while yet a mere child often sang for the entertainment of her mother's guests. After a time she secured a position as a chorus singer in a light opera company. In this capacity she had a varied career throughout the country, meeting with most success at San Francisco. Returning to New York, she sang for a time in Rice's Burlesque Company. The leader of Rice's orchestra was then Harry Braham, and between him and the fair singer a warm acquaintance soon sprang up, which resulted, a few months later, in their marriage. Soon after this she secured an engagement as a ballad singer at Tony Pastor's well-known variety theater. Here her success was very great, and she soon became the leading attraction. Her personal beauty, more than the merit of her singing, was soon the talk of the town. Then Mr. Pastor put on his stage condensed versions of popular comic operas, in which she sang the leading parts. Her next engagement was at the Bijou Opera House, where she sang the leading parts in numerous comic operas and burlesques, notably in an adaptation of Gilbert & Sullivan's "Patience." At this time in her career she was divorced from Mr. Braham, and married Mr. Fred. Solomon, an orchestral conductor and composer of comic operas. With him she paid a visit to England, where her professional success was great. On her return to this country she became, for some seasons, the leading singer in the stock company of the New York Casino. By diligent study she had so developed her voice and improved her style as to be worthy of rank among the best lyric sopranos of the day. Her marvelous beauty of face and figure had also been heightened by maturing years. Her engagement at the Casino closed in the summer of 1890, when she paid another visit to England, and in the fall of that year reappeared in New York at the Garden Theater. Miss Russell has, as already intimated, been an earnest student of her art, and the effect of her studies is to be seen in her progress from a place in the chorus to the foremost rank among the star singers of to-day.

CONSIDER THE LILIES.

TOPFLIPP.

Con - sid - er the li - lies of the field ! how they grow ! they toil not,

p Ped. * *Ped.*

Semplicemente.

neither do they spin, they toil not, neither do they spin, And yet I

*

say un - to you, I say un - to you that e - ven Sol - omon in all his

glo - ry was not ar - rayed like one of these. Con-si - der the

f *dim.* *p* *Ped.*

li-lies, how they grow, Con-sid - er the lilies, how they grow; they toil not, they
 * Ped. * Ped.

toil not, neith - er do they spin, yet, I say un - to
 * cres. dim.

you, Solomon in all his glo - ry was not arrayed,
 f dim.

was not arrayed like one of these,

was not arrayed, was not arrayed,
8va tr loco. *8va tr*

Ped. p

like one of these, and yet, I say un - to you, Sol-o-mon in all his
loco.

cres. *dim.* *f*

glo - ry was not arrayed, was not arrayed, was not arrayed like one of
dim. *p* *cres.* *p*

these, like one of these, like one of these.
Calando.

pp *Ped.*

BEAUTIFUL LAND.

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LOWRY.

LOWRY. By per.

1. Je - ru - sa - lem, for - ev - er bright, Beautiful land of rest! No win - ter there, nor
 2. Je - ru - sa - lem, for - ev - er free! Beautiful land of rest! The soul's sweet home of
 3. Je - ru - sa - lem, for - ev - er dear, Beautiful land of rest! Thy pearly gates al-

in
chill of night, Beautiful land of rest! The dripping cloud is chased away, The sun breaks forth
Liberty, Beautiful land of rest! The gyves of sin, the chains of woe, The ransomed there will
most appear, Beautiful land of rest! And when we tread thy lovely shore, We'll sing the song
we've

end - less day. Je - ru - sa - lem! The beau - ti - ful land of rest; Je - ru - sa -
nev - er know. Je - ru - sa - lem! The beau - ti - ful land of rest; Je - ru - sa -
sung be - fore. Je - ru - sa - lem! The beau - ti - ful land of rest; Je - ru - sa -

Duet.
lem! The beautiful land of rest. Beau - ti - ful land! Beau - ti - ful land!
lem! The beautiful land of rest. Beau - ti - ful land! Beau - ti - ful land!
lem! The beautiful land of rest. Beau - ti - ful land! Beau - ti - ful land!

Chorus tempo.

We wait im - pa - tient to be - hold The gates of pearl, the streets of gold, And

nee - tile safe in Je-sus' fold, In the beautiful land, The beau - ti - ful land of rest.

REMEMBER NOW THY CREATOR.

DR. LESLIE.

SOPRANO. ♫ Verse 1st time.

ALTO.
Re - mem - ber now thy Cre - a - tor in the days of thy youth,

BASS.

In the days of thy youth, Re-mem-ber now, re - mem - ber now



thy Cre - a - tor in the days, the days of thy youth.



Verse 1st time.



While the e - vil days come not. Nor the years . . . draw



nigh when thou shalt say I have no pleas - ure, no



Re - mem - ber thy Cre - a - tor in the

plea - sure in them. Re - mem - ber thy Re - mem - ber thy Cre - a - tor in the

Re - mem - ber thy Cre -

days,

FULL CHORUS.

- a - tor in the days, the days of thy youth. Fear God, and

- a - tor in the days,

keep his com - mand - ments, for this is the whole

du - ty of man. Re - mem - ber thy Cre - a - tor. Fear

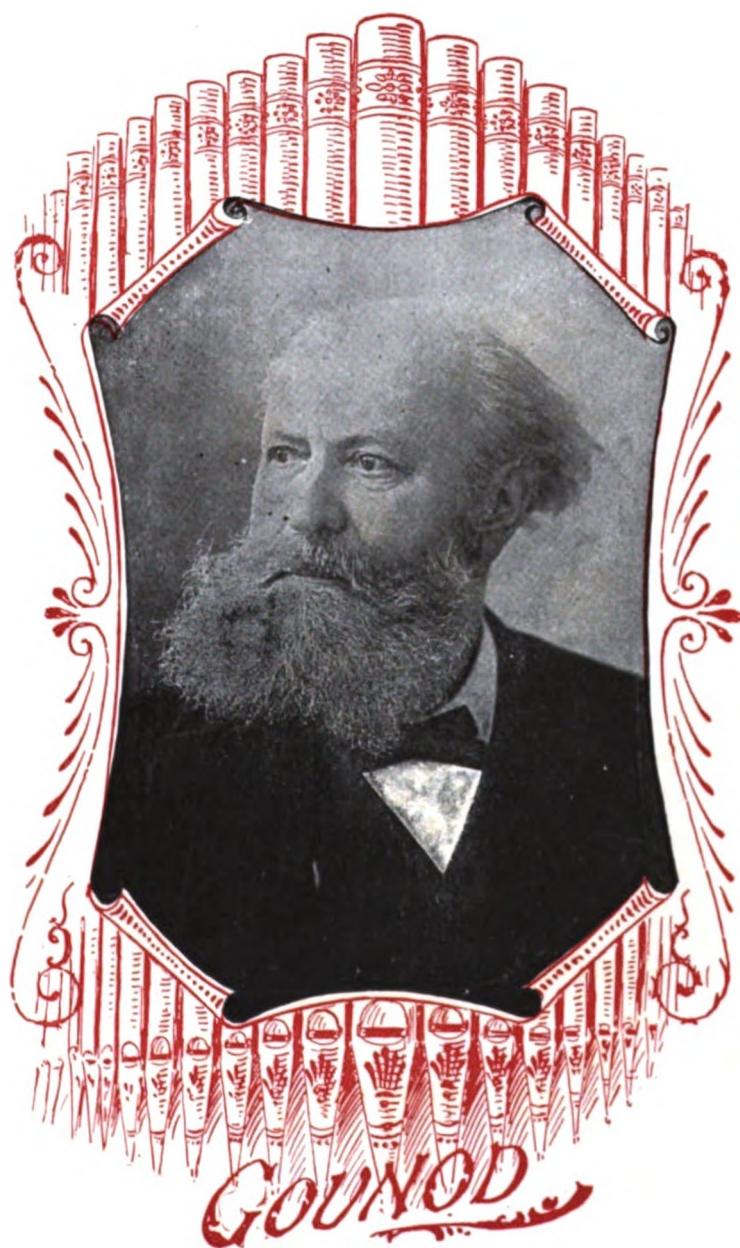
God and keep his com - mand - ments. A - men. A - men.

Slower.

CHARLES GOUNOD.

Charles Gounod, the composer of "Faust" and of many other highly meritorious musical works, is a Frenchman, and was born in Paris on June 17th, 1818. He studied music in Paris and in Italy. When the German soldiers drew near to Paris in the Franco-Prussian war he abandoned his home and sought refuge in London. He was of a most erratic temperament. He began studies for the Romish priesthood, but falling desperately in love he abandoned the holy orders and married. When he fled to London he abandoned his family, accepting a home under the roof of a wealthy family named Weldon, who resided in Charles Dickens' old house in Tavistock Square. Here he remained three years, doing some good musical work. He at last returned to Paris, leaving his affairs with the Weldons in anything but a pleasant shape. Law-suits and bitterness followed, but Gounod remained with his family, enjoying a peaceful old age, honored by French society and surrounded by French artists.

His genius and capacity as a composer are unquestionably of a high order, but yet of an erratic sort, which found congenial play in the weird scenes of "Faust." Not many composers could have done so grandly by such a subject, and were it Gounod's only work it would suffice to guarantee his lasting fame.





ANTON RUBINSTEIN.

Indisputably the greatest living pianist, and, with the possible exception of Liszt, the greatest that ever lived, is Anton Rubinstein. He was born of Russo-German parents at Vichvatijnetz, in Russia, in 1829, and six years later went with his family to Moscow. There his mother taught him to play the piano, and from his eighth to his thirteenth year he studied the famous master, Villoing, of Moscow. At ten years of age he gave his first concert at Moscow, and then made a tour of Europe as a "boy pianist." In Paris he tried to enter the Conservatoire as a student, but was rejected. Nevertheless, he played before Chopin, Liszt, and other celebrities, and won their commendation. Liszt was then supreme in the musical world, and young Rubinstein imitated many of his mannerisms. Later, the boy studied at Berlin and then taught music at Vienna. He was poor, success seemed impossible to attain, and he once thought of forsaking music and emigrating to America. But in 1850 he went to St. Petersburg. The Grand Duchess Helena, sister of the Czar Nicholas, recognized his genius and befriended him; and thenceforth he prospered. He made brilliant tours of Europe, gave in 1872 two hundred and fifteen concerts in America, and devoted his energies largely to building up the great Imperial Conservatory of Music at St. Petersburg.

In addition to his wonderful performances on the piano-forte, Rubinstein has won much fame as a composer, his works including oratorios, operas, symphonies, and songs. His visit to this country made Rubinstein a familiar personality to our best lovers of music. His success was great and instantaneous. His peculiar appearance and his mannerisms left an impress on the memory, and his magnificent playing, grand and colossal in style, stamped him at once as a genius of no ordinary rank.

ROCK'D IN THE CRADLE OF THE DEEP.

WILLARD.

KNIGHT.

1. Rock'd in the cra-dle of the deep, . . . I lay me down . . . in peace to
2. And such the trust that still were mine . . . Tho' stormy winds . . . swept o'er the

sleep; Se-ure I rest up - on the wave, For Thou, oh
brine, Or though the tem-pest's fi - ery breath Roused me from

Lord! hast power to save. I know Thou wilt not slight my
sleep to wreck and death! In o - cean cave still safe with

call, For Thou dost mark the spar - row's fall! And
Thee, The germ of im - mor - tal - i - ty; And

*Play first four measures for introduction and interludes.

calm and peaceful is my sleep . . . Rock'd in the cradle of the deep, And

pp

calm and peaceful is my sleep, Rock'd in the cra-dle of the deep. 2. And

pp

JESUS, TO THEE I COME.

GOULD.

1. Je-sus, I come—I come to-night; Re-store to me my blind-ed sight; And in my
 2. Je-sus, I come—I can - not stay From Thee an-oth- er pre-cious day; I would Thy
 3. Je-sus, I come, "Just as I am," To Thee, the ho - ly, spotless Lamb; Thou wilt re-

soul, "let there be light!" Je-sus, to Thee I come! Je-sus, to Thee I come!
 word this night o-bey; Je-sus, to Thee I come! Je-sus, to Thee I come!
 ceive me as I am; Je-sus, to Thee I come! Je-sus, to Thee I come!

I KNOW THAT MY REDEEMER LIVETH.

FROM THE "MESSIAH"

HANDEL.

Larghetto.

I know that my Re-deem-er liv-eth, and that
He shall stand . . . at the lat - - ter day
. . . . up-on the earth. I know that my Re-deem - er liv-eth, and that he shall stand at the lat - - ter day

Horn.—Play first five measures for introduction.

day upon the earth, up-on the earth. I know . . .

. . . . that my Re-deem - er liv-eth and that He shall stand at the lat -

ter day up-on the earth, up-on the earth.

And tho' worms destroy this bo-dy,
Yet in my
flesh shall I see God, Yet in my flesh shall I see God.

I know that my Redeemer liv-eth,
And tho'
worms de-stroy this bo-dy, Yet in my flesh shall I see God, Yet in my

flesh . . . shall I see God, shall I see God. I know that my Redeemer
 liv-eth : For now is Christ risen from the dead,
 the first fruits of them that sleep, . . .
 of them that sleep, the fruits, fruits of them that sleep.

For now is Christ risen, Fe' now is Christ
ris-en from the dead: The first fruits of them that sleep.

GRACE.

M. M.
Assembled at our fami-ly board, We ask Thy blessing, dear- est Lord;
May soul and bod - y both be fed As heav'nward by Thy hand we're led. A- MEN.

GRACE.

M. W. W. O.
Give us this day our dai-ly bread; Let us with Thy rich grace be ev-er fed;

Accept our thanks for that we now receive, Make us in Thy rich graces still to live. AMEN.

HOLY MOTHER, GUIDE HIS FOOT-STEPS.

FROM "MARITANA."

*MARITANA.*

Ho - ly Moth - er, guide his foot - steps,

Guide them at a mo - ment, guide them at a mo - mentsure.

LAZABILLO.

Ho - ly Moth - er, guide his foot - steps,

MARITANA.

LAZABILLO.

Let this
guide them at a mo - ment, at a mo - ment, a mo - ment sure. Let this

wick - ed heart then per - ish, And the good, the good remains se -
wick - ed heart then per - ish, And the good, the good remains se -

cure; Sainted Moth - er, oh, befriend him, And thy gentlest pity lend him.
cure; Sainted Moth - er, oh, befriend him, And thy gentlest pity lend him.

Dolce.

Ah! Ho - ly Moth - er, guide . . . his . . .

pp

foot-steps; Ah! guide them at a mo - ment, at amo - ment

sure; Ah! Ho - ly Moth - er, guide his

foot-steps; Ah! guide them at a mo - ment, guide them at amo - ment

HOLY MOTHER, GUIDE HIS FOOTSTEPS.

a piace.

gentlest, thy gent-lest pi - - ty lend him.
gentlest, thy gent-lest pi - - ty lend him. *Dim.*

COME CLOSER, SOUL, TO ME.

WIRTH.

O'KANE.

1. Me-thinks I hear my Saviour say, "Come clos-er, clos - er, soul, to-day; Of
2. Draw near, thou wea - ry one, nor fear; I am thy por - tion, rest thou here; Nor
3. Come near - er, weep-ing one, My balm Shall soothe thy spir-it with such calm. Look:
4. Come clos-er, fear - ful one, and hide Be-neath My sha - dow; there a - bide Till

all my ful - ness, come, partake, And I thy joy will per - fect make.
let one doubt thy peace al - loy; A - bide in Me, thy life, thy joy.
up with faith; I know thy grief, And I will give thee blest re - lief.
the bright dawning of that day, When gloom and night shall flee a - way.

Come clos-er, come clos-er, Come clos - er, soul, to Me; Come
Come closer, come closer,
clos-er, come clos-er, Come clos - er, soul, to Me."
Come clos-er, come clos-er,

CLEFT FOR ME.

BRUCE. By per.

1. "Rock of A - ges, cleft for me," Thoughtlessly the maiden sung, Fell the
 2. "Let me hide my - self in thee," Fel her soul no need to hide; Sweet the
 3. "Rock of A - ges cleft for me"—"Twas a wo - man sung them now, Pleading-

Repeat for 4th and 5th verses.

words un-conscious-ly From her girl-ish, gleeful tongue; Sang as lit - tle children
 song as song could be, And she had no tho't be-side; All the words un - heeding-
 ly and prayerfully; Ev - 'ry word her heart did know; Rose the song as storm-toss'd

sing; Sang as sing the birds in Junel Fell the words like light leaves down On the
 ly Fell from lips un-touch'd by care, Dreaming not that each might be On some
 bird, Beats with wea - ry wing the air, Ev - 'ry note with sor-row stirr'd, Ev - 'ry

cur-rent of the tune. "Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide myself in thee."
 oth - er lips a prayer.
 syl - la - ble a prayer.

4. "Rock of Ages, Cleft for me,"
 Lips grown aged sung the hymn
 Trustingly and tenderly,
 Voice grown weak, and eyes grown dim.
 "Let me hide myself in thee,"
 Trembling though the voice, and low,
 Ran the sweet strain peacefully,
 Like a river in its flow.
 Sung as only they can sing,
 Who life's thorny paths have pressed;
 Sung as only they can sing,
 Who behold the promised rest—
 "Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
 Let me hide myself in thee."

5. "Rock of Ages, cleft for me,"
 Sung above the coffin-lid;
 Underneath, all restfully,
 All life's joys and sorrows hid,
 Nevermore, O storm tossed soul!
 Nevermore from wind or tide,
 Nevermore from billow's roll,
 Wilt thou need thyself to hide.
 Could the sightless, sunken eyes,
 Closed beneath the soft gray hair,
 Could the mute and stiffened lips
 Move again in pleading prayer,
 Still, aye, still the words would be,
 "Let me hide myself in thee."

IF WITH ALL YOUR HEARTS.

FROM "ELIJAH."

Andante con moto.

♩ = 72.

"If with all your hearts ye tru-ly seek me,
 ye shall ev-er surely find me." Thus saith our God. "If with
 all your hearts ye tru-ly seek me, ye shall ev-er surely find me."
 Thus saith our God, thus saith our God. Oh! that I



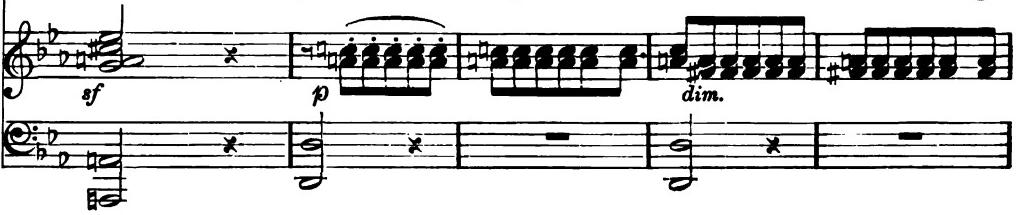
knew where I might find Him, that I might even come before His presence !



Oh ! that I knew where I might find Him, that I might even come before His presence,



come before His presence ! Oh, that I knew where I might



find Him ! "If with all your hearts ye truly



seek me; ye shall e-versure-ly find me." Thus saith our God,
 "Ye shall e-versure-ly find me." Thus saith our God.

CARY.

CARY.

TOURJÉE. BY PYR.

1. One sweet-ly sol - emn thought Comes to me o'er and o'er,—
2. Near - er my Fa - ther's house, Where the many man-sions be;
3. Near - er the bound of life, Where we lay our burdens down;
4. But ly - ing dark - ly between, Wind - ing down through the night,

I am near - er home to - day Than I ever have been be - fore.
 Near - er the great white throne; Near - er the crys - tal sea;
 Near - er leav-ing the cross; Near - er gain-ing the crown.
 Is the deep and un - known stream, That leads at last to the light.

5 Father, perfect my trust!
 Strengthen the might of my faith;
 Let me feel as I would when I stand
 On the rock of the shore of death:

6 Feel as I would when my feet
 Are slipping over the brink;
 For it may be, I am nearer home—
 Nearer now than I think!

TARRY WITH ME.

KIRKPATRICK. By per.

SHAPLESS.
Gently.

1. Tar - ry with me, O, my Sa - viour, Thro' the noonday's burning heat,
 2. When the dark - ness of mis - for - tune, Hides the heav - ens from my eye,

Smile, O, smile ap - prov - al on me, As I urge my wea - ry feet;
 While the earth wears hues of sor - row, Let me feel that thou art nigh;

And as aye the shadows lengthen, While the night steals slow - ly on;
 Then, oh, then, what - e'er be - falls me, Pray'rful - ly I strug - gle on;

Tar - ry with me, tar - ry with me, For I can - not walk a - lone.
 Tar - ry with me, tar - ry with me, Leave, O, leave me not a - lone.

Chorus.

Tar - ry with me, tar - ry with me, Thro' the darkness and the light;

Ev - er near me, stay to cheer me, Then my hours shall all be bright.

I WILL ARISE.

SOPRANO.

DR. LESLIE.

mf

ALTO.

I will a - rise, I will a - rise, and go to my Fa - ther,

TENOR.

BASS.

f

I will a - rise, I will a - rise, and go to my

p

SOPRANOS.

Fa - ther, And will say un - to Him, Fa - ther, I have sin - ned,

Org. Ped.

cresc.

Fa - ther, I have sin - ned a - gainst Heav'n and be - fore Thee, Be -

- fore Thee I have sin - ned, And am no more wor - thy to be

f

call - ed thy son. I have sin - ned a - gainst Heav'n and be -

- fore Thee, And am no more wor - thy to be

p

call - ed Thy son. I have sin - ned, I have sin - ned, my

mf

Fa - - ther, my Fa - ther, I have sin - ned a - gainst

Rinser.

pp

Heav'n and be - fore Thee, my Fa - ther, my Fa - - ther.

No. 2-24

AT THE DOOR.

TAYLOR.

MALE VOICES.

MARSHALL. By per.

FIRST TENOR.*Allegro moderato.**Omit second time.*

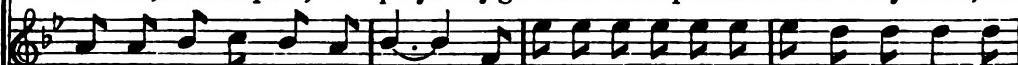
1 My Saviour stands waiting, and knocks at the door, Has knocked and is knocking again;
I hear His kind voice, I'll reject Him no more, Nor
2 O Saviour, my Ransom, Redeemer, and Friend, The Life and the Truth and the Way,
On Thy precious merit a lone I de-pend; Dwell

SECOND TENOR.**FIRST BASS.***Omit second time.*

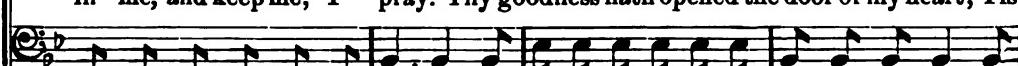
1 My Saviour stands waiting, and knocks at the door, Has knocked and is knocking again;
I hear His kind voice, I'll reject Him no more, nor
2 O Saviour, my Ransom, Redeemer, and Friend, The Life and the Truth and the Way,
On Thy precious merit a lone I de-pend; Dwell

SECOND BASS.

let Him stand pleading in vain. In in-fi-nite mercy He came from a-bove, To
in me, and keep me, I pray. Thy goodness hath opened the door of my heart; 'Tis



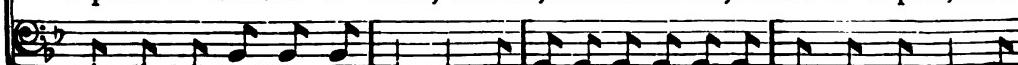
let Him stand pleading in vain. In in-fi-nite mercy He came from a-bove, To
in me, and keep me, I pray. Thy goodness hath opened the door of my heart; 'Tis



ransom, to cleanse me from sin; I'll yield to the voice of His mer-ci-ful love, And
o-pened in welcome to Thee; Come in, bles-sed Saviour, and nev-er depart; Come



ransom, to cleanse me from sin; I'll yield to the voice of His mer-ci-ful love, And
o-pened in welcome to Thee; Come in, bles-sed Saviour, and nev-er depart; Come



let my dear Saviour come in. Saviour, come in; cleanse me from sin; Jesus, my Saviour, come in with Thy mer - cy to me.

let my dear Saviour come in. Saviour, come in; cleanse me from sin; Jesus, my Saviour, come in with Thy mer- cy to me.

in, come in; En-ter the door, wait-ing no more, Saviour, dear Saviour, come in.

in, come in; En-ter the door, wait-ing no more, Saviour, dear Saviour, come in.

SHALL WE MEET?

DUNBAR. By per.

1. I love to sing of heaven, Where white-robed an - gels are;
 2. I love to think of heaven, Where my Re - deem - er reigns;
 Cho. There'll be no sor - row there, There'll be no sor - row there;

D.C.

Where many a friend is gath - ered safe From fear, and toil, and care.
 Where raptur - ous songs of tri - umph rise, In end-less joy - ous strains.
 In heaven a - bove, where all is love, There'll be no sor - row there.

THE TRUMPET WILL SOUND IN THE MORNING.

G. F. R.

G. F. ROOT.

*All the voices in unison.*

1 Oh, we must be read - y by night, For the
 2 Be sure that your ar - mor is strong, For the
 3 Yes, on till we draw the last breath, For the

trum-pet will sound in the morn - ing; We must work while 'tis call - ed the
 trum-pet will sound in the morn - ing; Nev - er mind tho' the bat - tle be
 trum-pet will sound in the morn - ing; E - ven sing at the riv - er of

light, For the trum-pet will sound in the morn - ing.
 long, For the trum-pet will sound in the morn - ing.
 death, For the trum-pet will sound in the morn - ing.

Chorus.

Oh, the glo - ry shines up there, Ev' - ry hill and vale a - dorn - ing, Then

press right on with all your might, For the trum-pet will sound in the morn - ing.

THE THREE CALLS.

WOODBURY. *By Mr.**Allegretto piu Recitante.*

*3d hour.—O slum - ber-er, rouse thee! de - spise not the truth, But give thy Cre -
6th & 9th hours.—O loi - ter-er, speed thee! the morn wears a - pace; Then squan - der no
11th hour.—O sin - ner, a-rouse thee! thy morn - ing is pass'd; Al-read - y the*

*a - tor the days of thy youth; Why stand - est there i - dle! the
long - er the mo - ments of grace, But haste while there's time! with thy
shad - ows are length-en - ing fast; Es - cape, for thy life! from the*

*day breaketh, see! The Lord of the vine - yard is wait - ing for thee.
Mas - ter a - gree; The Lord of the vineyard stands waiting for thee.
dark mountains flee; The Lord of the vine- yard yet wait - eth for thee.*

Andante affetuoso.

"Ho - ly Spir - it, by thy pow - er, Grant me yet an - oth - er hour; Earthly
Gen - tle Spir - it, stay, oh stay, Brightly beams the ear - ly day; Let me
Spir - it, cease thy mournful lay, Leave me to my - self, I pray; Earth hath

pleas-ures I would prove, Earth-ly joy, and earth-ly love; Scarcely
lin - ger in these bow-ers; God shall have my noon-tide hours; Chide me
flung her spell a - round me, Pleasure's silk - en chain hath bound me; When the

rit.

yet has dawn'd the day; Ho-ly Spir-it, wait, I pray!
not, for my de - lay, Gentle Spir-it, wait, I pray!
sun his path hath trod, Spir-it, then I'll turn to God!

rit.

Penseroso Recitante.

Ritenuto.

Hark! borne on the wind is the bell's sol-emn toll; 'Tis mournful-ly peal-ing the

A musical score for three voices (SATB) and piano. The vocal parts are in treble clef, and the piano part is in bass clef. The music consists of four staves of six measures each. The lyrics describe the 'knell of a soul' and the 'Lord of the vineyard standing waiting no more'.

knell of a soul—The Spir-it's sweet plead-ings and striv-ings are
 o'er; The Lord of the vineyard stands waiting no more...

ALL IS WELL.

BOWLY.

Allegro moderato.

MARSHALL. By per.

A musical score for three voices (SATB) and piano. The vocal parts are in treble clef, and the piano part is in bass clef. The music consists of four staves of six measures each. The lyrics express the assurance of salvation through Christ's love and sacrifice.

1. Thro' the love of God, our Saviour, All will be well; Free and changeless is His fa-vor,
 2. Tho' we pass thro' tribulation, All will be well; Ours is such a full sal-va-tion;
 3. We expect a bright tomorrow, All will be well; Faith can sing thro'days of sorrow;

All, all is well! Precious is the Blood that healed us, Per-fect is the grace that
 All, all is well! Hap-py still in God con-fid-ing, Fruit-ful, if in Christ a
 All, all is well! On our Father's love re-ly-ing, Je-sus eve-ry need sup-

sealed us, Strong the hand stretched forth to shield us; All must be well!
 bid-ing, Ho-ly, through the Spir-it's guid-ing; All must be well!
 ply-ing, Or in liv-ing, or in dy-ing; All must be well!

"COME UNTO ME."

MARSHALL. By per.

Legato. mp

1. Come un - to me, un - to me, all ye that la - bor and are heav - y
_{mp}

2. Come un - to me, un - to me, all ye that la - bor and are heav - y
_{mp}

la - den, and I will give you rest, will give you rest; take my yoke up -
_{mp} _{ppp} _{mp}

la - den, and I will give you rest, will give you rest; take my yoke up -
_{mp} _{ppp} _{mp}

on you and learn of me, and learn of me, for I am
_{ppp} _{mp}

on you and learn of me, and learn of me, for I am
_{ppp} _{mp}

meek and low - ly of heart, and ye shall find rest un - to your
 souls.
 meek and low - ly of heart, and ye shall find rest un - to your
 souls.

Soli.

souls, my yoke is
souls, For my yoke is ea - sy, and my bur - den is light, my yoke is

Tutti. *pp*

ea - sy and my bur - den is light, my bur - den is light.
Tutti. *pp*

ea - sy and my bur - den is light.....

I AIN'T GOING TO DIE ANY MORE.

Oh! ain't I glad, Oh! ain't I glad, Oh! ain't I glad, I
ain't a go - ing to die no more; 1. Going to meet those hap - py Christians
soon - er in the morn - ing, Soon - er in the morn - ing,
Soon - er in the morn - ing, Meet those hap - py Christ - ians
Soon - er in the morn - ing, I ain't go - ing to die no more.

2. Going shouting home to glory sooner in the morning, &c.
Chorus.—Oh! ain't I glad, &c.

3. Going to wear a starry crown sooner in the morning, &c.
Chorus.—Oh! ain't I glad, &c.

4. We'll sing the troubles over sooner in the morning, &c.
Chorus.—Oh! ain't I glad, &c.

SWING LOW SWEET CHARIOT.

Swing low, sweet char - i - ot, Coming for to car - ry me home,

FINE.

Swing low, sweet char - i - ot, Coming for to car - ry me home.

1. I looked o - - ver Jor - dan, and what did I see,
 2. If you get there be - - fore I do,
 3. The bright - est day that ev - - er I saw,
 4. I'm some - - times up and some - times down,

Coming for to car - ry me home? A band of an - gels
 Coming for to car - ry me home, Tell all my friends I'm
 Coming for to car - ry me home, When Je - sus wash'd my
 Coming for to car - ry me home, But still my soul feels

D.C.

com - ing af - ter me, Com - ing for to car - ry me home.
 com - - ing too, Com - ing for to car - ry me home.
 sins a - - way, Com - ing for to car - ry me home.
 heav - en - ly bound, Com - ing for to car - ry me home.

JESUS, I MY CROSS HAVE TAKEN.

LYTE.

SOLO.

GILCHRIST. BY RO.

Je-sus, I . . . my cross have tak - en, All to leave and

fol- low Thee; Des - ti-tute, de-spised, for - sak-en, Thou from hence, my

Risoluto.

all shall be.

Per- ish every fond am- bi-tion,

Ped.

appar. sonore.

All I've sought or hoped or known; Yet how rich is my con-di-tion! God and heav'n are

all my own; Yet how rich is my con-di-tion! God and heav'n are all my own.

TUTTI.

Per-iah ev-ery fond en-deav-or, All I've sought or hop'd or known; Yet how rich is

do. *f* *Last time only.*
my con-di-tion! God and heav'n are all my own. A-MEN.

do. *f* *Last time only.* > pp >

SOLO.

Man may trouble and distress me, T'will but drive me to Thy breast ; L:

*Gt.**Ped**Man.**Ped**Man.*

hard may press me, Heav'n will bring me sweet - er rest.

grief to harm me While Thy love is left

joy to charm me! Were that joy unmix'd



While Thy love is left to me; Oh, 'tis not in joy to charm me, Were that joy un -



mix'd with Thee.



COME UNTO ME.

NEWELL.

GEIBEL.

1. "Come to Me, all ye so wea - ry!" I was wea - ry to de - spair,
 2. "Come to Me, ye heav - y la - den!" My sad heart was sore op - pressed,
 3. All so anx - ious and so ea - ger, Did I bend my list'ning ear,
 4. O! the bless - ed - ness of hear - ing, This sweet mes - sage to my soul,

And I longed for the green past - ures Of the heav'n - ly land so fair,
 And my bur - den was so griev - ous That the night brought me no rest,
 Lest some word of His dear mes - sage I should fail to catch or hear;
 Tho' the storms of life are tem - pesta, And the bil - lows near me roll,

And I al - most caught a glim - mer, Of the ra - diance of the blest,
 'Till I cried, O bless-ed Fath - er, In com - pas - sion so di - vine,
 I for - got, my heav - y bur - den, I had laid it at His feet,
 Yet I list - en to His prom - ise, To the words I love the best,

As un - to my heart He whisper'd, "Come to Me, I'll give you rest."
 Look Thou down in ten - der pit - y On this ach - ing heart of mine!
 In ex - change for it He'd giv - en, Me a song so new, so sweet.
 "All ye wea - ry heav - y lad - en, Come to Me, I'll give you rest."

CHORUS.

And as mu - sic soft - ly steal - eth O'er the bil - lows of the sea,

Thus up - on my troubled spir - it Fell those ac - cents, "Come to Me."

GUIDE ME, O THOU GREAT JEHOVAH!

FLOTOW.

1. Guide me, O Thou great Je - ho - vah! Pil - grim through this
 2. Feed me with the Heav'n - ly man - na, In this bar - ren

bar - ren land; I am weak, but Thou art might - y, Hold me
 wil - der - ness; Be my sword, and shield, and ban - ner, Be the

with Thy pow'r - ful hand. O - pen now the crys - tal fountains, Whence the
 Lord my right - eous - ness. When I tread the verge of Jor - dan, Bid my

liv - ing wa - ters flow; Let the fie - ry, cloud - y pil - lar,
 anx - ious fears sub - due; Death of death, and hell's destruct - ion,

Lead me all my jour - ney thro', Lead me all my journey thro'.
 Land me safe on Ca - naan's side, Land me safe on Canaan's side.

FORGET ALL THY SORROW.

H. MILLARD.*Moderato.***HARRISON MILLARD.**
On fergore.

For - get all thy sor - row, thy pain and thy loss,

Go

cast off all gloom at the foot of the cross,

The Sav - iour in

dolce. *rall.*

pit - y will lis - ten to thee, And ten - der - ly whis - per "O
cres. *p* *colla voce.*

slento. *pis mosso.* *porto.*

Come un - to me!" Then go to Him frank - ly con - fess - ing thy
colla voce. *ad lib.*

> *con express.* *lento.*

sin, His love, like the ark, takes the wea - ry dove in, If
colla voce. *cres.*

weight - ed by sor - row or bur - den'd by grief Con - fide in the
f *cres.* *accell.*

cato. con teneressa. *porto.* *a tempo.*

Sav - iour, thou'l find there re - lief. For - get all thy sor - row; His

p *colla voce.* *cres. rall. a pia.*

mer - cy to share, E'en the spar - row that fall - eth He takes to his

cres.

care His arm will pro - tect thee, His par - don will save, His

pesante. *mf* *cres.*

mer - cy will conquer both Death and the Grave!

cres. *ad lib.* *rall.*

mf *dim.* *p* *p dim.*

LET ME CLING TO THEE.

NEVIN.

KIRKPATRICK. By per.

1. Oh, let me cling to thee, My Saviour, Let me cling to thee! When the
 2. Oh, let me cling to thee, My Saviour, Let me cling to thee! When my
 3. Oh, let me cling to thee, My Saviour, Let me cling to thee! When I'm
 4. Oh, let me cling to thee, My Saviour, Let me cling to thee! When I

winds are blowing, When the tears are flowing, Oh, let me cling to thee!
 friends are leaving, When my heart is grieving, Oh, let me cling to thee!
 weak and wea - ry, And my path is dreary, Oh, let me cling to thee!
 cross the riv - er, Which from earth doth sever, Oh, let me cling to thee!

Let me ev - er cling to thee, Let me ev - er cling to thee! Let me
 My Saviour, Let me

cling, Let me cling, O Saviour, let me cling to thee.
 cling with faith in pray'r, And with hope amid despair. to thee.

RESPONSE.

Slow. pp

Father, hear and answer prayer, Prayer is the fragrant breath of Heaven, A - men.

MARY AND MARTHA.



1. Ma - ry and a Martha's just gone 'long, Ma - ry and a Martha's just gone 'long,
2. The preacher and the elder's just gone 'long, The preacher and the elder's just gone 'long,
3. My father and mother's just gone 'long, My father and mother's just gone 'long,
4. The Methodist and Baptist's just gone 'long, The Methodist and Baptist's just gone 'long,



Ma - ry and a Martha's just gone 'long, To ring those charming bella.
 The preacher and the elder's just gone 'long, To ring those charming bella.
 My fa - ther and moth - er's just gone 'long, To ring those charming bella.
 The Methodist and Baptist's just gone 'long, To ring those charming bella.



Crying free grace and dy - ing love Free grace and dy - ing love, Free grace and



dy - ing love, To ring those charming bells. Oh! way o - ver Jordan, Lord,



Way o - ver Jordan, Lord, Way o - ver Jordan, Lord, To ring those charming bells.



MY LIFE FOR THEE.

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MARSHALL. By per.



1. I gave my life for thee, My precious blood I shed That thou might'st ransomed be,
2. I spent long years for thee, In wea-ri-ness and woe, That one e - ter - ni - ty
3. And I have brought to thee, Down from My home above, Salva- tion full and free,



And quicken'd from the dead; I gave my life for thee; What hast thou given for Me?
Of joy thou mightest know; I spent long years for thee; Hast thou spent one for Me?
My par-don and My love; Great gifts I brought to thee; What hast thou bro't to Me?



HE'S THE LILY OF THE VALLEY.

He's the lil - y of the val - ley, Oh! my Lord; He's the lil - y of the

val - ley, Oh! my Lord. { 1. King Je - sus in the char - iot rides,
2. What kind of shoes are those you wear,
3. These shoes I wear are gos - pel shoes,

Oh! my Lord; With four white horses, side by side, Oh! my Lord.
Oh! my Lord; That you can ride up - on the air, Oh! my Lord.
Oh! my Lord; And you can wear them if you choose, Oh! my Lord.

1

THERE IS A GREEN HILL.

SACRED DUET FOR SOPRANO AND ALTO.

FRANK L. ARMSTRONG.

Andante.

SOPRANO SOLO.

Andante con espressione.

There is a green hill far a - - way, . . . With-
Soprano
Soft pedal.

ritardando.

- out a cit - y wall, Where our dear Lord was crucified, Who
ritardando.

a tempo.

died to save us all, Who died to save us all, Who died to save us

a tempo.

all. We may not know, We can - not tell what pains he had to

ALTO.

We may not know, We can - not tell what pains he had to

bear, But we be-lieve it was for us

bear, But we be-lieve it was for us He hung and suffer'd

THERE IS A GREEN HILL.

Cres.

He hung and suffer'd there. He died that we might be for-giv'n, He
there, He died that we might be for-giv'n, He

ritard.

died to make us good, That we might go at last to heav'n.
died to make us good, That we might go at last to heav'n.

Moderato.

Saved by his pre-cious blood, Saved by his pre - cious
Saved by his pre-cious blood, Saved by his pre - cious

blood.
blood. *Largamento.*

ALTO SOLO.

There

Andante

was no oth-er good e-nough To pay the price of sin; He

on - - ly could un-lock the gate of heav'n and let us in.

Moderato.

Oh ! dear - - - ly, dear - - - ly has he loved, And

Oh ! dear - - - ly, dear - - - ly has he loved, And

f

we shall love him too ; And trust in his redeeming blood, And

we shall love him too ; And trust in his redeeming blood, And

try his works to do.

try his works to do.

L.H.
p

pp *rit.*
Ped.

REFUGE.

ARR. FROM ABT.

Andantino.

1. Je - sus, ref - uge of my soul, Let me to thy bos - om fly, While the
 2. Oth - er ref - uge have I none; Hangs my help - less soul on thee; Leave, ah,
 3. Thou, O Christ, art all I want; All in all in thee I find; Raise the

rag - ing billows roll, While the tempest still is high; Hide me, O, my Saviour, hide,
 leave me not alone; Still support and comfort me: All my trust on thee is stayed,
 fallen, cheer the faint, Heal the sick, and lead the blind: Just and ho - ly is thy name;

Till the storm of life is past; Safe in - to the ha - - ven guide;
 All my help from thee I bring; Cov - er my de - fence - - less head
 I am all unrighteousness; Vile and full of sin I am;

O, re - ceive my soul at last, O, re - ceive my soul at last.
 With the shad - ows of thy wing, With the shad - ows of thy wing.
 Thou art full of truth and grace, Thou art full of truth and grace.

The first four lines may be sung as a Solo by a Soprano Voice if desirable.

FLEE AS A BIRD.

DANA.

Moderato espressivo.

1. Flee as a bird to yon moun - tain, Thou who art wea-ry of
 2. He will protect thee for-ev - er, Wipe ev'-ry fall-ing

sin; . . . Go to the clear flowing foun - tain, Where you may wash and be clean.
 tear; He will forsake thee, O nev - er, Sheltered so ten-der-ly there.

Fly, for th'avenger is near thee; Call and the Saviour will hear thee; He on His bosom will
 Haste, then, the hours are flying; Spend not the moments in sighing, Cease from your sorrow and

bear thee, Thou who art wea-ry of sin, O thou who art weary of sin.
 cry - ing, The Saviour will wipe ev'-ry tear, The Saviour will wipe ev'-ry tear.

Un poco ritenuo.

I LOVE TO TELL THE STORY.

HANKEY.

FISCHER. By per.

1. I love to tell the sto - ry Of un-seen things a-bove, Of Je-sus and his
 2. I love to tell the sto - ry! More wonderful it seems Than all the golden
 3. I love to tell the sto - ry! 'Tis pleasant to re-peat What seems, each time I
 4. I love to tell the sto - ry! For those who know it best Seem hun-ger-ing and

glo - ry, Of Je-sus and his love! I love to tell the sto - ry! Be-
 fan-cies Of all our gold-en dreams. I love to tell the sto - ry! It
 tell it, More won-der - ful - ly sweet. I love to tell the sto - ry! For
 thirst-ing To hear it like the rest. And when, in scenes of glo - ry, I

cause I know its true; It sat - is-fies my longings as nothing else would do.
 did so much for me! And that is just the rea-son I tell it now to thee.
 some have nev-er heard The mes-sage of sal - va-tion From God's own Holy Word.
 sing the new, new song, 'Twill be the old, old sto - ry That I have loved so long.

I love to tell the sto - ry, 'Twill be my theme in glo - ry,
 To tell the old, old sto - ry, Of Je-sus and his love.

WHILE THE YEARS ARE ROLLING ON.

MCKEEVER.
Recitante.

SWENY. By per.

1. In a world so full of weeping, While the years are roll-ing on, Chris-tian
 2. There's no time to waste in sigh-ing While the years are roll-ing on; Time is
 3. Let us strengthen one an - oth - er, While the years are roll-ing on; Seek to
 4. Friends we love are quick-ly flying, While the years are roll-ing on; No more

souls the watch are keeping, While the years are rolling on; While our jour-ney we pur-
 fly - ing, souls are dy - ing, While the years are rolling on. Lov - ing words a soul may
 raise a fall - en broth-er, While the years are rolling on; This is work for ev - ery
 part-ing, no more dy-ing, While the years are rolling on. In the world beyond the

sue, With the ha - ven still in view, There is work for us to do, While the
 win From the wretched paths of sin; We may bring the wand'lers in, While the
 hand, Till, throughout cre - a - tion's land, Ar - mies for the Lord shall stand, While the
 tomb Sor - row nev - er more can come, When we meet in that blest home, While the

years are roll-ing on. Are roll - ing on, are roll - ing on, are roll - ing
 years are roll-ing on. Are roll - ing on, are roll - ing on, are roll - ing
 years are roll-ing on. Are roll - ing on, are roll - ing on, are roll - ing
 years are roll-ing on. Are roll - ing on, are roll - ing on, are roll - ing

on, are rolling on, Oh, the joy that we may scatter, While the years are rolling on.
 on, are rolling on, Oh, the joy that we may scatter, While the years are rolling on.
 on, are rolling on, Oh, the joy that we may scatter, While the years are rolling on.
 on, are rolling on, Oh, the joy that we may scatter, While the years are rolling on.

MY AIN COUNTRY.

LEE.

Scorcher Song. Arr.

A musical score for 'The Parting Glass'. The top staff is in treble clef, G major, and 4/4 time. It features a single melodic line with various note heads and rests. The bottom staff is in bass clef, C major, and 4/4 time, also featuring a single melodic line. The lyrics are centered between the two staves:

1. { I am far frae my hame, an' I'm wea-ry aft-en-whiles, For the
An' I'll ne'er be fu' con-tent un-til my een do see The
D.C. But these sichts an' these soun's will as naething be to me, When I

1st time. 2nd time. FINE.

lang'd-for home-bringing, an' my Father's welcome smiles, }
gow-den gates of heav'n, an' my : : : } ain countrie.
hear the angels singing in my : : : ain countrie.

A musical score for a single voice part. The music consists of two staves. The top staff is in treble clef and features a continuous series of eighth-note patterns. The bottom staff is in bass clef and features a continuous series of quarter-note patterns. The lyrics are written below the notes. The score concludes with a repeat sign and the instruction 'D.C.' at the end of the second line.

2. I've his gude word of promise, that some gladsome day the King
To his ain royal palace, his banished hame will bring,
Wi' een, an' wi' heart running owre we shall see
"The King in his beauty," au' our ain countrie.
My sins hae been mony, and my sorrows hae been sair ;
But there they'll never vex me, nor be remembered mair.
For his bluid hath made me white, and his hand shall dry my e'e
When he brings me hame at last to my ain countrie.

3. He is faithfu' that hath promised, an' he'll surely come again,
He'll keep his tryst wi' me, at what hour I dinna ken;
But he bids me still to wait, an' ready aye to be,
To gang at ony moment to my ain countrie.
So I'm watching aye, and singing o' my hame as I wait,
For the soun'ing o' his footfa' this side the gowden gate,
God gie his grace to ilk ane wha listens noo to me,
That we a' may gang in gladness to our ain countrie.

LEAD, KINDLY LIGHT.

DYKES.

NEWMANN, 1838.

1 Lead, kind-ly Light, a-mid th' en-circling gloom, Lead Thou me on;
 2 I was not ev - er thus, nor pray'd that Thou Shouldst lead me on;
 3 So long Thy pow'r has blest me, sure it still Will lead me on

The night is dark, and I am far from home, Lead Thou me on.
 I lov'd to choose and see my path ; but now Lead Thou me on.
 O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and tor-rent, till The night is gone,

Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see
 I lov'd th gar - ish day; and, spite of fears,
 And with th morn those an - gel fa - ces smile,

The dis - tant scene; one step e - nough for me.
 Pride rul'd my will: re - mem - ber not past years.
 Which I have lov'd long since, and lost a - while.

JERUSALEM THE GOLDEN.

REV. J. M. NEALE, FR. ST. BERNARD.

A. EWING.

1 Je - ru - sa - lem the gold - en! With milk and hon - ey blest,
 2 They stand, those halls of Zi - on, All ju - bi - lant with song,
 3 And they who with their Lead - er Have con - quered in the fight,
 4 Oh, sweet and bless - ed coun - try, The home of God's e - lect!

Be -neath thy con - tem - pla - tion Sink heart and voice op - press'd.
 And bright with many an an - gel, And all the mar - tyr throng.
 For - ev - er, and for - ev - er Are clad in robes of white.
 Oh, sweet and bless - ed coun - try, That ea - ger hearts ex - pect!

I know not,— oh, I know not, What joys a - wait me there,
 There is the throne of Da - vid, And there from toil re - leas'd,
 Oh, land that see'st no sor - row! Oh, state that fear'st no strife!
 Je - sus, in mer - cy bring us To that dear land of rest;

What ra - dian - cy of glo - ry, What bliss be - yond com - pare.
 The shout of them that tri - umph, The song of them that feast.
 Oh, roy - al land of flow - ers! Oh, realm and home of life!
 Who art, with God the Fa - ther, And Spir - it ev - er blest.

SEEK YE THE LORD.

MARSHALL. By per.

Larghetto.

Seek ye the Lord while he may be found, Call ye up - on him while

Seek ye the Lord while he may be found, Call ye up - on him while

he is near, Seek ye the Lord while he may be found.
Solo. *Tutti.*

he is near, while he may be found.

while he is near,
Tutti.

Call ye up - on him while he is near, Seek ye the Lord
Solo.

while he may be found, Call ye up - on him while he is near,
Soli. *Soli.* *Tutti.*

while he may be found, while he is near,

Seek ye the Lord while he may be found, Call ye up - on him while
 Seek ye the Lord while he may be found, Call ye up - on him while
 he is near, while he is near, while he is near.
 he is near, while he is near, while he is near.

BREAST THE WAVE, CHRISTIAN.

KIRKPATRICK. By per.

1. Breast the wave, Chris-tian, when it is strong - est; Watch when the
 2. Stand the storm, Chris-tian, Je-sus is o'er thee, Fear not the
 3. Lift the eye, Chris-tian, just as it clos - eth; Raise up the

 night shades lin - ger the long - est; On - ward and up - ward still
 temp - est, heav'n is be - fore thee; Go where thy du - ty calls;
 faint heart e'er it re - pos - eth; Thee, from the love of Christ,

 be thine en - deav - or, There is a rest for thee, peace-ful for - ev - er.
 fear may as - sail thee, God is thy strength and shield, He will not fail thee.
 noth - ing shall sev - er, Mount when thy work is done—Peaceful, for - ev - er.

EMMA NEVADA.

This brilliant American singer is a native of California, the daughter of a Dr. Wixom. Her first public performance as a singer was effected at the age of three years, when she sang in a church concert. In childhood she often took part in private theatrical and operatic representations, and showed herself the possessor of a fine contralto voice, which afterward was transformed into a soprano of remarkably high range and purity of tone. She was educated at Mills Seminary, at Oakland, where she was graduated in 1876. Then she set out for Europe to complete her preparation for the operatic stage. She went first to Berlin, but, without stopping there to study, proceeded to Vienna and placed herself under the direction of Mme. Marchesi. That eminent teacher said to her: "You have a voice. I can see the vocalist in your eyes. You want a home. A pupil of mine has just left a family with which she stayed for two years. You shall replace her. When you are rested we shall begin our studies." She remained there, under Mme. Marchesi's tuition, for two and a half years. Then she adopted the stage name of Emma Nevada and made her first operatic appearance in London. An engagement for five years was at once offered to her, but she refused it and went to Italy to study Italian. She sang in various Italian cities with great success. The great composer Verdi heard her at Genoa and recommended her to the director of the Scala Opera House at Milan, where she thereupon appeared for twenty-one nights. On four of these nights the Queen and Italian Court attended especially to hear her. Several short but exceedingly profitable engagements followed. Then she sang at Florence, Naples, Prague, Berlin, and Paris. In the latter city she made the acquaintance of Ambroise Thomas, and studied under him for some time. Afterward she visited America and was everywhere received with great enthusiasm. Her voice is a light soprano of great range and clearness. She is a clever actress and has a very winning personality. She is a devout member of the Roman Catholic Church, and her private life and character have always been as admirable and lovable as her artistic talents are brilliant.



Emma Nevada.



Mary Howe

MARY HOWE.

Mary Howe is a New England girl, and was born at Brattleboro, Vermont, in 1870. Her childhood was spent at home, and was marked by a decided musical ability. At nine years of age she sang *Josephine* in a juvenile performance of "Pinafore." At sixteen she went to Boston, and later to Philadelphia, to study music. Her first concert of importance was in 1886, at New Fane, Vermont. After that she went abroad and studied at Dresden. There she created a most favorable impression. She sang in "Lucia," "The Barber of Seville," and "La Somnambula" at Berlin with great success in May, 1888, and was engaged at Kroll's Opera House there for several months. Then she came home, and for some months was a familiar figure on the best concert platforms and at the most important musical festivals. The next winter she returned to Europe, and studied for a year under Mme. Marchesi, and then came back to Brattleboro, which she prefers to all other places in the world. Miss Howe is a singularly beautiful woman, of stately bearing, and classic features; and her bearing in public and private is that of the most modest and charming of her sex. One of the foremost critics in Berlin said of her, a few years ago: "At nineteen years of age she shows more signs of being a second Patti than any woman in the world. I do not say now that she is a second Patti, but I do assert that she will be a formidable rival in a few years." Since then Miss Howe has made marked advancement, and promises to have a career second in splendor to that of no other American soprano.

“CRADLE'S EMPTY, BABY'S GONE.”

Moderato con express.

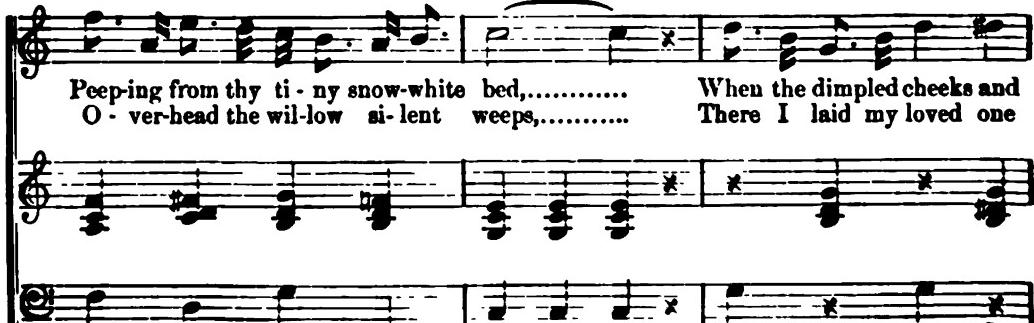
HARRY KENNEDY.



1. Lit - tle emp - ty cra - dle, treasured now with care, Though thy precious burden it has
2. Near a sha - dy val - ley stands a gras - sy mound, Un-der-neath my lit - tle dar-ling



fled.
sleeps. How we miss the locks of curl - y gold - en hair,
Blos-soms sweet, and ro - ses clus-ter all a - round;



Peep-ing from thy ti - ny snow-white bed,..... When the dimpled cheeks and
O - ver-head the wil-low si - lent weeps,..... There I laid my loved one



lit-tle laugh-ing eyes From the rumpled pillow shone,..... Then I gazed with gladness,
in the long a-go, And my heart doth sadly moan,..... Tho' she's with the an-gels,

poco rit.

a tempo.



Now I look and sigh; Emp-ty is the cra - dle, Ba - by's gone.....
Still I fain would weep; Emp-ty is the cra - dle, Ba - by's gone.....

ritard.



CHORUS.

mf SOPRANO.



Ba - by left her cra - dle For the gold - en shore,
ALTO.



Ba - by left her cra - dle For the gold - en shore,

TENOR.



Ba - by left her cra - dle For the gold - en shore,

BASS.



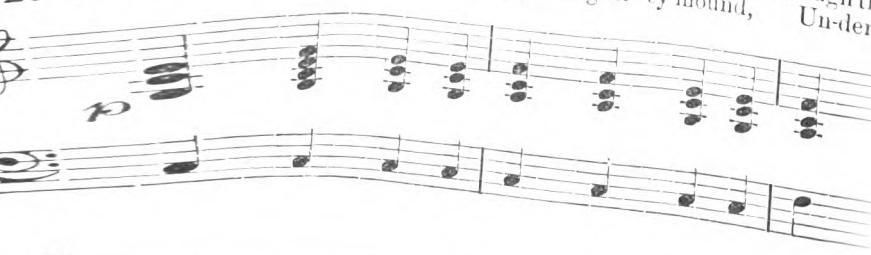
ACCOMP.



"CRADLE'S EMPTY, BABY'S GONE



1. Lit-tle emp-ty era-dle, treasured now with care, Though thy po
2. Near a sha-dy val-ley stands a gras-sy mound, Un-der-ner



fled.
sleeps. How we miss the locks of curl-
Blos-soms sweet, and ro-ses clus-



Peep-ing from thy ti-ny sno
O-ver-head the wil-low



HT.

BARNBY.

dim

Now the stars are gleam-ing bright:

dim.

dim.

Now the stars are gleam-ing bright

dim.

bright! Now the stars are gleaming bright,

ges *i* *i* *i* *ges*

cres- - - - - - *cres-*

—
—
—

all night! Now the stars are gleaming bright,

cres - - - - cen

A musical score page showing a single melodic line on five staves. The notes are primarily eighth notes, with some sixteenth-note patterns. A dynamic marking "mp" (mezzo-piano) is placed above the first staff.

—ing bright: Moonbeams rest on crag and tow'r—

四

A musical score page featuring a single melodic line on a five-line staff. The notes are primarily eighth notes, with some sixteenth-note patterns. Above the staff, the dynamic marking *mp* (mezzo-piano) is written. The music consists of two measures followed by a repeat sign, then another two measures.

am - ing bright: Mo

on crag and tow'r—

O'er the silv'-ry wa-ters she has flown, Gone to join the an - gels,
 O'er the silv'-ry wa-ters she has flown, Gone to join the an - gels,
 O'er the silv'-ry wa-ters she has flown, has flown, Gone to join the an - gels,

peace-ful ev - er-more; Emp - ty is the cra-dle, Ba-by's gone.....
 peace-ful ev - er-more; Emp - ty is the cra-dle, Ba-by's gone.....
 peace-ful ev - er-more; Emp - ty is the cra-dle, Ba-by's gone.....

SILENT NIGHT.

BELL.*p* TREBLE. *Larghetto.***BARNBY.***dim.*

Si - lent night! Peace - ful night! Now the stars are gleam-ing bright:
p ALTO. *dim.*
p TENOR. *dim.*
p BASS. *dim.*

Si - lent night! Peace - ful night! Now the stars are gleaming bright,
pp *cres.* *con*
pp *cres.* *con*
pp *cres.* *con*
pp *cres.* *con*

Now the stars are gleam-ing bright: Moonbeams rest on crag and tow'r—
do. *mf* *mp*
do. *mf* *mp*
do. *mf* *mp*
do. *mf* *mp*

p p e rall.

p 2nd VERSE. *Larghetto.*

Si - lent, Peace-ful night! Ho - ly Peace! Kind - ly Peace!

p p e rall.

p

Si - lent, Peace-ful night! Ho - ly Peace! Kind - ly Peace!

p p e rall.

p

Si - lent, Peace-ful night! Ho - ly Peace! Kind - ly Peace!

dim. *pp*

Wea - ry hands from toil re - lease: Ho - ly peace! Kind - ly Peace!

dim. *pp*

Wea - ry hands from toil re - lease: Ho - ly peace! Kind - ly Peace!

dim. *pp*

cres. cen. do. *mf*

Wea - ry hands from toil re - lease, Wea - ry hands from toil re - lease:

cres. cen. do. *mf*

Wea - ry hands from toil re - lease, Wea - ry hands from toil re - lease:

cres. cen. do. *mf*

mp cres.

Wea - ry eyes now close in sleep: Com - fort give to them that weep,

mp cres.

Wea - ry eyes now close in sleep: Com - fort give to them that weep,

mp cres.

dim. *p* *pp e rall.*

Com - fort, rest, and peace! Com - fort, rest, and peace!

dim. *p* *pp e rall.*

Com - fort, rest, and peace! Com - fort, rest, and peace!

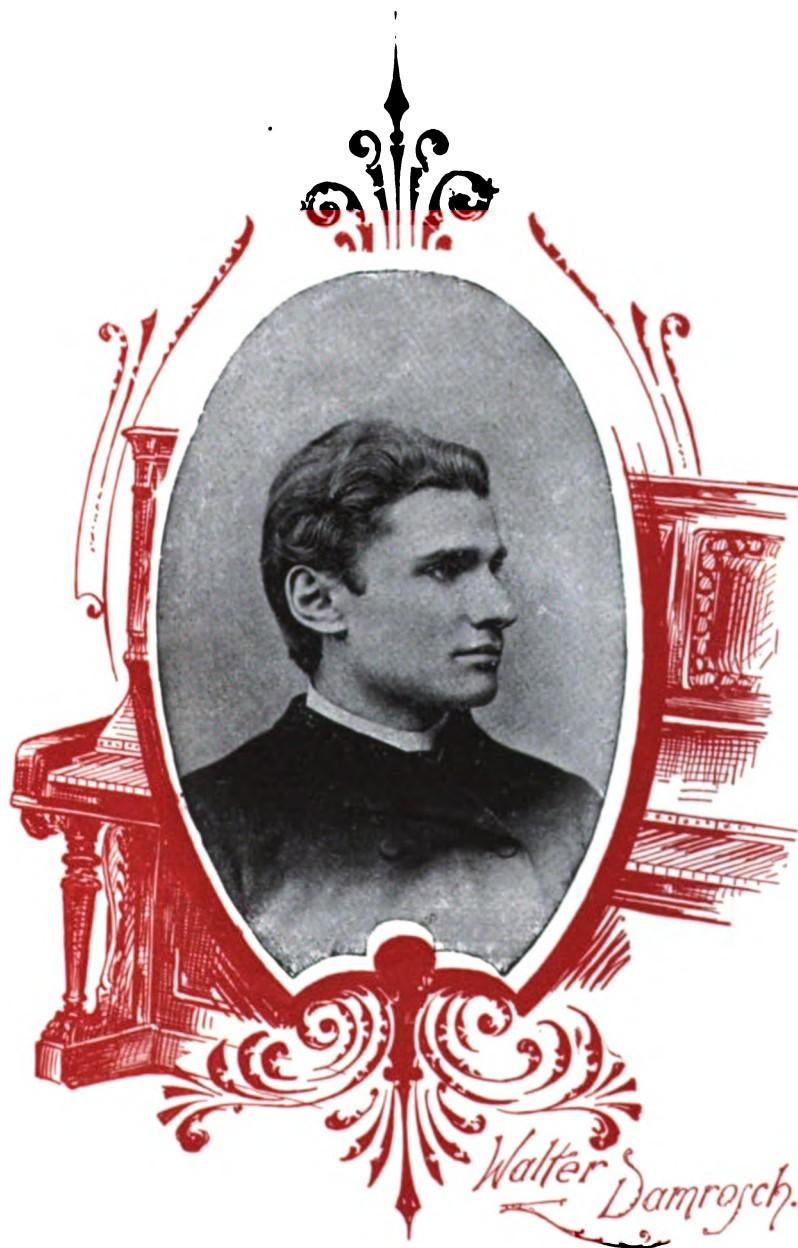
dim. *p* *pp e rall.*

Com - fort, rest, and peace! Com - fort, rest, and peace!

WALTER DAMROSCH.

Walter Damrosch is a son of the late Dr. Leopold Damrosch, one of the most accomplished and masterful musicians of his time. He was born in Germany, but has lived in this country since he was nine years old. Though his musical education in large part was obtained abroad, he is a thoroughly American young man. It was his father, Dr. Damrosch, whose genius and labor first inspired the success of German opera in America. The son has inherited much of his father's genius, and was, after his father's death, appointed assistant musical director of the Metropolitan German Opera Company, of New York. Mr. Damrosch is a hard worker, and devoted to his profession. His career has been exceptionally brilliant and successful. His musical taste and talent manifested themselves at an early age and gave rise to flattering prophecies for his future. When a mere child he was able to extemporize on the piano-forte in a way which drew forth the admiration of his elders. But his talent for drawing was, as a boy, almost equally great, and for a time there was some doubt whether he should study music or painting. The leaning toward his father's profession, however, eventually proved itself the stronger, and under Dr. Damrosch's guidance he made rapid progress in his studies.

Soon after the founding of the New York Oratorio Society in 1873, by Dr. Damrosch, his son became accompanist at his rehearsals, giving excellent satisfaction. So marked was his skill, in fact, that when Wilhelmj, the great violinist, visited this country in 1877, young Damrosch, although but fifteen years old, was chosen to accompany him. Mr. Damrosch had his first experience as a conductor in 1881, during the Musical Festival given in the Seventh Regiment Armory. The death of his father in 1885 left the German Opera at the Metropolitan Opera House without a director, and the Symphony Society's orchestra and the chorus of the Oratorio Society without a conductor. But it was not long before a choice was made. Walter Damrosch had already conducted performances of the German Opera Company during the illness of his father, and, owing to his skill and talent, was elected his successor. The Oratorio Society and the Symphony Society made him musical director of the one and leader of the other. During his connection with the societies excellent and lasting work has been done by both. In May, 1890, Mr. Damrosch was married to Miss Margaret Blaine, a daughter of the Hon. James G. Blaine.



Walter Damrosch.



WAGNER.

It is impossible within the brief limits of this sketch to give more than the barest outline of Richard Wagner's career. He was born at Leipsic on May 22d, 1813. In childhood he began to write poetry, and then Weber's immortal music inspired him with zeal to become himself a musician. In 1833 he wrote an opera called "The Fairies," and in 1834 another, "The Novice of Palermo." For a few years he drifted about Germany, from place to place, as an orchestral conductor. At Riga he read Bulwer's novels and wrote his opera, "Rienzi." With that he went to Paris, and the work was rejected at the Grand Opera. But while half-starving there he wrote "The Flying Dutchman." In this last-named work he first displayed his characteristic genius, and put forth "the music of the future." He placed himself in opposition to the musical tastes of the day, and thenceforth for years he was in constant conflict, trying to impress his peculiar notions upon the musical world. He wrote the operas of "Tannhaeuser," "Lohengrin," and "Tristan and Isolde," and afterward four connected works based on the Nibelungen Lied, although in their plots departing widely therefrom. "The Master Singer" was another of his operas. The crazy King Louis II of Bavaria became his patron and lavished a fortune upon him, and a splendid opera-house was built for him at Bayreuth. His final work was "Parsifal," a sort of religious opera. He died in February, 1883, having seen the triumph of his theory of music, and having seen his operas placed in the very foremost rank of such compositions in all the world. His place is among the greatest composers of orchestral music that the world has ever seen.

ONCE MORE WE MEET.

MARY MARK LEMON.

Andante espressivo.

MILTON WELLING.

a tempo.

Once more we meet be - side the sil - ver riv - er, Not as we part - ed

in the by-gone days, When storms of fate had torn our bonds a - sun - der,

And clouds obscured the golden love dawn's rays. Once more we meet and cancel old regrets,

accel.

f

Ped. * Ped.

riten.

tempo.

Once more we meet and hand clasps hand again, Nev - er to ask if

cres.

rit.

mf

Ped.

p.

one of us for-gets, Nev - er to think of by-gone hours of pain;



accel.

Nev - er to ask if one of us for-gets, Nev - er to think, nev - er to think,

f tempo.

accel.

riten.

Nev - er to think of by-gone hours of pain.

riten.

tempo.

Tempo Ima.

Once more we meet, when sun-set gilds the heav'ns, Meet as we part-ed,

loy-al, brave and true : On-ly the hand of time has touched us gently,

terramente. Changing, perchance, our hair to whiter hue. Once more we meet, the lonely hours are o'er,

Once more we meet and own the past was best. Nev-er to part, O

*rit.**Ped.**f tempo.*

dar-ling, nev - er more, Un - til the an - gels call us home to rest,

Nev - er to part, O darling,never more, Nev - er to part, O darling,never more,

tempo.

Un - til the an-gels call us home to rest, Un - til the an-gels call us home to

f

colla voce.

rest, to rest, to rest.

rall.

p

pp

THE ROSE-BUSH.

W. CALDWELL.

Tempo di marcia.

FAUSTINA HASSE HODGE.

p

A child sleeps un - der a Rose - bush fair, The

m.a.

f p

p

Ped.

pp

bud swell out in the soft May air; Sweetly it rests and on dream-wings flies, To

pp

rit.

a tempo.

play with the an - gels in Par - a - dise: And the years glide by.

rit.

a tempo

Sweetly it rests and on dream-wings flies, To play with the angels in Par - a - dise, Tc

play with the an - gels in Par - a - dise, And the years glide by.

tempo 1mo.

A maiden stands by the rose-bush fair, The dew- y blossoms perfume the air, She

presses her hand to her throbbing breast, With love's first wonderful rap - ture blast,

* When sung by one voice, take the lower notes; when by two, the tenor takes the upper notes.

THE ROSE-BUSH.

a tempo.

And the years glide by. She presses her hand to her throbbing breast, With



Love's first wonderful rapture blest, With Love's first wonderful rapture blest.



And the years glide by. A mother kneels by the rose-bush fair,



Soft sigh the leaves in the evening air, Sorrowing thoughts of the past a - rise, And



tears of an - guish be - dim her eyes, And the years glide by.

Sorrowing thoughts of the past a - rise, And tears of anguish be-dim her eyes,

Tears of an - guish be- dim her eyes, And the years glide by.

Naked and lone stands the rose-bush fair Whirl'd are the leaves in the autumn air,

p lento.

Withered and dead they fall to the ground, And si - lent- ly cov - er a
 new made mound, And the years glide by. Withered and dead they
 fall to the ground, And si - lent- ly cov - er a new made mound, They
 si - lent- ly cov - er a new made mound, And the years glide by.

A FLOWER FROM MOTHER'S GRAVE.

HARRY KENNEDY.

On expression.

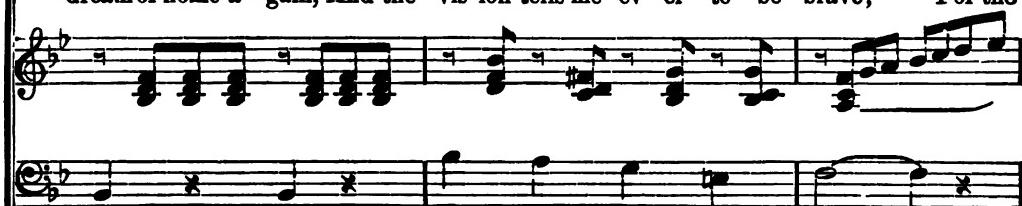
1. I've a cas - ket at home, that is fill'd with precious gems; I have pictures of friends dear to
 2. In the quiet country churchyard they laid her down to sleep; Close beside the old homeshe'sat

p

me, And I've trink - ets so rare, that came ma - ny years a - go, From my
 rest, And the low, sa-cred mound is enshrin'd with - in my heart, By the

far di-stant home a-cross the sea..... But there's onesweet lit-tle treas-ure that I'll
 sweet ties of love for-ev - er blest.... In the still and si - lent night, I oft - en

dim. *rall.*



CHORUS.
SOPRANO.



ALTO.



TENOR.



BASS.



ACCOMP.



Are the lov-ing words she gave, And my heart fond-ly cleaves To the

Are the lov-ing words she gave, And my heart fond-ly cleaves To the

Are the lov-ing words she gave, And my heart fond-ly cleaves To the

dry and withered leaves—'Tis a flow'r from my an-gel moth-er's grave.

dry and withered leaves—'Tis a flow'r from my an-gel moth-er's grave.

dry and withered leaves—'Tis a flow'r from my an-gel moth-er's grave.

dim. ritard.

dim. ritard.

dim. ritard.

COMRADES.

FELIX McGLENNON.



1. We from childhood play'd together, My dear comrade Jack and I; We would
 2. When just budding in - to man-hood, I yearn'd for a sol - dier's life; Night and
 3. I en - list - ed, Jack came with me, x And ups and downs we shared; For a



fight each oth - er's bat - tles, To each oth - er's aid we'd fly;
 day I dream'd of glo - ry, Long-ing for the bat - tle's strife!
 time our lives were peace-ful, But at length war was de - clared;





And in boy - ish scrapes and troubles, You would find us ev - 'ry - where;
I said : "Jack, I'll be a sol - dier, 'Neath the Red, the White and Blue!
Eng - land's flag had been in - sult-ed, We were or - der'd to the front,



Where one went the oth - er follow'd, Naught could part us, for we were:—
Good - bye, Jack!" said he: "No nev - er! If you go, then I'll go too!"
And the regi-ment we be-long'd to, Had to bear the bat - tie's brunt.



Chorus. Tempo di Valse.



Com - rades, com - rades ev - er since we were



boys; Sharing each oth - er's sor - rows, sharing each

oth - er's joys; Comrades when manhood was dawn - ing,

Faithful whate'er might be - tide; . . . When dan-ger threaten'd, my dar-ling old

com - rade was there by my side! side! D.S.

Agitato.

4 In the night the sav - age foe - men Crept a - round us as we

f

w, g-e

lay! To our arms we leap'd and faced them, Back to

back we stood at bay! As I fought, a sav - age

at me Aim'd his spear, like light - ning's dart, But my

com - rade sprang to save me, And re-ceiv'd it in his heart!

Chorus D.C.

Chorus D.C.

Moderato.

1. I've wander'd to the vil-lage, Tom, I've sat beneath the tree, Uf-
2. The grass is just as green, dear Tom, Bare foot - ed boys at play, Were



on the schoolhouse play-ing ground, that shelter'd you and me, But
sport-ing there as we did then, With spir-it s just as gay, But the



none where there to greet me, Tom, And few were left to know, That
mas - ter sleeps up - on the hill, Which coat - ed o'er with snow, Af-





3. The spring that bubbled 'neath the hill, close by the spreading beach,
Is very low, 'twas once so high, that we could almost reach;
And kneeling down to get a drink, dear Tom, I started so!
To find that I had changed so much, since twenty years ago.

4. Down by the spring, upon an elm, you know I cut your name,
Your sweetheart's just beneath it, Tom, and you did mine the same,
Some heartless wretch has peeled the bark, 'twas dying sure, but slow,
Just as the one whose name was cut, died twenty years ago.

5. My lids have long been dry, dear Tom, but tears came to my eyes,
I thought of those we loved so well, those early broken ties;
I visited the old church-yard, and took some flowers to strew
Upon the graves of those we loved, some twenty years ago.

6. Some are in the church-yard laid, some sleep beneath the sea;
But few are left of our old class, excepting you and me;
And when our time shall come, dear Tom, and we are called to go,
I hope they'll lay us where we played, just twenty years ago.

SILOAM.

WOODBURY. By per.

The musical notation consists of two staves. The top staff is in G major and the bottom staff is in C major. The lyrics are written below the notes:

1. By cool Si - lo - am's sha - dy rill, How fair the li - ly grew!
2. By cool Si - lo - am's sha - dy rill, The li - ly must de - cay;

The musical notation consists of two staves. The top staff is in G major and the bottom staff is in C major. The lyrics are written below the notes:

How sweet the breath, be - neath the hill, Of Sha - ron's dew - y rosel
The rose, that blooms be - neath the hill, Must short - ly fade a - way.

THE OLD SEXTON.

BENJAMIN.

RUSSELL.

1. Nigh to a grave that was new - ly made Lean'd a sex - ton old on his
 2. I gath - er them in, for man and boy, Year af - ter year of
 3. I gath - er them in, and their fi - nal rest Is here, down here in the

Staccato. *colla voce.*

earth worn spade; His work was done and he paused to wait, The
 grief and joy; I've build - ed the houses that lie a - round In
 earth's dark breast; And the sex-ton ceas'd for the fun - 'ral train Wound

fun' - ral train through the o - pen gate; A rel - ic of by - gone
 ev - 'ry nook of this bu - rial ground; Mother and daugh - ter,
 mute - ly o'er that sol - emn plain; And I said to my heart,

days was he, And his locks were white as the foam - y sea; And
 father and son, Come to my sol - i-tude, one by one; But
 when time is told, A mightier voice than that sex - ton's old; Will

these words came from the lips so thin: I gather them in,
come they stran - gers or come they kin, I gather them in, I
sound o'er the last trump's dreadful din, I gather them in, I

gather them in, gather, gather,
Exa.....

gather, I gather them in.

Exa.....

21

LISTEN TO THE MOCKING BIRD.

ALICE HAWTHORNE.

Moderato.

1. I'm dream-ing now of Hal - ly, . . . sweet Hal - ly, . . . sweet Hal - ly, . . . I'm
 2. Ah! well I yet re - mem-ber, . . . re - mem-ber, . . . re - mem-ber, . . . Ah!
 3. When the charms of spring a - wa-ken, . . . a - wa-ken, . . . a - wa-ken, When the

dream - ing now of Hal - ly, . . . For the tho't of her is one that nev - er
 well I yet re - mem - ber . . . When we gath-ered in the cot - ton side by
 charms of spring a - wa - ken, . . . And the mock-ing bird is sing - ing on the

dies; She's sleep - ing in the val - ley, . . . the val - ley, . . . the val - ley, . . . She's
 side; 'Twas in the mild Sep - tem - ber, . . . Sep - tem - ber, . . . Sep - tem - ber, . . . 'Twas
 bough, I feel like one for - sa-ken, . . . for - sa - ken, . . . for - sa - ken, . . . I

Sleep - ing in the val - ley, . . . And the mocking bird is singing where she lies. . . .
in the mild Sep - tem-ber, . . . And the mocking bird is sing-ing far and wide. . . .
feel like one for - sa - ken, . . . Since my Hal-ly is no long-er with me now. . . .

CHORUS.

Listen to the mocking bird, Listen to the mocking bird, The mocking bird still singing o'er her
grave; Listen to the mocking bird, Listen to the mocking bird, Still singing where the weeping willows wave.

Lis - ten to the mock - ing bird, Lis - ten to the mock - ing bird, The

Lis - ten to the mock - ing bird, Lis - ten to the mock - ing bird, The

8va.

xtr *xtr* *xtr* *xtr*

mock-ing bird still sing-ing o'er her grave; Listen to the mocking bird, Lis-ten to the

mock-ing bird still sing-ing o'er her grave; Listen to the mocking bird, Lis-ten to the

mock-ing bird, Still sing - ing where the weep - ing wil - lows wave.

mock-ing bird, Still sing - ing where the weep - ing wil - lows wave.

HIGHLAND MARY.

BURNS.

Lento.

ANON.

1. Ye banks and braes, and streams around The castle o' Mont-gom-e-ry, Green
 2. How sweetly bloom'd the gay green birk How rich the hawthorn's blossom, As
 3. Wi' mony a vow and locked embrace Our parting was fu' ten-der; And
 4. O pale, pale now those ro-sy lips I aft hae kissed so fond-ly; And

be your woods and fair your flow'rs, Your waters nev-er drum - lie! There
 un-der-neath their fragrant shade I clasp'd her to my bos - om! The
 pledging aft to meet a - gain, We tore ourselves a - sun - der: But,
 closed for aye the sparkling glance That dwelton me sae kind - ly; And

sim-mer first un-faulds her robes, And there they lang-est tar - ry, For
 gold-en hours, on an - gel wings, Flew o'er me and my dear - ie; For
 oh! fell death'sun - time-ly frost That nipt my flower sae ear - ly! Now
 mouldering now in si - lent dust That heart that lo'd me dear - ly! But

there I took the last fare-well O' my sweet Highland Ma - ry.
 dear to me as light and life Was my sweet Highland Ma - ry.
 green's the sod, and cauld's the clay That wraps my Highland Ma - ry.
 still with - in my bos - om's core Shall live my Highland Ma - ry.

BONNIE DOON.

BURNS.

Andante.

MILLER.



1. Ye banks and braes o' bonnie Doon, How can ye bloom sae fresh and fair! How
2. Oft hae I rov'd by bonnie Doon, To see the rose and woodbine twine; When



can ye chaunt, ye lit - tle birds, And I sae wea - ry, fu' of care! Thou'l
il - ka bird sang o' its love, And fond - ly sae did I o' mine. Wi'



break my heart, thou warbling bird, That wantons thro' the flow'ry thorn, Thou
lightsome heart I pu'd a rose, Fu' sweet up-on its thorn - y tree; But



mindst me o' de - part - ed joys, De - part-ed nev - er to re - turn.
my fause lov - er stole my rose, And, ah! he left the thorn wi' me.



JOHN ANDERSON, MY JO.

Slow and with feeling.

1. John An-der-son, my
 2. John An-der-son, my
 3. John An-der-son, my
 4. John An-der-son, my

Jo, John, when Nature first be - gan To try her can-ny hand, John, her
 Jo, John, ye were my first con - ceit; I think nae shame to own, John, I
 Jo, John, when we were first ac-quaint, Your locks were like the ra - ven, your
 Jo, John, we clamb the hill thegither, And mony a can - ty day, John, we've

ad libitum.

mas - ter work was man, And you amang them a' John, so trig from top to
 lo'ed ye ear and late. They say ye're turn-ing auld, John, and what tho' it be
 bon - ny brow was brent; But now your brow is bald, John, your locks are like the
 had wi' ane a - nither; Now we maun tot - ter down, John, but hand in hand we'll

toe, She prov'd to be nae journey-work, John Anderson, my Jo.
 so? Ye're ay the same kind man to me, John Anderson, my Jo.
 snow, Yet blessings on your frosty pow, John Anderson, my Jo.
 go, And sleep thegither at the foot, John Anderson, my Jo.

WHERE ARE THE OLD FOLKS?

CROSBY.

SWENBY. By pm
rit.

1. Take me back, take me back, where the sweet Magnolia trees Wave their white snowy
2. Take me back to the banks of a riv-er far a-way, Where I played on my
3. Take me back, take me back, let me see my mother's face, Though the frost and the
4. Take me back, take me back to my sun-ny southern home, To its fields and its



blossoms on the mer-ry laughing breeze, To the once hap-py home where I
ban-jo and I sang the live-long-day, To my own na-tive home by the
wrinkles on her brow have left their trace, How her dear eyes would blink with the
meadows where my mem'ry loves to roam, Though the dear ones are gone yet be -



nev-er knew a care; Take me back. Oh, I won-der, if the old folks are there.
orange grove so fair, Take me back. Oh, I won-der, if the old folks are there.
smile they used to wear Could she know how I won-der, if the old folks are there.
yond the reach of care, I will look nev-er doubting that the old folks are there.





Sad is my heart and the tears are fall-ing fast, Tell me, O tell me, ye



echoes of the past, Where are the old folks that used to love me so?



Sleeping, are they sleep-ing with the days of long a - go?

ad lib.



ad lib.



THE HEART BOW'D DOWN.

Larghetto Cantabile

BALFE



The heart, bow'd down by weight of woe,
The mind, will, in its worst despair,
To weakest hopes will still pon - der o'er the

cling; To thought and im - pulse while they flow, That
past, On mo - ments of de - light, that were Too

rallent.

can no com - - fort bring, that can, That can no com - fort
beau - ti - ful . . . to last, that were Too beautiful, too beautiful to

bring. With those ex - cit - ing scenes will blend, O'er
last. To long de - part - ed years extend Its

p

pleas - ure's path - - way thrown; But mem' - ry is the
vis - ions with them flown, For mem' - ry is the

p

on - ly friend That grief can call its own, That

grief can call its own, . . . That grief can call its own,

f

WHEN YE GANG AWA, JAMIE.

DEMAR.

JENIE. 1. When ye gang a - wa, Ja-mie Far a-cross the sea, lad-die,
2. I'll send ye a braw new gown, Jeanie, The brawest in the town, las-sie, And
JAMIE.

When ye gang to Ger - ma - nie, What will ye send to me, lad - die
it shall be o' silk and gowd, Wi' Valen - cien - nes set round, las - sie.

JENIE. 3. That's nae gift a - va, Ja-mie, Silk and gowd and a', laddie, There's
4. When I come back a - gain, Jeanie, Frae a for - eign land, las - sie, I'll
JAMIE.

ne'er a gown in a' the land I'd like, when ye're a - wa, laddie.
bring wi' me a Gal - lant gay, To be your ain gude - man, las - sie.

JEANIE. 5. Be my gudeman your-sel, Ja-mie, Mar - ry me your - sel lad-die, And
6. I dinna ken how that waddo, Jeanie, I din-nasee how that can be, las-sie, For
JAMIE.

tak' me ower to Ger - ma - nie, Wi' you at hame to dwell, lad-die.
I've a wife and bair - nies three, And I din-na know how ye'd a-gree, las-sie.

legg.

JEANIE. 7.
Ye shou'd haeselt me that in time, Jamie,
Ye shou'd haeselt me that lang syne, laddie,
For had I kent o' your fause heart,
You ne'er had gotten mine laddie.

9.
Gae back to your wife and hame, Jamie,
Gae back to your bairnies three, laddie;
And I will pray they ne'er may thole
A broken heart like me, laddie.

11.
"Think weel for fear ye rue, Jamie,
Ye'll no get ane mair true, laddie,
But I have neither gowd nor lands,
To be a match for you, laddie.

JAMIE. 8.
Your een were like a spell, Jeanie,
Mair sweet than I could tell, lassie,
That ilka day bewitch'd me sae,
I could na help mysel, lassie.

10.
Dry that tearfu ee, Jeanie,
Grieve na mair for me, lassie,
I've neither wife, nor bairnies three,
And I'll wed nane but thee, lassie.

12.
Blair in Athol's mine, Jeanie,
Fair Dunkeld is mine, lassie, [tow'r]
Saint Johnstoun's bow'r and Hunting
And a' that's mine is thine, lassie.

ROUND FOR FOUR VOICES.

1. *Ben marcato.*

Hark! the lit - tle birds are sing - ing on the boughs, Their sweet song,

2.

MARSHALL.

3.

4.

And the mer - ry bells are ring - ing, Dong,ding,dong, Dong,ding,dong.

THE LOST CHORD.

ADELAIDE A. PROCTOR.

Andante moderato.

ARTHUR SULLIVAN.

Musical score for the first system of 'The Lost Chord'. The key signature is G major (one sharp). The time signature is common time (indicated by 'C'). The vocal line starts with a rest followed by eighth notes. Dynamics include 'cres.' (crescendo), 'f' (fortissimo), and 'dim.' (diminuendo). Pedal points are marked with 'Ped.' and asterisks (*). The vocal line ends with a melodic line consisting of eighth and sixteenth notes.

Musical score for the second system of 'The Lost Chord'. The vocal line begins with a melodic line of eighth and sixteenth notes. The lyrics are: "Seat-ed one day at the or-gan, I was wea-ry and ill at". The piano accompaniment features sustained notes and chords. Pedal points are marked with 'Ped.' and asterisks (*).

Musical score for the third system of 'The Lost Chord'. The vocal line continues with a melodic line of eighth and sixteenth notes. The lyrics are: "ease, And my fingers wander'd i - dly O - ver the noi - sy keys; I know not what I was". The piano accompaniment consists of chords and sustained notes. Pedal points are marked with 'Ped.' and asterisks (*).

Musical score for the fourth system of 'The Lost Chord'. The vocal line begins with a melodic line of eighth and sixteenth notes. The lyrics are: "play-ing, Or what I was dreaming then, But I struck one chord of mu - sic, Like the". The piano accompaniment features chords and sustained notes. Dynamics include 'cres.' (crescendo), 'dim.' (diminuendo), and 'p' (pianissimo). Pedal points are marked with 'Ped.' and asterisks (*).

poco rall.
dim.

sound of a great Amen, Like the sound of a great A-men.

It flood-ed the crimson twi-light, Like the close of an An-gel's

Psalm, And it lay on my fev-er'd spir-it, With a touch of in-fi-nite calm, It

qui-et-ed pain and sor-row, Like love o-vercom-ing strife, It seem'd the har-mo-nious

When accompanied by the Harmonium, the Piano-forte is silent from this mark * to the corresponding one on the next page.

tranquillo sempre.

ech - o From our dis-cord-ant life, It link'd all per-plex-ed meanings In - to
p tranquillo.

poco a poco piu animato.

one per-fect peace, And trembled a-way in - to si-lence, As if it were loth to
cres. animato.
Ped. *

f agitato.

cease; I have sought but I seek it vain-ly, That one lost chord di -
f agitato. *f*
Ped. *

vine, Which came from the soul of the Or - gan, And en-ter'd in - to
Ped. *

mine.

It may be that Death's bright Angel, Will speak in that chord a-

cresc. molto. rillard. f ff

*Ped. * Ped. * Ped. **

gain; It may be that on - ly in Heav'n I shall hear that great A-men. It

sempre. ff

*Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. **

may be that Death's bright Angel, Will speak in that chord a-gain, It may be that on - ly in

ff rillard.

ff rillard.

ff rillard.

ff rillard.

con gran forza.

Heav'n, I shall hear that grand A - men.

*colla voce con gran forza.**a tempo.**rall.*

*Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. **

WHY DO SUMMER ROSES FADE.

CARPENTER.

BARKER.

1. Why do summer ros-es fade,
2. Then while summer ros-es last,
3. But though summer ros-es die,

If not to show how fleet-ing,
Oh! let's be friends to - geth - er;
And love gives way to rea - son,

All things bright and fair are made,
Sum-mer time will soon be past,
Friendship pass without a sigh,

To bloom a-while as half a-fraid,
When autumn leaves around us cast,
And all on earth pass coldly by,

To
'Tis

cres.

join our summer greeting? Or do they on - ly bloom to tell How brief a sea-son
then comes wintry weather. Surely as the summer's day, Friendship,too,will
but a win-try sea-son, And friendship, love, and ros-es too, The springtime shall a-

p

love may dwell, Or do they on - ly bloom to tell How brief a sea-son love may dwell?
pass a-way, Sure - ly as the summer's day, Friendship,too,will pass a-way.
gain renéw, And friendship, love, and ros- es too, The springtime shall again renew.

KATHLEEN MAVOURNEEN.

359

CROUCH.



1. Kath - leen Mavour - neen, the grey dawn is
2. Kath - leen Mavour - neen, a-wake from thy

Andante e penseroso.

break-ing, The horn of the hunt-er is heard on the hill; The
slum-bers; The blue mountains glow in the sun's gol-den light; Ah!

*Small notes to be sung to the 2nd verse.*

lark from her light wing the bright dew is shak - ing; Kath-leen Ma -
where is the spell that once hung on my numbers? A - rise in thy



vour-neen, what! slum - b'ring still? Kath - leen Ma-vour-neen, what!
beau-ty, thou star of my night; A - rise in thy beau-ty, thou

*Sforzando.**cres.*

con amore affete.

slum - b'ring still! Or hast thou for-got-ten how soon we must
star of my night. Ma-vour - neen, Mavourneen, my sad tears are

mf *fs* *mf*

sev - er? Oh! hast thou for - got - ten this day we must
fall-ing, To think that from E - rin and thee I must

semprē legato.

part? It may be for years, and it may be for ever; Then
part! It may be for years, and it may be for ever; Then

mf *semplice. mf*

why art thou si - lent, thou voice of my heart? It may be for
why art thou si - lent, thou voice of my heart? It may be for

mf

years, and it may be for - ever, Then why art thou si - lent,
rallent.

Kath-leen Ma - vourneen.
diminuendo e piano.

IN THE QUIET GRAVE.

MONSELL.

W. F. S. BYPER.

1. Lay the pre-cious bo - dy In the qui - et grave; 'Tis the Lord hath
2. Farewell, blessed bo - dy, Till the morn a - rise; Wel-come, hap - py
3. Here the cas - ket li - eth, Wait-ing for re - pair; There doth Christ the

ta - ken, 'Twas the Lord who gave; Till the re - sur - rec - tion
spir - it, In - to Par - a - dise; No more work or weep - ing,
jew - el In His bo - som wear. Wait a lit - tle sea - son,

Lay the treasure by; It will then a-wak - en, And as-cend on high.
Gone for-ev - er home; In Christ's ho-ly keep - ing Rest un-til He come.
And in Him shall be Both a-gain u - nit - ed, In e - ter - ni - ty!

JAMIE'S ON THE STORMY SEA.

COVERT.

1. Ere the twi-light bat was flitting, In the sun-set, at her knitting,
 2. Cur - few bells, re-mote - ly ringing, Min - gled with that sweet voice singing,
 3. How could I but list, but linger, To the song, and near the sing-er,

Sang a lone - ly maid - en, sit-ting Un - der - neath her thresh - old tree;
 And the last red ray seemed clinging Lin - ger ing - ly to tower and tree.
 Sweet - ly woo - ing heaven to bring her Ja - mie from the storm - y sea;

And, ere day - light died be - fore us, And the ves - per stars shone o'er us,
 Near - er as I came, and near - er, Fi - ner rose the notes, and clearer;
 And while yet her lips did name me, Forth I sprang—my heart o'ercame me—

Fit - ful rose her ten - der cho-rus—"Ja - mie's on the storm - y sea!"
 Oh ! 'twas heaven it -self to hear her—"Ja - mic's on the storm - y sea!"
 "Grieve no more,sweet, I am Ja - mie, Home re - turned to love and thee!"

THE OLD STONE MILL.

WILL. M. S. BROWN.

Larghetto.

1 I look thro' the mist of the gath - er'd years To the Mill which my childhood
2 'Tis ma - ny long years since last I saw The great, black wheel go

knew, In the whirr of whose ceaseless hum and roar My
round, And its drip- ping floats slow rise and fall With their

crea.

Music score for 'The Old Stone Mill' featuring three staves of musical notation. The lyrics are integrated into the music, appearing below the notes. The score includes dynamic markings like 'rit.' and 'D.C.' (Da Capo).

lyrics:

youth in - to manhood grew; The eaves are rot - ted and
dull and splashing sound; Yet the stream to - day still

dropping down, And the moss grows o - ver the door, . . . And its
runs a - way, And it brings no good nor ill, . . . For its

drowsy song has been si - lent long, For the grist that will come no more.
tides may ebb, or its tides may flow, It matters not much to the Mill.

3 'Twas there I wrought in honest toil
Above the bubbling water,
'Twas there I strove with falt'ring heart,
And won the miller's daughter;
We laid her to-day by the side of the Mill,
'Tis where she wished to be;
And the years may come and the years may go,
But she'll come no more to me.

4 The Mill and I are wrecks of time,
Fast falling to decay,
Its crumbling stones are green with mould,
And I am bent and gray;
We've served the world for many years,
How well, it knoweth best,
And soon the Mill will totter down,
And I be laid to rest.

I CANNOT SING THE OLD SONGS.

CLARINET.

Slowly.

1. I can-not sing the old songs I
 2. I cannot sing the old songs; Their
 3. I can-not sing the old songs, For

mp

sung long years ago, For heart and voice would fail me, And foolish tears would flow; For charm is sad and deep; Their melodies would waken Old sorrows from their sleep; And visions come a-gain Of golden dreams de-part-ed, And years of weary pain; Per-

by-gone hours come o'er my heart With each familiar strain; I cannot sing the old songs, Or tho' all un-for-gotten still, And sadly sweet they be, I cannot sing the old songs; They haps when earthly fetters Have set my spir-it free, My voice may know the old songs For

dream those dreams again; I can-not sing the old songs, Or dream those dreams again, are too dear to me; I can-not sing the old songs; They are too dear to me... all e-ter-ni-ty; My voice may know the old songs For all e-ter-ni-ty.

IN THE GLOAMING.

META ORRED.

Andante.

ANNIE FORTESCUE HARRISON.



1. In the gloam-ing, oh, my dar-ling,
2. In the gloam-ing, oh, my dar-ling,

Piano accompaniment in 2/4 time, treble clef, key of C major. Dynamics: *p*.

when the lights are dim and low; And the qui - et
think not bit - ter - ly of me! Though I pass'd a -

Piano accompaniment in 2/4 time, treble clef, key of C major.

shad - ows fall - ing, soft - ly come, and soft - ly go;
way - in si - lence, left you lone - ly, set you free,

Piano accompaniment in 2/4 time, treble clef, key of C major.

Agitato.

When the winds are sob - bing faint - ly, with a gen - tle
 For my heart was crush'd with long - ing, what had been could

con anima.

un - known woe, Will you think of me, and love me,
 nev - er be. It was best to leave you thus, dear,

1 2 *rall.*

as you did once long a - go?
 best for you and beat for (*Omit.....*) me; It was

*crea.**crea.**colla voce.*

best to leave you thus;..... Best for you and best for me....

SLEEPING.

H. ASHLAND KEAN.

HARRISON MILLARD.

Larghetto con espressione.

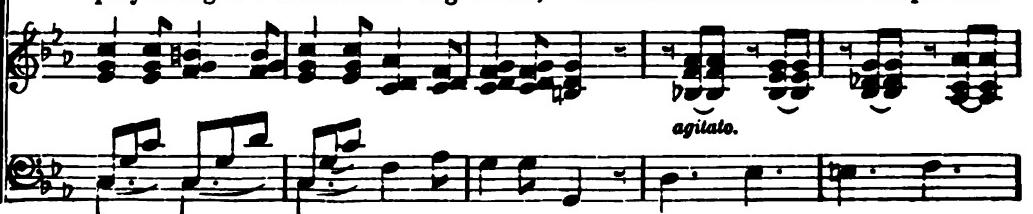
1. Down where the waves with gen - tle moan, Just kiss the yel-low sands,... Lies
 2. Her soul was whit - er than the spray, That beats across her breast,... The



one, in qui - et, dreamless sleep, With peaceful folded hands. No wail of winds, or
 sweet-ness of her lov-ing heart No tongue hath e'er confess'd; The ten-der works of



moan of waves That sleep shall ev-er break, No wild ca-ress of sobbing waves Can
 pit-y wrought With never tir - ing hands, Have bro't her sweet reward of peace In



force her to a - wake! Can force her to a - wake! Who would not o - pen
far off, heav'nly lands, In far off, heav'nly lands! And left me but this

colla voce.

1st ending.

clo - sed lids, For ev - en love's sweetsake— While sleep - ing there, while
lit - tie grave Up-on the gold-en

D.S.

sleep - ing there!

D.S.

poco rall.

2d ending. Tranquillo.

sands, Where sleeps she yet! where sleeps she yet!

mf *p* *pp*

THE SONGS MY DARLING SANG.

FLORENCE L. CARTER.
Tranquillo.

HARRISON MILLARD.

The musical score consists of two staves of music. The top staff is in G major, common time, and the bottom staff is in C major, common time. The music includes various note values such as eighth and sixteenth notes, rests, and dynamic markings like *mf*. The lyrics are integrated into the music, appearing below the notes. The first section of lyrics is:

1 The wild rain is steady fall - ing,.... And the
 2 And tell me, my song - bird, my bless - ing,.... Have you
 3 That heart is but wait - ing, my own one,.... To

The second section of lyrics is:

des - o - late day . . . is done; . . . I am
 found thro' the shad - ow and shine, . . . A
 pil - low thy dear head a - gain! . . . And

The third section of lyrics is:

think - ing to - night of my dar - - - ling, Who
 hand that gave fond - er ca - - ress - - - ing, Or
 if it grows si - lent in wait - - - ing, Then

sang in the years that are gone. O
 kiss - es more lov - ing than mine? Or the
 good - bye to sor - row and pain; I

years! have you left her as joy - ous, Her
 heart that was ten - der - er, tru - er Than the
 know in the gold - en here - aft - er, Thy

dear voice as ring - ing and free As of
 one that was beat - ing for thee, When you
 songs e - ven sweet - er will be, Than they

old, when she sang in the twi - light, With her
 sang to me, dar - ling, at twi - light, With your
 were when you sang in the twi - light, With your

head bend - ing low on my knee, . . . As of
 head bend - ing low on my knee, . . . When you
 head bend - ing low on my knee, . . . Than they

old when she sang in the twi - light, . . . With her
 sang to me, dar - ling, at twi - light, . . . With your
 were when you sang in the twi - light, . . . With your

head bend - ing low on my knee? . . .
 head bend - ing low on my knee? . . .
 head bend - ing low on my knee! . . .

("Home, Sweet Home.")

tranquillo.

SAY "AU REVOIR," BUT NOT "GOOD-BYE."

HARRY KENNEDY.

1. Say "au re - voir," but not "good-
2. The wa - ters glide, the oars lie

bye,"..... For part-ing brings..... a bit-ter sigh; The past is
still,..... A rip-pling laugh,..... a word at will Where an-gels

gone,.....though mem'ry gives One clinging thought the fu-ture
fear,..... fools dare to tread, Shall live for years,.....though past is

lives; Our du -ty first,..... love must not lead,..... What might have
dead. This one good - bye must be our last,..... The word is

been,..... had fate de - creed; 'Twere bet-ter far..... had we not
spoke,..... the die is cast; But still my heart.....throbs wild with

accd

met,..... I loved you then,..... I love you yet.....
 pain,..... And tho' we ne'er..... shall meet a - gain,.....
 - ran - - do. ril . . .

Say "au re - voir,"..... but not "good - bye,"..... Though past is

dead,..... love can not die, Twere bet-ter far..... had we not

met..... I loved you then, I love you yet.....
 ril . . . f D.S. ♫

MAUD MORGAN.

In no art, probably, does the principle of heredity assert itself more potently than in music. In writing biographies of singers, instrumentalists, or composers, one almost involuntarily begins by saying that their parents also were noted musicians. Often the child follows the exact line pursued by the parent; sometimes, however, the hereditary talent for music is turned into a different, though parallel, channel. The parent is a singer, the child is a pianist; the parent is a conductor, the child a composer. In the present instance we have such an example; the parent being one of the most competent organists of the age, and the child being, or promising to become, equally eminent as a performer on that exquisite, but difficult and much-neglected instrument, the harp.

The name of George W. Morgan, the famous organist, is familiar all over the world. For many years he was well known in England, his native country, and for many years he has ranked among the foremost church organists and concert performers of America. His daughter, Maud, who has become famous as a performer on the harp, was born in New York city on November 22d, 1864. She studied music first under her father, who was a most competent instructor, and afterward with the well-known harpist, Alfred Toulmin. Her first public appearance was effected at the age of eleven years in a concert with no less an artist than Ole Bull. She scored an immediate and very great success, and ever since has been in great demand as a solo performer at concerts. Her technical mastery of the instrument is almost perfect, and her artistic feeling and expression are above criticism. In addition to her ability as a harpist, she is a charming singer, and at her concerts often renders songs and ballads to her own harp accompaniment.



Maud Morgan



EDOUARD REMENYI.

This popular violinist is of Hungarian origin, and his playing partakes of the romantic nature of the people of that country. He has had an extended and successful career in Europe and has spent several years in this country. At the close of a protracted tour in America in 1884, a leading musical critic remarked : " During Mr. Remenyi's sojourn in this country he has contributed a great deal to the pleasure of the lovers of a certain kind of violin-playing. His is so marked a personality that he could not conceal if he wanted to the fact that he does not pose as an interpreter of classical music, and he has not failed to see the advantage which lay in appearing just as nature designed him to be. By so doing he has imbued his work with a unique interest which has fascinated his harshest judges and frequently left them without a cause for complaint. He has figured as a violinist with a most astonishing mechanical equipment and with a daring and unique spirit; one given to the practice of trickeries as Ole Bull even in his best period was and yet one full of original fire and poetry. There is no denying the strong current of genuine musical culture, earnest feeling, and sound education which flows through his playing, but it whirls and eddies around the rock of his strong naturalism and becomes eccentric and bizarre."

OLD FOLKS AT HOME.*

FOSTER.
Moderato.

FOSTER. By per.

1. Way down up-on de Swa-nee rib-ber, Far, far a-way, Dere's wha my heart is
 2. All round de lit-tle farm I wander'd When I was young, Den ma-ny hap-py
 3. One lit-tle hut 'mong de bush-es, One dat I love, Still sad-ly to my

turn-ing eb-ber, Dere's wha de old folks stay. All up and down de whole cre-a-tion,
 days I squander'd, Ma-ny de songs I sung. When I was playing wid my brudder,
 mem'ry rush-es, No mat-ter where I roved. When will I see de bees a hum-ming

Sad-ly I roam, Still longing for the old plantation, And for de old folks at home.
 Hap-py was I, Oh! take me to my kind old mudder, Dere let me live and die.
 All round de comb ?When will I hear de banjo tumming, Down in my good old home ?

All de world am sad and drea-ry, Eb - ry where I roam,

These four first measures for introduction and interlude.



SAVIOUR, PILOT ME.

GOULD. By per.
Fine

1. Je - sus, Sa - viour, pi - lot me O - ver life's tem-pest-uous sea ;
D.S. Chart and com-pass came from Thee : Je - sus, Sa - viour, pi - lot me.
2. As a moth - er stills her child Thou canst hush the o - cean wild ;
D.S. Wondrous Sa - viour of the sea, Je - sus, Sa - viour, pi - lot me.
3. When at last I near the shore And the fear - ful break - ers roar
D.S. May I hear Thee say to me, "Fear not, I will pi - lot thee."

Unknown waves be-fore me roll, Hid-ing rock and treacherous shoal;
Boisterous waves o - bey Thy will When Thou sayest to them "Be still."
'Twixt me and the peace-ful rest, Then, while lean - ing on Thy breast,

THE BRIDGE.

LONGFELLOW.

Andante con espress.

LINDSAY.

I stood on the bridge at midnight, As the clocks were striking the hour, And the
 For my heart was hot and rest-less, And my life was full of care, And the

moon rose o'er the ci - ty, Be - hind the dark church tow'r; And
 bur- then laid up- on me, Seem'd greater than I could bear; But

like the wa - ters rush - ing, A-mong the wood - en
 now it has fall - en from me; It is bu - ried in the

piers, A flood of thoughts came o'er me, That
 sea; And on - ly the sor - row of others Throws its

The musical score consists of four systems of music, each with two staves: treble and bass. The key signature is F major (one sharp). The time signature varies between common time and 3/4 time.

System 1:

fill'd my eyes with tears,
sha - dow o - - ver me, Yet How oft - en, oh! how
when-ev - er I cross the

System 2:

oft - en, In the days that had gone by,
riv - er, On its bridge with wood - en piers, I had
Like the

System 3:

stood on that bridge at mid - night, And gazed on that wave and
o - dor of brine from the o - cean, Comes the thought of other

System 4:

sky; How of-ten, oh! how oft - - en, In the
years; And for-ever, and for - ev - - er, As

days that had gone by, I had stood on that bridge at
 long as the riv - er flows As long as the heart has

mid - - night, And gazed on that wave and sky ! How
 pas - - sions, As long as life has woes, The

oft - - en, oh ! how oft - en, I had
 moon and its bro - - ken re - flec - tion, And its

wished that, that ebb - ing tide, Would bear me a - way on its
 shadows shall ap - pear, As the sym - bol of love in

The musical score consists of four staves of music for voice and piano. The top two staves are for the voice, and the bottom two are for the piano. The music is in common time, with various key signatures (G major, E minor, C major, A minor) indicated by sharp or flat symbols. The vocal parts feature mostly eighth-note patterns, while the piano accompaniment provides harmonic support with sustained notes and chords.

bosom,
heaven, O'er the o - cean wild and wide.
And it's wa - vering image here.

DOWN AT THE CROSS.

SWENEY. By per.

1. Down at the Cross where the Saviour died, Down where for cleansing from sin I cried,
 2. I am so wondrously saved from sin, Je-sus so sweet-ly a-bides with-in,
 3. Oh, precious Fountain that saves from sin, I am so glad I have entered in!
 4. Come to this Fountain so rich and sweet, Cast thy poor soul at the Saviour's feet,

There to my heart was the blood applied, Glo-ry, glo-ry, glo-ry to His name.
 There at the Cross where He took me in, Glo-ry, glo-ry, glo-ry to His name.
 There Je-sus saves me and keeps me clean, Glo-ry, glo-ry, glo-ry to His name.
 Plunge in to-day and be made complete, Glo-ry, glo-ry, glo-ry to His name.

Down at the Cross, down at the Cross, Down at the Cross where the Saviour died,

Down at the Cross was the blood applied, Glo-ry glo-ry, glo-ry to His name.

CLARA LOUISE KELLOGG.

Clara Louise Kellogg is a native of New York, where she did much of her early work, and where many of her finest triumphs have been gained. Her voice is a high soprano, of great clearness and purity, and with close and fine quality. It is capable of rendering the tenderest inflections in the most effective manner. Her intonations are remarkably correct and her acting is a fine exponent of her singing. Her public work is all characterized by a fine intelligence and a marked ingenuousness that wins for her hosts of friends. Her best operatic part is that of *Margherita* in "Faust." Her conception of it is purely her own, but none better can be found.

Many interesting incidents from such a career as hers could be cited. We give one only. When Miss Kellogg and Madame Pauline Lucca were singing as rivals in St. Louis, the Germans rallied for Lucca and the Americans for Kellogg. On the night of Lucca's first appearance the Germans took up a subscription and presented her a bouquet of flowers costing \$35. On the following day the brokers on 'Change subscribed \$135 for a testimonial to Kellogg. It was a turret of rare roses nearly eight feet high, and was laid at her feet during one of her operatic performances, amid thunders of applause. But the thing did not rest here. The Germans became excited in their turn and resolved to outshine the Americans. They raised over \$200, and gave the fair songstress an exquisite laurel-wreath lined with pure gold. The house was crowded when the presentation was made, and Lucca was overwhelmed in boisterous plaudits. The Lucca party was in hopes that this would prove a settler. It only incited the friends of Kellogg to a fresh exertion. They turned out in force and gave her a magnificent gold medal and chain, costing nearly \$350. There were no further presentations at this time, but the offerings made to Kellogg's genius are innumerable.





CHRISTINE NILSSON.

Conspicuous among the great singers whom Sweden has given to the world, and second only to Jenny Lind herself, is Christine Nilsson. She was born, the daughter of a poor laborer, at Wedersloef, near Wexioe, Sweden, and early in life showed much taste for music, and much ability. She sang, and played the flute and violin ; and in her childhood earned much money for her parents by singing and playing at fairs and other places of public resort. It was while thus performing at a fair at Liungby, in June, 1857, that she attracted the attention of a wealthy gentleman, Mr. F. G. Tornerhielm. He put her in a school where her abilities were cultivated ; and in 1860 she made her appearance on the stage at Stockholm. Then she went to Paris, and sang for three years. In 1867, she was engaged at Her Majesty's Theatre in London, and in 1870 she visited America. Here her success was phenomenal. For one night's singing in Boston she received \$3,500, and her whole tour netted her some \$380,000. She has visited this country and sung in opera many times since. She was married in 1872 to M. Auguste Rouzaud, who died in 1882. In 1887 she was married again to Count A. de Miranda. After she had reached the zenith of her fame, in 1876, she visited her old home again, scattering benefactions among her kinspeople and former neighbors. In personal appearance she is described as having "a tall, well-proportioned figure, a noble and finely-chiseled countenance, in which two large, bright-blue eyes now touchingly glance, and now flash with passionate expression."

GOOD BYE, SWEETHEART, GOOD BYE.

HATTON.

Andante con moto.

The bright stars fade, the morn is break - ing, The dew drops pearl each

bud and leaf, And I from thee, my leave am tak - ing, With

bliss too brief, with bliss, with bliss too

dim. pp ad lib.

brief, How sinks my heart with fond a-larms, The

cres. *p dim.*
tear is hid-ing in mine eye For time doth thrust me from thine arms; Good

con moto.
bye, sweetheart, good bye! Good bye, sweetheart, good bye! For

cres. molto.
time doth thrust me from thine arms, Good bye, sweetheart, good
colla voce.

bye!

mf *cres.* *p*

The sun is up, the lark is soar-ing, Loud swells the song of

legato.

chan-ti-clear; The lev-ret bounds o'er earth's soft floor-ing,

Yet I am here, yet I am

ad lib. *dim.*

cres. *colla parte.*

here, For since night's gems from heav'n did fade, And

p

morn to flo - ral lips doth hie, I could not leave thee tho' I said, "Good

cres.

p

cres.

pp

bye, sweetheart, good bye! Good bye, sweetheart, good bye!" I

could not leave thee tho' I said, "Good bye, sweetheart, good bye!"

colla voce

HOME AGAIN.

QUARTET.

PIANO.

NOTE.—This can be used as a Duet by singing the two upper lines.

SOPRANO.



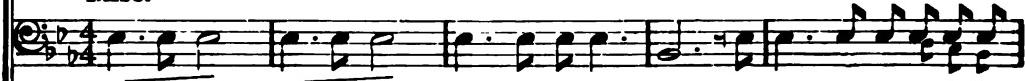
1. Home a-gain, Home a-gain, from a foreign shore, And oh, it fills my soul with
ALTO.



2. Happy hearts, Happy hearts, With mine have laugh'd in glee, But oh, the friends I loved in
TENOR.



3. Mu - sic sweet, mus - ic soft, Lingers round the place, And oh, I feel the childhood
BASS.



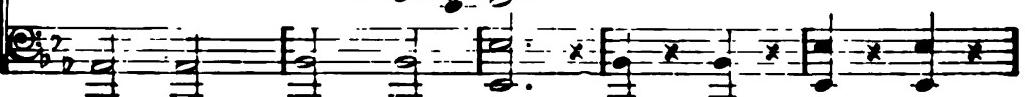
joy, To meet my friends once more; Here I dropp'd the parting tear, To



youth, Seem hap - pi - er to me; And if my guide should be the fate, Which



charm That time can-not ef-face; Then give me but my homestead roof, I'll



cross the o - cean's foam, But now I'm once a - gain with those Who
bids me lon - ger roam; But death a - lone can break the tie That
ask no pal - ace dome; For I can live a hap - py life With
kindly greet me home. Home a-gain, Home again, from a foreign
birds my heart to home. Home a-gain, Home again, from a foreign
those I love at home. Home a-gain, Home again, from a foreign

shore, And oh, it fills my soul with joy, To meet my friends once more.

shore, And oh, it fills my soul with joy, To meet my friends once more.

shore, And oh, it fills my soul with joy, To meet my friends once more.

WE SHALL KNOW.

HERBERT.

ANDERSON. By per.

1. When the mists have rolled in splen-dor From the beau-ty of the hills, And the
 2. If we are in hu-man blindness, And for-get that we are dust; If we
 3. When the mists have risen a-bove us, As our Fa-ther knows His own, Face to

sun-shine, warm and ten-der, Falls in kiss-es on the rills, We may
 miss the law of kind-ness, When we strug-gle to be just; Snow-y
 face with those that love us, We shall know as we are known; Love, be-

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THE KERRY DANCE.

J. L. MOLLOY.

Vivace.

1. Oh, the days of the Ker - ry danc - ing!
2. Was there ev - er a sweet - er col - leen

The music continues with two more measures, followed by a repeat sign with a basso continuo bracket below it.

Oh, the ring of the pi - per's tune! Oh, for one of those hours of glad - ness,
In the dance than Ei - ly More! Or a proud - er lad than Tha - dy

The music continues with two more measures, followed by a repeat sign with a basso continuo bracket below it.

Gone—a-las!—like our youth, too soon! When the boys began to gath - er in the glen of a
As he bold - ly took the floor! "Lads and lass-es to your pla - ces, up the mid - dle and

The music concludes with two measures.

sum - mer night, And the Ker - ry pi - per's tun - ing made us long with
down a - gain," Ah! the mer - ry heart-ed laugh-ter ring - ing through the



wild de-light: } Oh, to think of it, Oh, to dream of it, fills my heart with tears!
hap - py glen! }



Oh, the days of the Ker - ry danc - ing! Oh, the ring of the pi - per's tune!



Oh, for one of those hours of glad-ness, Gone a - las!—like our youth, too soon!

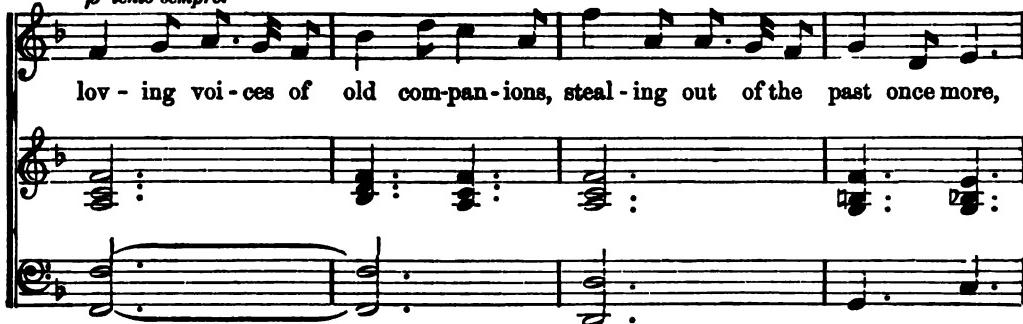




On - ly dream-ing of days gone by, in my heart I hear.



p lento semper.



lov - ing voi - ces of old com-pa-nions, steal - ing out of the past once more,



And the sound of the dear old mu - sic, Soft and sweet as in days of yore.



When the boys be - gan to gath - er in the glen of a sum - mer night,

The musical score consists of four staves of music, each with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat. The first staff begins with a common time signature, indicated by a 'C'. The second staff begins with a '2' followed by 'piu lento.' The third staff begins with a 'C'. The fourth staff begins with a '2'. The lyrics are integrated into the music, appearing below the notes. The first section of lyrics is: 'Time goes on, and the hap - py years are dead, And one by one the mer - ry hearts are'. The second section is: 'fled; Si - lent now, is the wild and lone - ly'. The third section is: 'glen, Where the bright glad laugh will ech - o ne'er a - gain,'.

sempre anima.

And the Ker - ry pi - per's tun - ing made us long with wild de-light:

r. 2.

Oh, to think of it, Oh, to dream of it fills my heart with tears!

più lento al fine.

Oh, the days of the Ker - ry dancing! Oh! the ring of the pi-per's tune! Oh, for one of those

hours of glad - ness, gone, a - las! like our youth, too soon! . . .

DUBLIN BAY.

CRAWFORD.

BARKER.

1. They sail'd a-way in a gal-lant bark, Roy Neal and his fair young bride; They had
2. Three days they sail'd when a storm arose, And the lightning swept the deep; When the

ven-tur'd all in that bounding ark, That danc'd on the sil - v'ry tide; Roy
thun-der crash broke the short repose Of the wea - ry sea-boy's sleep. Roy

Neal he clasp'd his weeping bride, And he kiss'd the tears a - way, And he
Neal he clasp'd his weeping bride, And he kiss'd the tears a - way, "O

watch'd the shore re-cede from sight Of his own sweet "Dub-lin Bay."
love, 'twas a fear- ful hour," he cried, "When we left sweet 'Dub-lin Bay.'"



KATE KEARNEY.

LADY MORGAN.

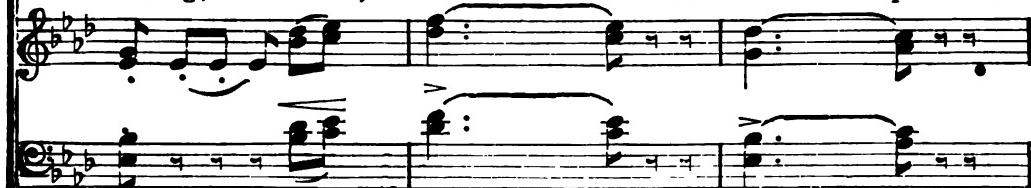
ALEXANDER LEE.

Allegretto.

1. Oh, did you not hear of Kate Kearney?... She lives on the banks of Killarney;
2. For that eye is so modestly beam-ing,... You ne'er think of mischief she's



- lar - ney; From the glance of her eye, Shun dan - ger and fly, For
dreaming; Yet, oh! I can tell How fa - tal the spell That



p

f

tr.

3.
Oh! should you e'er meet this Kate Kearney,
Who lives on the banks of Killarney,
Beware of her smile,
For many a wile
Lies hid in the smile of Kate Kearney.

4.
Tho' she looks so bewitchingly simple,
Yet there's mischief in every dimple;
And who dares inhale,
He sighs spicy gale,
Must die by the breath of Kate Kearney.

COMIN' THRO' THE RYE.

SCOTCH SONG.

1. Gin a bo-dy meet a bo-dy,
 2. Gin a bo-dy meet a bo-dy,
 3. A-mang the train there is a swain, I

Moderato.

comin' thro' the rye,
comin' frae the town,
dearly love my - sel,

Gin a bo - dy kiss a bo - dy,
Gin a bo - dy meet a bo - dy,
But what's his name or where's his hame I dinna choose to

cry?
frown?
tell.

Il - ka las - sie has her lad-die, nane they say ha'e
Il - ka las - sie has her lad-die, nane they say ha'e
Il - ka las - sie has her lad-die, nane they say ha'e

I, Yet a' the lads they smile at me when comin' thro' the rye.
I, Yet a' the lads they smile at me when comin' thro' the rye.
I, Yet a' the lads they smile at me when comin' thro' the rye.

KILLARNEY.

Moderato.

1. By Killarney's lakes and fells, Em'rald isles and
 2. In - nis-fal-len's ruined shrine May suggest a
 3. No place else can charm the eye With such bright and
 4. Mu-sic there for echo dwells, Makes each sound a

winding bays, Mountain paths and woodland dells, Mem'ry ever fondly strays;
 passing sigh; But man's faith can ne'er decline Such God's wonders floating by;
 varied tints; Ev'ry rock that you pass by, Verdure broiders or besprints;
 har-mo-ny; Many-voiced the chorus swells, Till it faints in ecs-ta-sy;

Bounteous nature loves all land, Beauty wanders everywhere, Footprints leaves on
 Cas - tle Lough and Glena bay, Mountains Tore and Eagles' nest, Still at Mucross
 Virgin there the green grass grows, Ev'ry morn springs na-tal day, Bright-hued berries
 With the charmful tints be-low, Seems the Heav'n above to vie; All rich col - ors

ma-ny strands, But her home is sure - ly there; Angels fold their wings and rest
 you must pray, Tho' the monks are now at rest. An - gels wonder not that man
 daff the snows, Smil-ing winter's frown a - way. An - gels oft-en paus-ing there,
 that we know, Tinge the cloud-wreaths in that sky. Wings of angels so might shine,

KILLARNEY.

cres.

In the E-den of the west, Beauty's home, Kil-lar - ney, Ev-er fair Kil-lar-ney.
 There would fain prolong life's span, Beauty's home, Killar - ney, Ev-er fair Kil-lar-ney.
 Doubt if E-den were more fair, Beauty's home, Kil-lar - ney, Ev-er fair Kil-lar-ney.
 Glancing back soft light divine, Beauty's home, Kil-lar - ney, Ev-er fair Kil-lar-ney.



CONSECRATION.

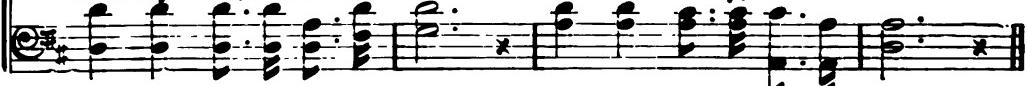
HAVERGAL.

KIRKPATRICK, By per.

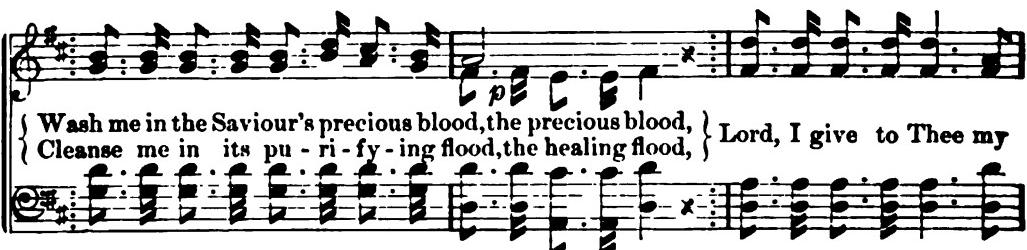
1. Take my life, and let it be Con - se - crat-ed, Lord, to Thee.
 2. Take my feet and let them be Swift and beau - ti-ful for Thee.
 3. Take my will and make it Thine; It shall be no lon - ger mine.
 4. Take my love—my Lord I pour At Thy feet its treas-ure - store!



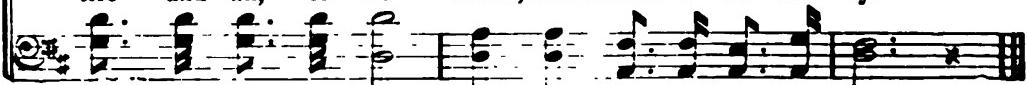
Take my hands and let them move At the im-pulse of Thy love.
 Take my voice, and let me sing Al - ways, on - ly for my King.
 Take my heart—it is Thine own; It shall be Thy roy - al throne.
 Take my - self, and I will be Ev - er, on - ly, all for Thee!



{ Wash me in the Saviour's precious blood, the precious blood, { Lord, I give to Thee my
 { Cleanse me in its pu - ri - fy - ing flood, the healing flood, }



life and all, to be Thine, hence-forth e - ter - nal - ly.



OFT IN THE STILLY NIGHT.

STEVENSON.

Affetuoso.

Oft in the stil-ly night, Ere
When I re-mem-ber all The

round me; The smiles, the tears, of childhood's years; The words of love then spoken, The weath-er; I feel like one who treads a-lone Some banquet hall de - sert - ed, Whose

al segno.

eyes that shone, now dimm'd and gone, The cheerful hearts now bro - ken! } Thus in the lights are fled, whose garlands dead, And all but he de - part - ed! }

stil-ly night, Ere slumber's chain has bound me, Sad mem'-ry brings the light Of
 other days a-round me.

A LITTLE WHILE.

BENJAMIN.

1. Oh, for the peace which flow-eth like a riv - er, Mak - ing life's
 2. A lit - tle while for pa-tient vi - gil - keep - ing, To face the
 3. And he who is him - self the Gift and Giv - er— The fut - ure

des - ert pla - ces bloom and smile! Oh, for the faith to grasp heav-en's
 storm, to bat - tle with the strong; A lit - tle while to sow the
 glo - ry and the pres - ent smile,—With the bright prom - ise of the

bright "for - ev - er," A - mid the sha - low of earth's "lit - tle while."
 seed with weep - ing, Then bind the sheaves and sing the har - vest home!
 glad for - ev - er Will light the shad - ows of the "lit - tle while."

SWEET AND LOW.

TENNYSON.

BARNBY.

Larghetto. pp
SOPRANO.

Sweet and low, sweet and low, Wind of the western sea, Low, low, breathe and blow,
 ALTO. *pp*

Sweet and low, sweet and low, Wind of the western sea, Low, low, breathe and blow,
 TENOR. *pp*

Sweet and low, sweet and low, Wind of the western sea, Low, low, breathe and blow,
 BASS. *pp*

Sweet and low, sweet and low, Wind of the western sea, Low, low, breathe and blow,

Wind of the western sea. O-ver the roll-ing wa-ters go, Come from the dy-ing sun
 Wind of the western sea. O - ver the wa-ters go, Come from the sun
 Wind of the western sea. O-ver the roll-ing wa-ters go, Come from the dy-ing sun
 Wind of the western sea. O-ver the roll-ing wa-ters go, Come from the

moon and blow, Blow him a - gain to me.... While my lit - tle one
 moon and blow, Blow him a - gain to me.... While my lit - tle one
 moon and blow, Blow him a - gain to me.... While my lit - tle one
 moon and blow, Blow him a - gain to me.... While my lit - tle one



THE ENCORE

A beautiful pose for the soloist.—Grace and ease of position always add to the effectiveness of all vocal rendering of music.



MUSICAL FRIENDS—STRIKING THE NOTE

Under the sil- ver moon. Sleep, my lit-tle one, sleep, my pretty one, sleep.

Under the sil- ver moon. Sleep, my lit-tle one, sleep, my pretty one, sleep.

Under the sil- ver moon. Sleep, my lit-tle one, sleep, my pretty one, sleep.

Under the sil- ver moon. Sleep, my lit-tle one, sleep, my pretty one, sleep.

CLING CLOSE TO THE ROCK.

TAYLOR.

MARSHALL. By per.

1. Cling close to the Rock, brother, dan-ger is near; Cling close to thy Saviour, and
 2. Cling close to the Rock, brother, closely to-day, Ere waves of tempta-tion shall
 3. Cling close to the Rock, brother, close to the Rock, Tho' tempests may rage, and tho'

doubt not nor fear. For Je - sus will hold thee, Al-migh-ty to save, Thy
 sweep thee a - way. Cling close to the Rock, in the time of thy grief. For
 bil - lows may shock; For Je - sus, thy Sa - viour, thy Ref-uge, thy Friend, In

Je - sus, who triumphed o'er death and the grave. Cling close to the Rock, Tho' the
 Je - sus brings speed-y and pre-cious re-lief. Cling close, etc.
 mer - cy hath loved thee, and loves to the end. Cling close, etc.

tem-pests may shock; As-sured of sal - va - tion, In Je - sus, the Rock.

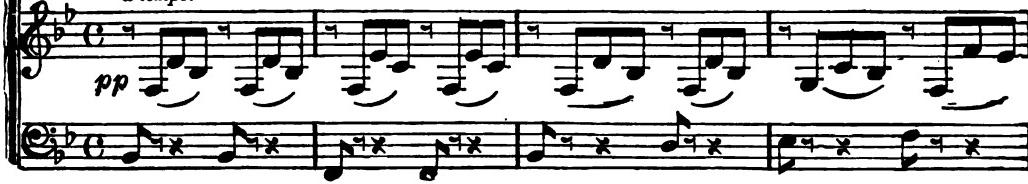
THEN YOU'LL REMEMBER ME.

"BOHEMIAN GIRL."

BALFE



1. When oth - er lips and oth - er hearts, Their tales of love shall
2. When coldness or de - ceit shall slight The beau - ty now they

a tempo.

tell, In language whose ex - cess im - parts The pow'r they feel so
prize. And deem it but a fad - ed light Which beams within your



well; There may per - haps in such a scene Some
eyes; When hol - low hearts shall wear a mask 'Twill



rec - ol - lec - tion be, Of days that have as hap - py been, And
break your own to see, In such a moment I but ask, That





STEAL AWAY.

p

Steal a - way, steal a - way, steal a - way to Je - sus!

f

p

Steal a - way, steal a - way home, I hain't got long to stay here.

F.D.M.

f

1. My Lord calls me, He calls me by the thun - der; The
2. Green trees are bend - ing, Poor sin - ners stand trembling; The
3. My Lord calls me, He calls me by the lightning; The
4. Tombstones are burst - ing, Poor sin - ners are trembling; The

D.C.

trumpet sounds it in my soul: I hain't got long to stay here.

ULLABY.

AS SUNG IN "FRITZ."

EMMET.

The musical score consists of six staves of music. The first two staves begin with treble clef, common time, and a key signature of one sharp. The third staff begins with bass clef, common time, and a key signature of one sharp. The fourth staff begins with treble clef, common time, and a key signature of one sharp. The fifth staff begins with bass clef, common time, and a key signature of one sharp. The sixth staff begins with treble clef, common time, and a key signature of one sharp. Measure numbers 1 and 2 are indicated above the top staff.

1. Close your eyes, Le - na my darling, While I sing your lul-la-
 2. Bright be de morn - ing my darling, Ven you ope your eyes;

by; Fear thou no danger, Le - na, Move not, dear Le - na, my darling,
 Sunbeams glow all 'round you, Lena, Peace be with thee, love, my darling,

For your brooder watches nigh you, Le-na dear. An - gels guide thee,
 Blue and cloudless be the sky for Le-na dear. Birds sing their bright

Le - na dear, my dar - ling, Noth-ing e - vil can come near; Brightest flow - ers
 songs for thee, my dar - ling, Full of sweetest mel - o - dy. Angels ev - er

blow for thee, Dar - ling sis - ter, dear to me. Go to sleep, go to sleep, my
 hov - er near, Dar - ling sis - ter, dear to me. Go to sleep, etc.

ba - by, my ba - by, my ba - by; Go to sleep, my ba - by,

ba - by, oh, by, Go to sleep, Le - na, sleep.

dim.

WITHIN A MILE OF EDINBORO'.

DURFEE.

HOOK.

1. 'Twas within a mile of Ed-in - bo - ro town, In the ro - sy time of the
 2. Jock - ie was a wag that nev-er wad wed, Tho' lang he had follow'd the
 3. But when he vow'd he wad make her his bride, Tho' his flocks and herds were not



year, Sweetflowers bloom'd, And the grass was down, And each shepherd woo'd his
 lass; Con-ten-ted she earn'd and ate her brown bread, And merrily turn'd up the
 few, Shegie'd him her hand and a kiss be - side, And vow'd she'd forev-er be

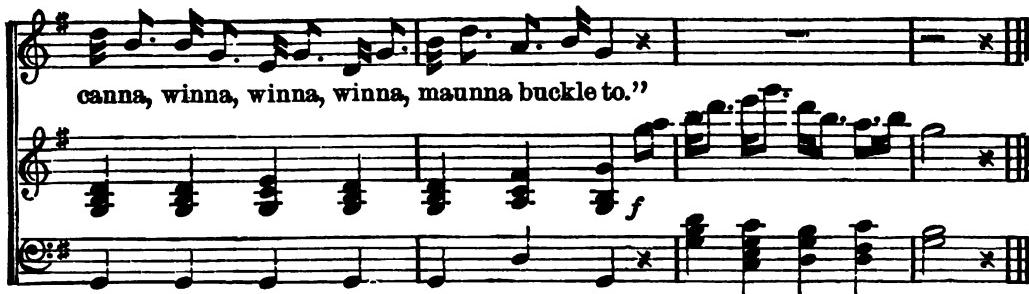


dear. Bonnie Jockie, blithe and gay, Kiss'd young Jennie making hay; The
 grass. Bonnie Jockie, blithe and free, Won her heart right mer-ri-ly; Yet
 true. Bonnie Jockie, blithe and free, Won her heart right mer-ri-ly; At



las - sie blush'd and frowning cried, "Na, na, it win - na do; I
 still she blush'd and frowning cried, "Na, na, it win - na do; I
 kirk she no more frowning cried, "Na, na, it win - na do; I





THE OLD OAKEN BUCKET.

WOODWORTH.

SMITH.

1. { How dear to this heart are the scenes of my child-hood, When fond re - col -
 The or-chard, the mead - ow, the deep - tan-gled wild-wood, And ev - 'ry loved
 D.C. The old oak-en buck - et, the i - ron bound buck - et, The moss - cov-ered

FINE.

leo - tion pre - sents them to view. } { The wide-spread-ing pond, the
 spot which my in - fan - cy knew. } { The cot of my fa - ther, the
 buck - et that hung in the well.

D.C.

mill that stood by it, The bridge and the rock where the cat - a - ract fell.
 dai - ry house nigh it, And e'en the rude buck - et that hung in the well. }

2.

3.

The moss-covered bucket I hailed as a treasure,
 For often at noon when returned from the field,
 I found it the source of an exquisite pleasure,
 The purest and sweetest that nature can yield.
 How ardent I seized it with hands that were glowing,
 And quick to the white-pebbled bottom it fell. [flowing,
 Then soon with the emblem of truth over-
 And dropping with coolness it rose from the well.

How sweet from the green, mossy rim to receive it,
 As, poised on the curb, it inclined to my lips;
 Not a full blushing goblet could tempt me to leave it,
 Tho' filled with the nectar that Jupiter sips.
 And now, far removed from the loved situation,
 The tear of regret will intrusively swell,
 As fancy reverts to my father's plantation,
 And sighs for the bucket which hung in the well.

THE BRAVE OLD OAK.

LODER.

** With boldness and animation.*

1. A song for the Oak, the brave old Oak, Who hath rul'd in the green wood long. Here's
 2. In the days of old, when the spring with gold Was light-ing his branches grey, Thro' the
 3. He saw the rare times, when the Christmas chimes Were a merry sound to hear. And the

health and renown to his broad, green crown, And his fif-ty arms so strong! There's
 grass at his feet crept maid-ens sweet, To gather the dew of May; And
 Squire's wide hall, and the cottage small, Were full of good Eng - lish cheer; Now

fear in his frown When the Sun goes down, And the fire in the west fades out, And he
 all that day, to the rebec gay, They frolick'd with lovesome swains. They are
 gold hath the sway we all o - bey, And a ruth-less king is he ; But he

shew-eth his might on a wild mid-night, When storms thro' his branches shout.
 gone, they are dead, in the church-yard laid, But the tree, he still re - mains.
 nev - er shall send our an - cient friend To be tossed on the storm-y sea.

**Play first five measures for introduction.*



READY FOR THE RECITAL

The violin is one of the sweetest of musical instruments, and one who masters it will always win admiration and be a popular entertainer.



S: a tempo.

Then sing to the oak, the brave old oak, Who stands in his pride alone, And still flourish he, A
a tempo.
S: pp.

cres.

hale, green tree, When a hundred years are gone.

WHEN SHALL WE MEET AGAIN.

SPIRITUAL SONGS. BY PER.

1. When shall we meet a - gain, Meet ne'er to sev - er? When will peace
 2. When shall love free - ly flow Pure as life's riv - er? When shall sweet
 3. Soon shall we meet a - gain, Meet ne'er to sev - er; Soon shall peace

wreathe her chain Round us for - ev - er? Our hearts will ne'er re - pose, Safe
 friendship glow Changeless for - ev - er? Where the joys ce - les - tial thrill, Where
 wreathe her chain Round us for - ev - er; Our hearts will then re - pose, Se-

from each blast that blows, In this dark vale of woes, Nev - er - no, nev - er!
 bliss each heart shall fill, And fears of part-ing chill Nev - er - no, nev - er!
 cure from worldly woes; Our songs of praise shall close Nev - er - no, nev - er!

DON'T LEAVE THE FARM, BOYS.

W. W. P. By per.

1. Come boys, I have something to tell you, Come near, I would whisper it
 2. You talk of the mines of Aus - tra - lia, They're wealth - y in gold without
 3. The great bus - y West has in - duce - ments, And so has the bus - i - est
 4. The farm is the saf - est and sur - est, The or - chards are load-ed to-

low, You are think-ing of leaving the homestead, Don't be in a hur - ry to
 doubt, But there sure-ly is gold on the farm, boys, If on - ly you'll shovel it
 mart, But large wealth is not made in a day, boys, Don't be in a hur - ry to
 day, You're as free as the air in the mountains, And monarch of all you sur-

go; The ci - ty has man - y at - trac-tions, But think of the vi - ces and
 out. The mer - cantile trade is a hazard, The goods are first high and then
 start! The bank - ers and brok - ers are wealthy; They take in their thousands or
 vey; Then stay on the farm a while lon - ger Tho' pro - fits come in rather

sins, When once in the vortex of fashion, How soon the course downward begins,
 low, 'Tis bet - ter to risk farming longer, Don't be in a hur - ry to go.
 so, Ah! think of the frauds and deceptions, Don't be in a hur - ry to go.
 slow, Remember, you've nothing to risk, boys, Don't be in a hur - ry to go.

SOPRANO.



Now boys, don't you be in a hur - ry to go, Pause a

ALTO.



TENOR



Now boys, don't you be in a hur - ry to go, Pause a

BASS.



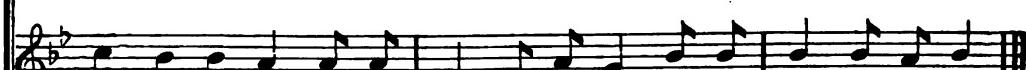
while on the beau - ti - ful farm, look once more; There's nothing so sure as it,



while on the beau - ti - ful farm, look once more; There's nothing so sure as it,



wealth to be-stow, It has health, it has hap - pi-ness for you in store.



wealth to be-stow, It has health, it has hap - pi-ness for you in store.



1. I think, when I read that sweet story of old, When Je-sus was here among
 2. Yet still to His foot-stool in prayer I may go, And ask for a share in His
 3. But thousands and thousands, who wander and fall, Never heard of that heaven-ly)

men, How He call'd lit-tle chil-dren, as lambs to His fold, I should
 love; And if I now earn-est-ly seek Him be-low, I shall
 home,— I should like them to know there is room for them all, And that

like to have been with them then. I wish that His hands had been
 see Him and hear Him a - bove. In that beau-ti-ful place He has
 Je-sus has bid them to come. I long for the joy of that

placed on my head, That His arm had been thrown a-round me, And that
 gone to pre-pare For all that are wash'd and for-given; And
 glo-ri-ous time, The sweet-est, and bright-est, and best; When the

I might have seen His kind look when He said, "Let the little ones come unto Me."
 many dear children are gathering there, "For of such is the kingdom of heaven."
 dear lit-tle children of ev-er-y clime, Shall crowd to His arms and be blest.

LAST CIGAR.

Dolce.

1. 'Twas off the blue Ca-na-ry Isles, A glo-rious Sum-mer day, I
 2. I leaned a-gainst the quar-ter rail, And looked down in the sea, E'en
 3. I watched the ash-es as it came, Fast draw-ing t'ward the end, I
 4. I've seen the land of all I love, Fade in the dis-tance dim, I've

sat up-on the quar-ter deck, And whiffed my cares a-way; And
 there the pur-ple wreath of smoke, Was curl-ing grace-ful-ly, Oh
 watch'd it as a friend would watch, Be-side a dy-ing friend; But
 watch'd a-bove the blight-ed heart, Where once proud hope hath been; But

as the vol-umed smoke a-rose, Like in-cense in the air, I
 what had I at such a time, To do with wast-ing care, A-
 still the flame crept slow-ly on, It van-ished in-to air, I
 I've nev-er known a sor-row, That could with that com-pare, When

breath'd a sigh to think in sooth, It was my last Ci-gar.
 las! the tremb-ling tear proclaim'd, It was my last Ci-gar.
 threw it from me—spare the tale— It was my last Ci-gar.
 off the blue Ca-na-ries, I smoked my last Ci-gar.

CHORUS.

It was my last Ci - gar, It was my last Ci - gar, I
breathed a sigh to think in sooth, It was my last Ci - gar.

"I WAS GLAD."

Words arr. by PIERCE.

PIERCE.

Allegro Chorus.

I was glad, I was glad, I was glad when they
said un - to me: Let us go in - to the house of the Lord;

I was glad, I was glad, I was glad when they
said un - to me: Let us go in - to the house, the house of the Lord.

Used by per. from "THE HELPER."

"I WAS GLAD."

DUET. SOPRANO & ALTO.
mf Allegretto.

Our feet shall stand with - in thy gates O..... Je - ru - sa - lem,

pray for the peace, for the peace of Je - ru - sa - lem, pray for the

peace, for the peace of Je - ru - sa - lem. lem. They shall pros - per, shall

pros - per that love thee, they shall pros - per that love thee.

QUARTETTE OR SEMI-CHORUS.

Moderato.

Peace, peace, peace be within thy walls, and prosper - i - ty, prosper - i - ty with -

in thy pal - a - ces, pros-per - i - ty with - in thy pal - a - ces.

FULL CHORUS.

Allegro.

f

Sing..... prais - es, sing..... prais - es, Ho -

san - na, Ho - san - na To the Lord, Je - ho - vah,

for His good - ness and mer - oy, For He hath

com - fort - ed, hath com - fort - ed His peo - ple.

f Very lively.

Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah, A - men; Hal - le -

lu - jah, A - men; Hal - le - lu - jah, A - - - men.

THE TWO ROSES.

F. R. W.
Andante.

WERNER.

mf FIRST TENOR.

cres.

1. On a bank two ros - es fair, Wet with morn - ing show - ers,
2. Thou in white art all ar-ray'd, Not a speck to mar thee;
3. Thou art like the blush-ing cheek Which her love dis-clos - es;

mf SECOND TENOR.

cres.

mf FIRST BASS.

cres.

1. On a bank two ro - es fair, Wet with morn - ing show - ers,
2. Thou in white art all ar-ray'd, Not a speck to mar thee;
3. Thou art like the blush-ing cheek Which her love dis - clos - es;

mf SECOND BASS.

cres.

Sweet to view in fragrance grew; I, then, pen - sive, full of care, Gather'd both the
 Thus I find the spot-less mind, Which adorns my love-ly maid; Would she soon may
 Nought with her can I com-pare, But of charms if I should speak, Ye'll be jeal - ous

Sweet to view in fragrance grew; I, then, pen - sive, full of care, Gather'd both the
 Thus I find the spot-less mind, Which adorns my love-ly maid; Would she soon may
 Nought with her can I com-pare, But of charms if I should speak, Ye'll be jeal - ous

flow - ers. Tell me, ros - es, tru - ly tell, If my fair one loves me well.
 wear thee. Tell me, ros - es, tru - ly tell, If my fair one loves me well.
 ros - es. Tell me, ros - es, tru - ly tell, If my fair one loves me well.

flow - ers. Tell me, ros - es, tru - ly tell, If my fair one loves me well.
 wear thee. Tell me, ros - es, tru - ly tell, If my fair one loves me well.
 ros - es. Tell me, ros - es, tru - ly tell, If my fair one loves me well.

HOME, SWEET HOME.

BISHOP.

TREBLE. With expression.



1. Mid pleasures and pa - la - ces though we may roam, Be it ev - er so

ALTO.



TENOR.



2. An ex - ile from home, splendor dazzles in vain, Oh! give me my

BASS.



hum - ble, there's no place like home! A charm from the skies seems to hal - low us

cres.



cres.



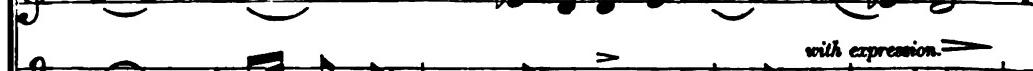
cres.

low - ly thatch'd cottage a - gain; The birds sing-ing gai - ly, that came at my



there, Which seek through the world, Is ne'er met with elsewhere; Home! home!

with expression



with expression

call, Give me them with that peace of mind, dearer than all, Home! home!

with expression



sweet, sweet home! There's no place like home! There's no place like home!

cres. > calando.

sweet, sweet home! There's no place like home! There's no place like home!

cres. > calando.

sweet, sweet home! There's no place like home! There's no place like home!

cres. > calando.

WAITING, ONLY WAITING.

A. L. C.
Solo. With feeling.

PERKINS. By per.

1. Wait-ing, on - ly wait-ing, till the shadows long-er grow; Wait-ing, on - ly
2. Wait-ing, on - ly wait-ing, for our sor-rows to be o'er; Wait-ing, on - ly
3. Wait-ing, on - ly wait-ing, life is on - ly one long wait; Wait-ing, on - ly

wait-ing, for the sunshine to break thro'. Wait-ing, on - ly wait-ing, for God's
wait-ing, till we reach the golden shore. Wait-ing, on - ly wait-ing, for our
wait-ing, for our pleas-ure and our fate. Wait-ing, dear Lord, waiting, oh, how

mea-sage from on high; Wait-ing, on - ly wait-ing, to be summon'd to the sky.
triumphs to be through; Wait-ing, dear Lord, waiting: it is all that we can do.
much some have to wait! Wait-ing, oh yes, wait-ing, till per-haps it is too late.

¶ Chorus. tempo ad lib.

pp

Wait - ing, wait - ing, to be summon'd to the sky— Wait - ing.
Wait - ing, wait - ing: it is all that we can do— Wait - ing.
Wait - ing, wait - ing, till per-haps it is too late— Wait - ing.

SHELLS OF OCEAN.

FOR TWO VOICES.

CHERRY.

Solo..... *loco.*

S.

1. One summer eve with pensive thought, I wander'd on the sea-beat
 2. I stood up - on the pebbly strand To cull the toys that round me

1. One summer eve with pensive thought, I wander'd on the sea-beat
 2. I stood upon the pebbly strand To cull the toys that round me

shore, Where oft in heed - less infant sport, I gather'd shells in days be -
 lay, But as I took them in my hand, I threw them one by one a -

shore, Where oft in heed - less infant sport I gather'd shells in days be -
 lay; But as I took them in my hand I threw them one by one a -

fore, I gather'd shells in days be-fore; The plashing waves like mu-sic
way, I threw them one by one a-way; O thus I said, in ev'-ry

fore, I gathered shells in days be - fore; The plashing waves like mu-sic
way, I threw them one by one a - way; O thus I said, in ev -'ry

fell Responsive to my fan - cy wild, A dream came o'er me like a
stage By toys our fan - ey is be - guiled, We gather shells from youth to

fell Responsive to my fan - cy wild, A dream came o'er me like a
stage By toys our fan - ey is be - guiled; We gath - er shells from youth to

spell I thought I was a - gain a child, A dream came
age, And then we leave them like a child, We gath - er

spell, I thought I was a - gain a child, A dream came
age, And then we leave them like a child, We gath - er

SHELLS OF OCEAN.

MARY AND JOHN; or, THE LOVER'S QUARRELS.

STEINER.

CUNNINGHAM

1. Ma - ry and John..... met in a distant old vil - -
2. Ma - ry turn'd round..... and just went a step or two from
3. Tears filled her eyes..... as with her a-pron she cov - -

Treble clef, two flats
 * * * * *
 Cello
 * * * * *
 Treble clef
 - - lage, Fell deep in love,..... and were en -
 him, Then looked at John,..... think-ing he'd
 - - er'd Her pret - ty face,..... heav-ing a
 Bass
 * * * * *

gag'd to be wed; But one fine day,
 ask her to stay; For she felt sure
 heart-rend-ing sigh; All now seem'd o'er,

up went the nose of sweet Ma - ry, At what her John.....
 he was al - ready re - pent - ing; But all he said.....
 what was the use of her wait - ing; Just turn - ing 'round...

..... of some oth - er girl had said; John on - ly
 was why don't you go a - way! Out came his
 she soft - ly said, John, good-bye. Then like a

smiled, he was much given to teas - ing; And
 pipe, soon clouds of smoke he was puff - ing In -
 dart, up sprang the young fellow all smil - ing, Touched

some old song..... soft - ly he start-ed to sing;
 to the air,..... stretch'd out full length on the green;
 to the heart..... by such a ten-der fare-well,

And

Ma - ry with rage ev - 'ry moment grew warm - er,
 Ma - ry stood by, somehow her heart was nigh break-ing—
 kissed all the tears from off the sweet face of his Ma - ry,

And at his feet..... she threw their engage-ment ring.....
 Had John be - come..... tired of his vil - lage Queen.....
 Told her the tale..... fond lov - ers al - ways tell.....

Ped. *

CHORUS.

I won't be your wife said Ma - ry, Thank goodness for that, said
 Well, am I to go? said Ma - ry, Don't care a rap said
 Then Johnnie, he cud - dled Ma - ry, And Ma - ry she cud - dled

John, I hate such a brute, said Ma - ry, But oth - er girls
 John, To spite you I won't said Ma - ry, Oh, may be you
 John, He vow'd that a fair - er fair - y, He nev - er had

p

don't said John, I'm go - ing back to the dai - ry, Per -
 won't said John, Why are you so con - tra - ry? I'll
 gaz'd up - on, Then Johnnie per-saud - ed Ma - ry To

p

haps it's as well said he, But I hope you will come to the
 drown my-self now, said she, Said John on your way dear
 rest her head down on his breast, So with that I'll conclude the

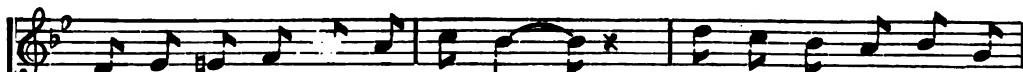
wed - ding Of Mol - lie Ma - lone and me.....
 Ma - ry, Send Mol - lie Ma - lone to me.....
 sto - ry, No doubt you will guess the rest.....

f

BLOSSOMS FROM OVER THE SEA.

ARTHUR FRENCH.

J. P. SKELLY.



1. Fra-grant with breath of the mead - ows.....
2. Sweet - est of mem'ries they wak - en,.....
3. Fond - ly I'll cher - ish and keep them ...

Far from whose beau-ty I
Of the old home and its
No mat - ter where I may



roam..... Dear hearts have sent me sweet flow - ers.....
 joys Scenes, though a - while I've for - sak - en,.....
 roam..... Till I re - turn to their fac - es,.....

Gath-ered a - round the old home..... Some of their pet - als have
 Wan - der-ing nev - er de - stroys..... There is the place of all
 Wait-ing to meet me at home..... Though ev'ry leaf - let may

fad - ed..... Yet they are pre - cious to me.....
 oth - ers..... Back where my heart longs to be.....
 with - er..... They shall be pre - cious to me.....

Breathing of love and re - mem - brance, Blossoms from o - ver the sea.....
 Oh, what sweet fan-cies you bring me, Blossoms from o - ver the sea.....
 As the dear ones who have sent them, Blossoms from o - ver the sea.....

CHORUS.



Vi - o - lets, blue-bells and ros - es, Pre-cious as jew - els to me.



Vi - o - lets, blue-bells and ros - es, Pre-cious as jew - els to me,



Breathing of love and re - mem-brance, Blossoms from o - ver the sea.....



Breathing of love and re - mem-brance, Blossoms from o - ver the sea.....



